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AUGUST
1936

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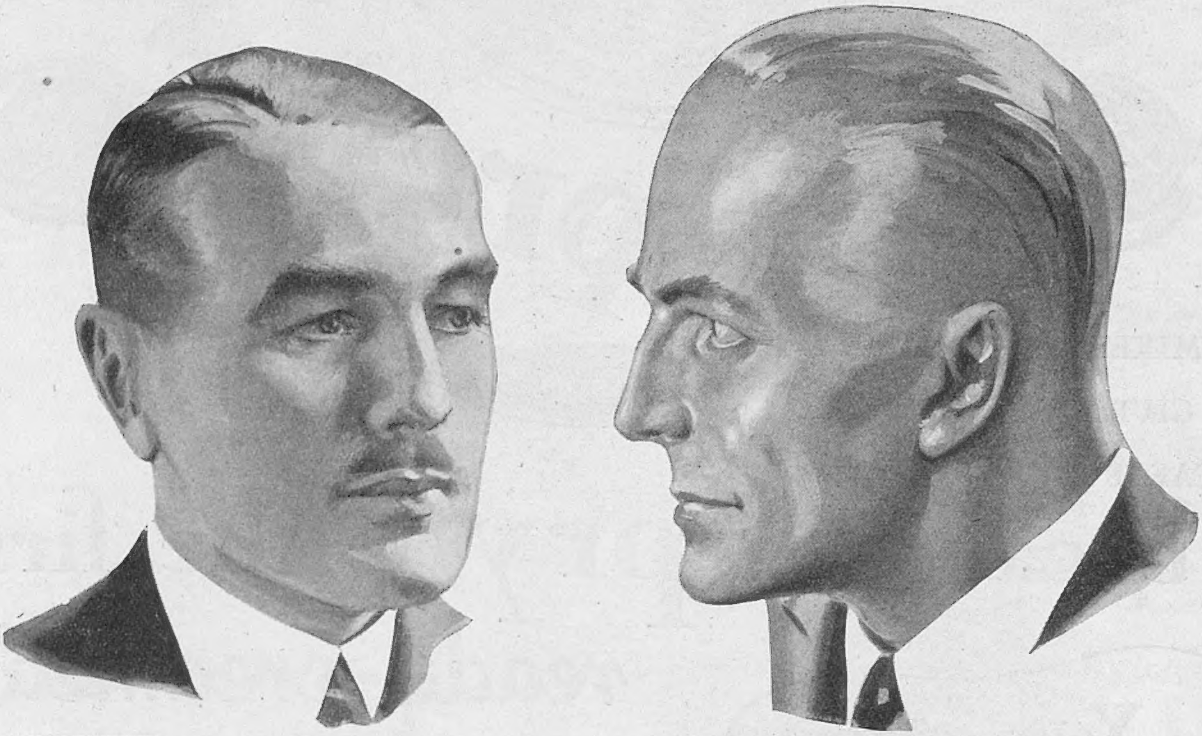
JOHN CITIZEN DISCOVERS

WHY beer is best



CITIZEN My doctor tells me to drink beer. May I ask you a few questions?

EXPERT Certainly, anything you like.

CITIZEN Well, you are an expert brewer. You ought to know what beer is made of and why it should do me good.

EXPERT I certainly do.

CITIZEN I see they advertise that beer is brewed from the finest malt, hops, and yeast. Is that true?

EXPERT Yes. For hundreds of years pure barley-malt has been recognized as one of the purest and most digestible forms of nourishment.

CITIZEN And why are hops used?

EXPERT Hops not only give a delightful flavour but act as an appetizer and a magnificent antiseptic.

CITIZEN Antiseptic?

EXPERT Yes. Many medical testimonies endorse this, and during certain epidemics in bygone years beer was made compulsory on account of its nutritive and antiseptic qualities.

CITIZEN That's interesting — and why is yeast good?

EXPERT Surely you don't need an expert to tell you that yeast is now known as one of the greatest rejuvenators and restoratives.

CITIZEN Yes, I've heard that.

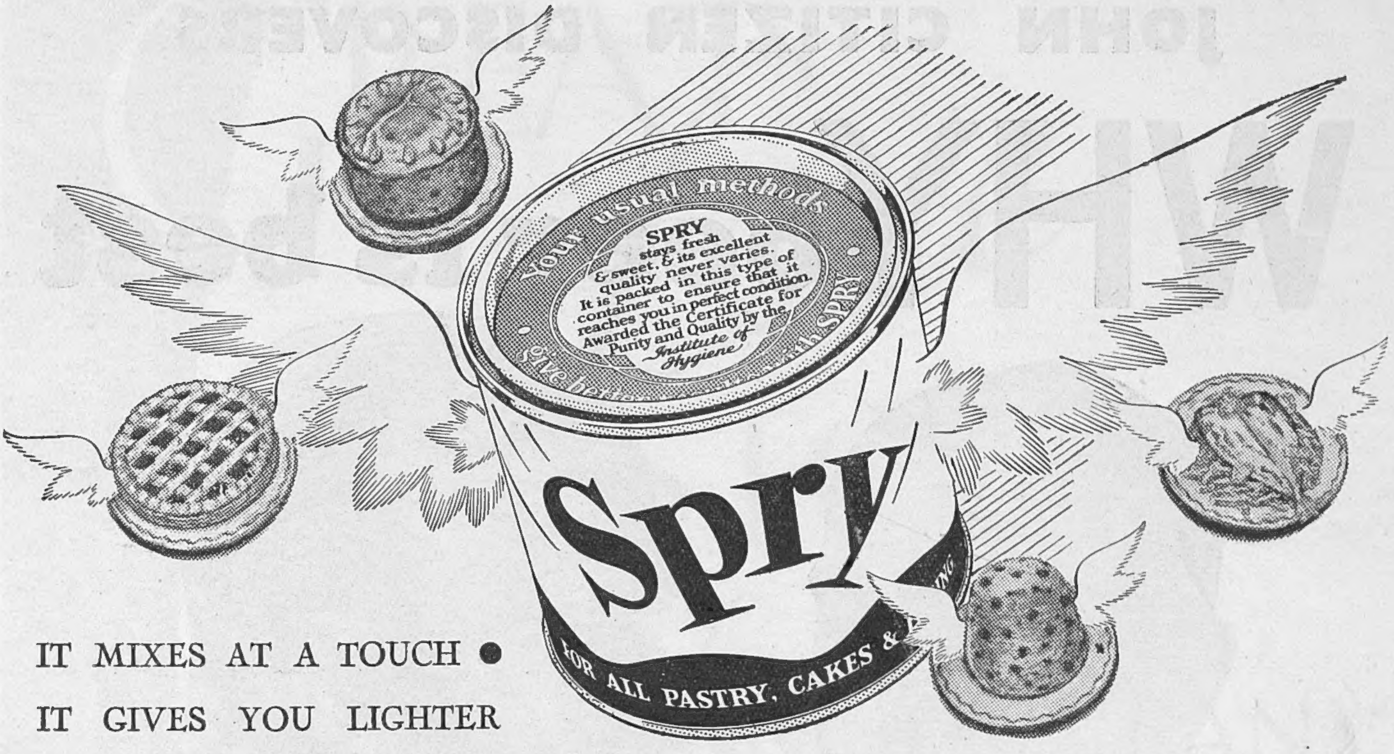
EXPERT Well, there you've got it. In British beer you get the perfect combination of the finest food value possible. It is a body-builder and restorative, an antiseptic against most common ailments, and full of nourishment in the most digestive form. Our country has thrived on it from time immemorial. So will you. Your doctor is right.

CITIZEN Why has beer become so popular of late?

EXPERT Medical science and the knowledge of food values has increased enormously. Our ancestors drank beer by instinct and tradition. Now dietetic research has proved that their instinct and the tradition were sound. While other drinks come and go, beer remains and is by far the most wholesome drink in the world.

157

AND NOW YOU *KNOW WHY* BEER IS BEST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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 13, No. 2. AUGUST 1936

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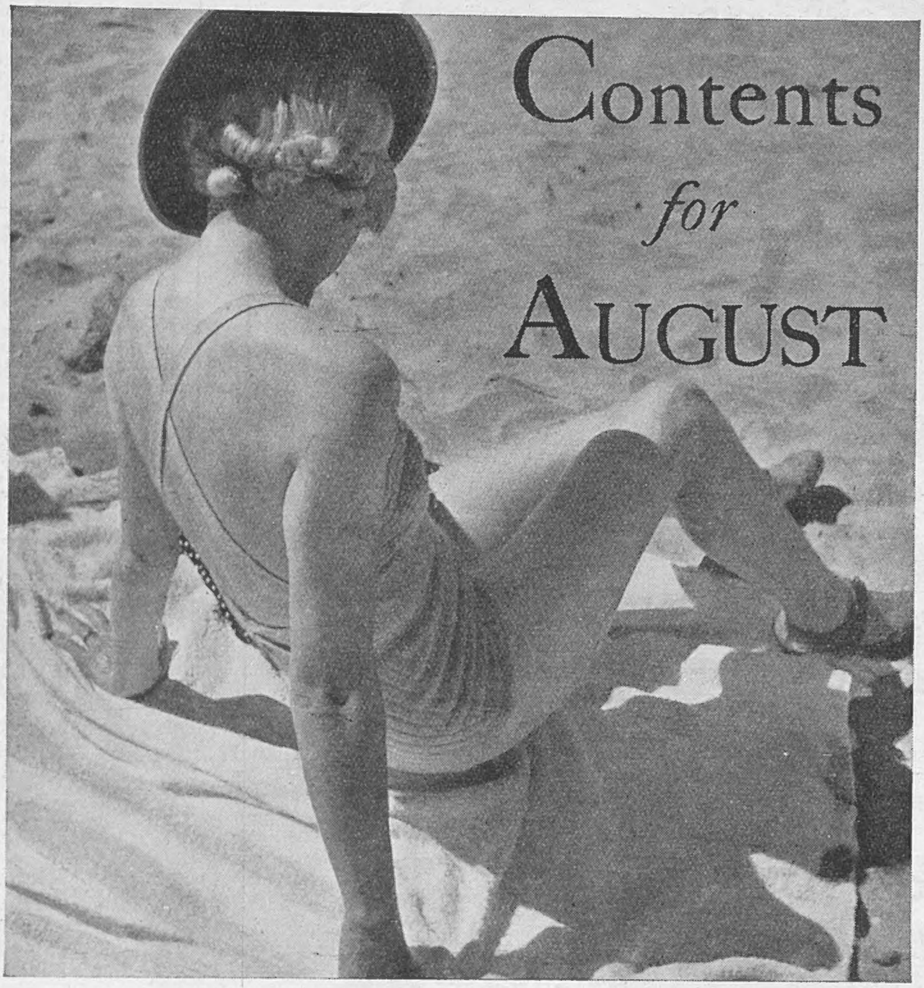

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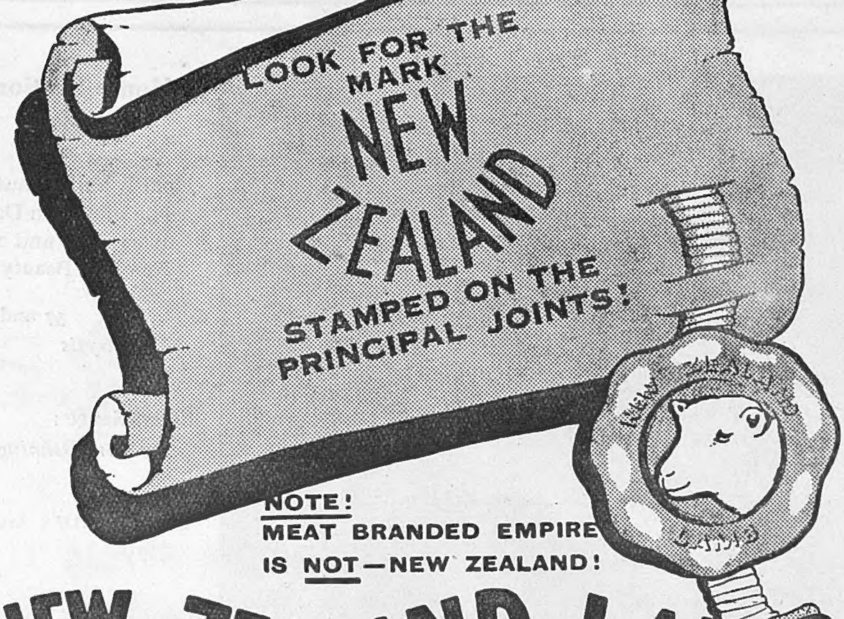

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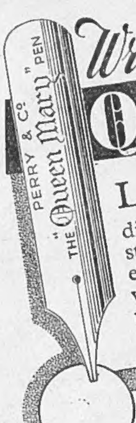

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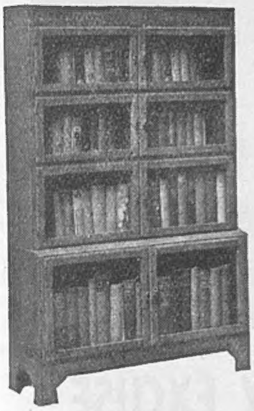

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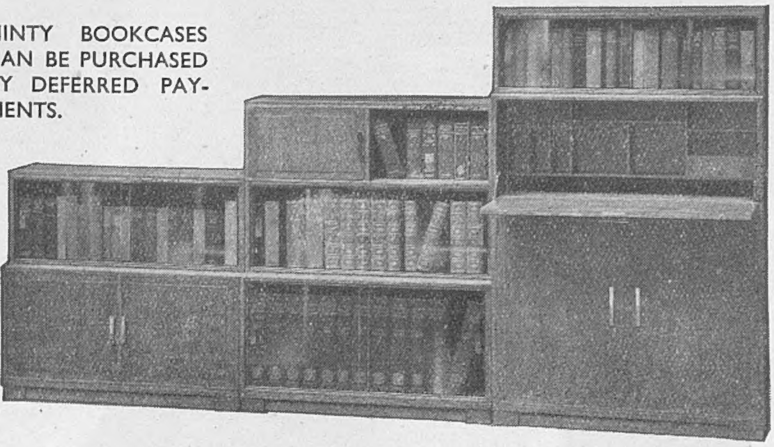

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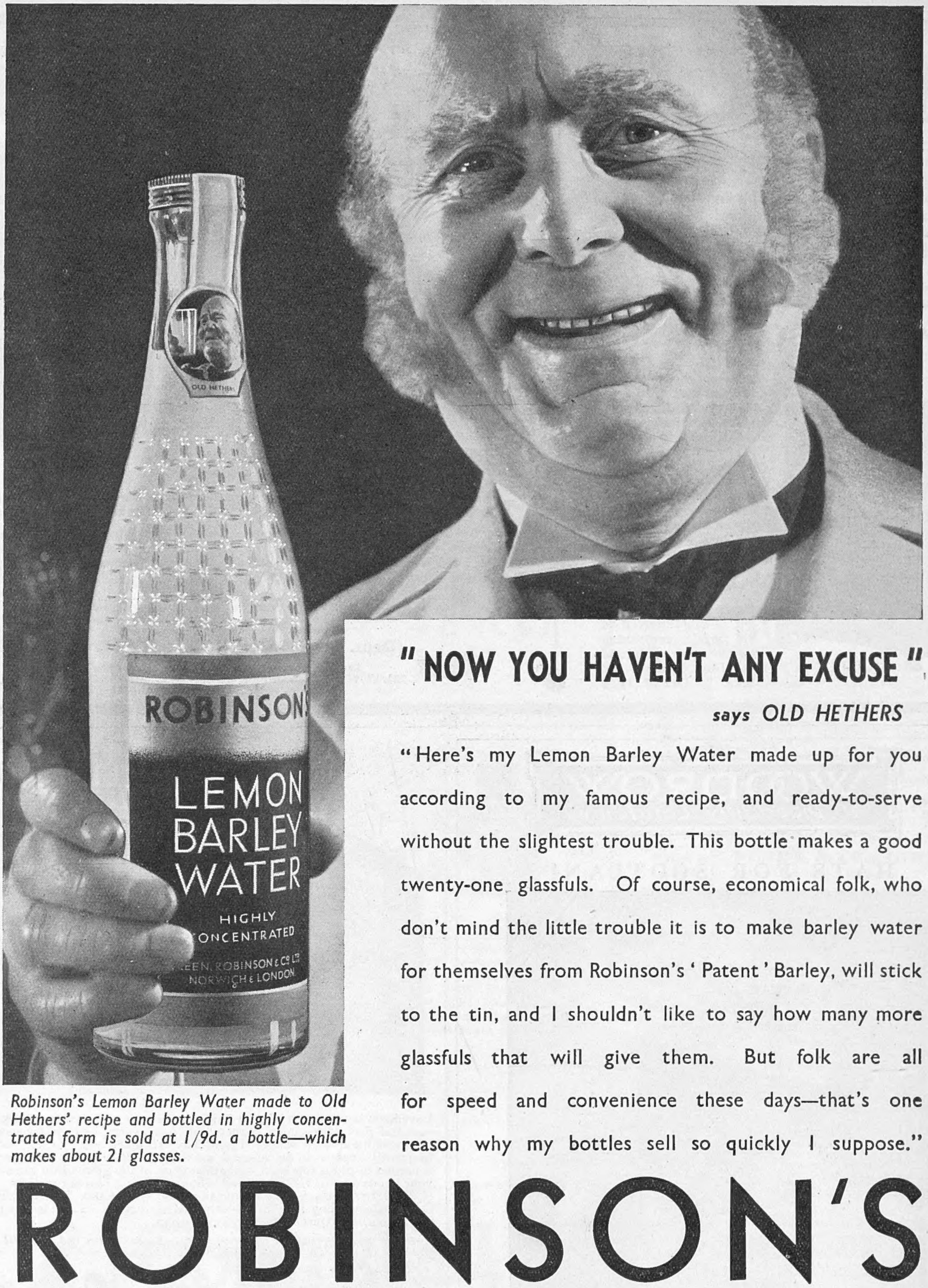
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LEMON BARLEY WATER

Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich

CVS—214

Under the Stars

August

To all who are Born in Leo

(July 23rd to August 22nd)

Your Ruler is the Sun

ENTER the Sun-born with ringing steps and voices, shining glances. Resolute, magnetic and candid. However humble their birth, each is royal in spirit. This is soon recognised by their family, business and social circles, and they are given leadership. Then, they would rather die than betray the trust reposed in them.

For, however much a Leo may pine and prove useless when held down in an inferior position, once place him at the head and the sky is his limit. Consequently this is the most quickly successful sign of the Zodiac. And although the rest of us may often be puzzled in trying to analyse the success of a Leo—his merest henchman is usually more learned and thorough—we cannot deny the Sun-born's essential qualities for leadership.

Singleness of vision, breadth of purpose, sense of strategy, and a belief in his star. This gives him dominance.

Take the vital drive of a Mussolini, Henry Ford, George Bernard Shaw. Mid-heaven, stage-centre, is their natural point of gravitation.

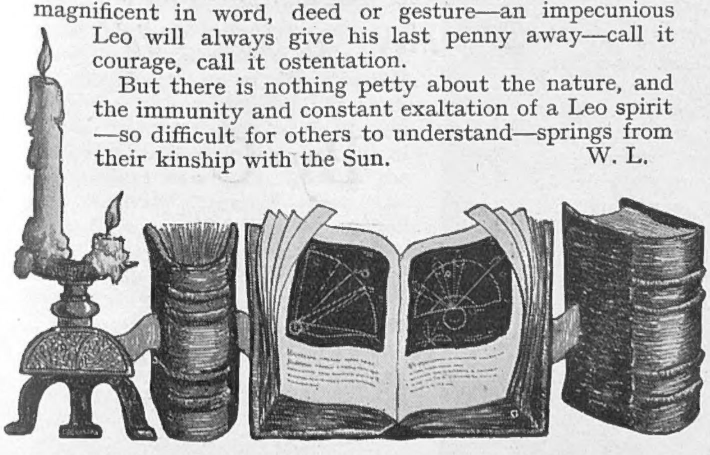
Mussolini has reorganised Italy: Henry Ford's motor works are a model to the world: George Bernard Shaw reshaped the thought of the world when he rode over every false fetish and convention thirty-five years ago. We may disagree with them, but these three stand true to their convictions and are typical of Leo.

Their judgment is unrivalled in selecting the right men for the parts: they ensure their followers' loyalty by square-dealing; cannot be coerced; are staunch to the point of foolishness; would rather sustain an injury than let a friend down; love to be the mainspring of some cause; are magnanimous; can only work in harmony, *and* they live in a world of their own idyllic creation which, however, they bring to pass.

As the head of a business or organisation, you will find that a Leo sees the reason Why, but leaves his staff to find out How, although he has been known to take off his coat and plunge into the breach to do it Now . . . especially if he is working for an audience. That is the great weakness of the Leo character—Love of Show.

By destiny they are our Show Men. The splendour of their attitude often degenerates into mere vaingloriousness and bluster. Their love of the spectacular and sensational comes near to clowning. They insist on being magnificent in word, deed or gesture—an impecunious Leo will always give his last penny away—call it courage, call it ostentation.

But there is nothing petty about the nature, and the immunity and constant exaltation of a Leo spirit—so difficult for others to understand—springs from their kinship with the Sun. W. L.



LUCKY DAY: SUNDAY.

STONES: JASPER, AMBER, DIAMOND.

LUCKY NUMBER: ONE. Also any numeral reduced to the digit of 1. 73, 7 and 3 make 10, i.e., 1.

HEALTH:

This sign rules over the spine and the heart. The sun-born are apt to suffer intensely from cold and take chills in the small of the back.

But they are born with a tremendous store of vitality which should carry them through to a grand old age, as long as high living and other indulgences—which are part and parcel of Leo's general expansiveness—are rigorously checked. It is important that the blood be kept pure.

From 7 to 14 years of age, pay special heed to the throat. Between 28 and 35, to the heart—guard against overstrain, due to obesity or overwork. Between 49 and 56, unwise living in early youth will take full toll. Apply the brakes before 45.

MARRIAGE:

Both sexes, in spite of their loyalty of spirit, are somewhat given to secret love-affairs, have many flirtations.

They are best mated with Aries (March 21st to April 19th), who are eager, thrusting pioneers and will assist the launching of their schemes; or with Sagittarius (November 22nd to December 21st), philosophers who can bring the enterprise to fuller maturity.

Leo women are helpful counsellors in their husbands' affairs, and will demand a very complete married partnership.

CAREERS:

Try to find an outlet for your dramatic and organising ability in some going concern that you can ultimately make your own.

You will swiftly rise to be an editor in journalism: a manager of works in industry: an admiral or a general in the services: an impresario in the theatre or a dramatist of quality; a Cabinet Minister in politics—if you use your Leo heritage for rulership and strategy.

And you will be able to use it as long as you restrain an impulse to show off, to be imperious, live luxuriously, or fly into a fury. For the rest you have courage, and the Gods love you.

CHILDREN:

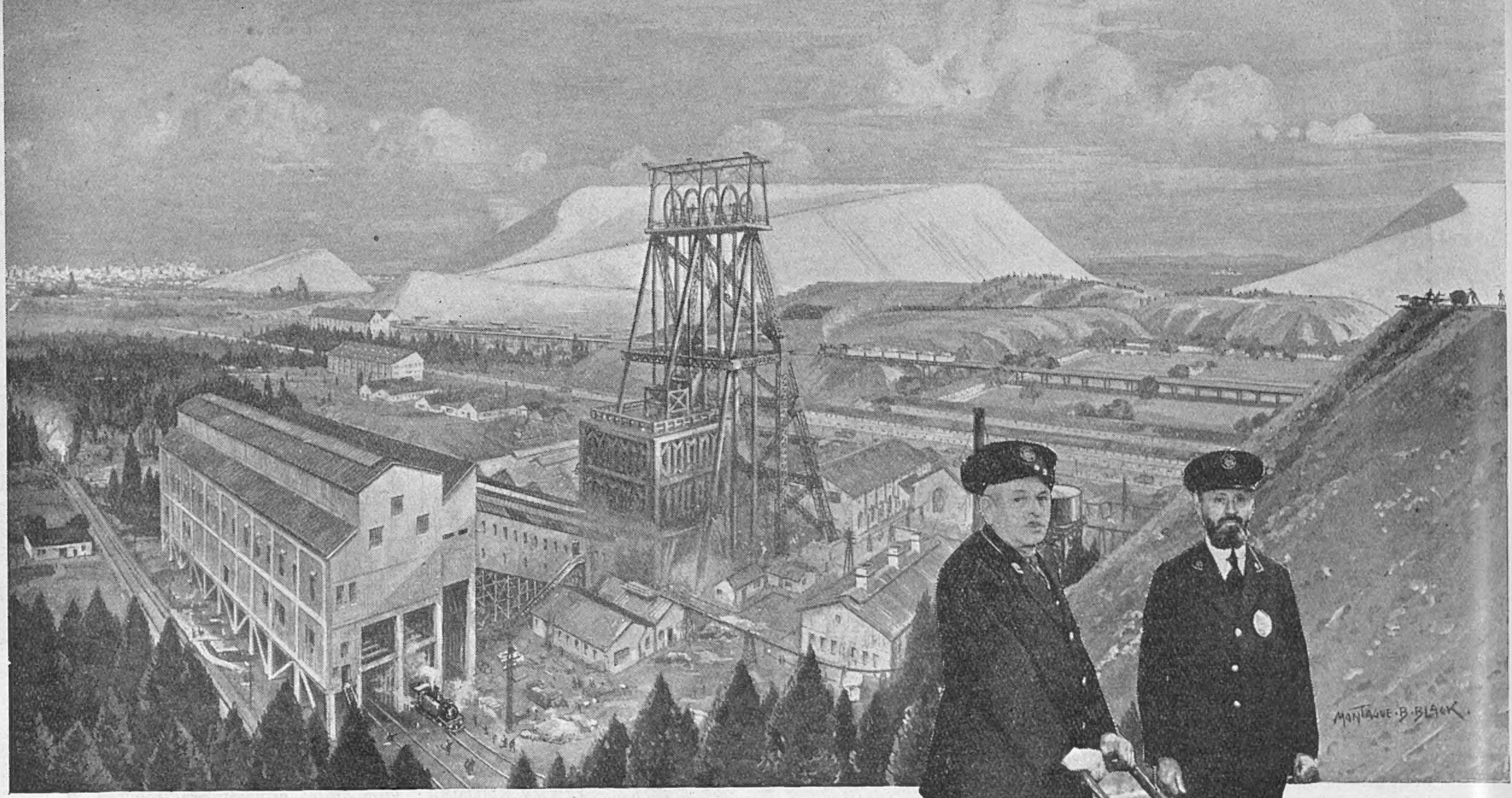
Have high ideals and suffer deeply if these are broken. Incline to a lordly bearing, which rises from an inherent sense of superiority; although this should be curbed it must not be too severely repressed or they will suffer from heart-strain.

They will best be taught by being given early responsibilities and charge of others. A recognition of the value of hard work should also be instilled.

JULY 23
AUG.10

SPECIAL THIS YEAR:

Advantageous contracts appear to be in store for all, with a hint of official complications for those born between July 28th and August 4th. Outstanding happiness greets women with birthdays between July 23rd and August 10th, in some cases connected with a high honour, in others with wedding bells.



A MINE in the world's richest goldfield. A bird's-eye view of a Witwatersrand gold mine. The surface workings of the famous Crown Mines, near Johannesburg. (From a drawing by Montague B. Black)

The GOLD Bug

By C. Patrick Thompson

IN the summer of 1936 the Martian expeditionary force conquered the planet Earth in a week of intensive operations with their daze-ray batteries. The commander then undazed enough political leaders to make up a peace conference, and said: "This is a gigantic civilisation you have built up. You must have some standard of measure of material values which you all accept, disputatious though you are. Produce it."

So they brought him a lump of gold. This, they told him, is the final measure of value of national money and the products of fields and factories.

The Martian asked when men started using it as a yardstick. They told him 2,500 years ago, when Crœsus, King of Lydia, made the first issue of gold money. "And you have not since found any better yardstick than this yellow metal?" asked the Martian incredulously. They said no, and explained about gold.

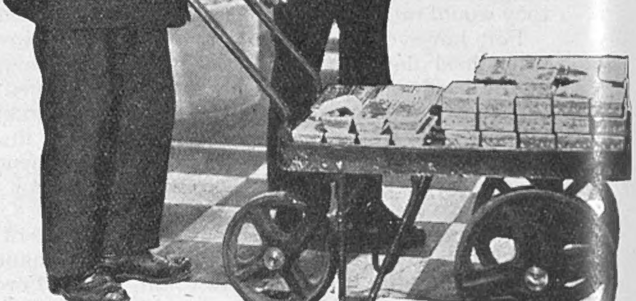
It is scarce, and on Earth scarcity breeds value—although just why it should, nobody seems quite to know. Gold cannot be extracted rapidly and in great volume from its home in the auriferous rocks, and the alluvial soil resulting from the disintegration of such rocks. This prevents sudden loads of it coming on the market and breaking its scarcity value. It is unalterable by heat, moisture, and most known corrosives. It endures, surviving the ravages of time and the lives of governments, nations, empires and civilisations.

It is one of the heaviest metals known, and yet is the most malleable and ductile of all metals. It has a rich yellow gleam, which, with its weight, suggest opulence—an important psychological factor. And it defies imitation, and cannot be brought into existence by any act of the human will, brain, or hand, thereby defying simultaneously all those human types, ranging from forgers to demagogues and dictators, who feel the urge to make several money tokens grow where only one grew before.

"Bring all this stuff to me," commanded the Martian. So they brought him 32,000 tons of it. 26,000 tons came out of central bank vaults—stocks of monetary gold, publicly recorded. Most of the rest came out of private hoard. About a thousand tons represented melted-down gold ornaments. Probably there was more in secret hoards and lost treasure caches. But the pile aforesaid was all that government men knew about or could discover and lay hands on.

The bulk of the metal had been extracted from ore during the last 70 years—the ancients got most of their gold from alluvial deposits, had not found the

If there is anything that one learns from examining the phenomena of a paper-money world, it is that the more men are obliged to use paper, the more they prize gold



TWO officials of the Bank of France removing gold from the vaults richest reefs, and would not have known how to get all the gold out and how to mine at depth, anyway. But there was some old gold from the mines of Philip of Macedon, Cleopatra, Darius, and Montezuma. Many hundreds of tons represented the loot of wars. Most of the very old gold—perhaps not more than 2000 tons in all—had found its way at last to Eastern treasuries and been frozen away there; only to be charmed out from 1932 on, at the rate of £50,000,000 a year, by a record high price for gold in the London market, the patient and astute Indian millionaires desiring to sell gold when it was high in order to use the sterling proceeds to buy fine diamonds when they were low.

" How do you use it ? " asked the Martian, puzzled. They explained that it was the only world money. Gold coins were *démodé*. But, as nations would not trust one another's paper and promises, the central banks used gold as the base on which to rest the cadre of current and deposit accounts which are the source of the potential demand for the world's supply of goods and services. If one nation sold more than it bought outside its frontiers, its central bank collected the balance in gold; and that mainly explained the lop-sided post-war distribution which had created a gold famine in the midst of gold plenty, and how the Americans had managed to accumulate 9600 tons, while the French had got hold of 3648 tons, and the British had only 1600 tons.

Owing to the disruption of the world money system, world-oriented business organisations also now used gold; it saved them having to speculate in fluctuating currencies when they bought or sold in a large way. Gold again was shipped about to equate the balances against each other of the immense exchange equalisation funds, the American fund being one of £400,000,000, and the British one of £375,000,000.

Also, men hoarded gold as a store of wealth when they distrusted paper and Government policies. About 2500 tons was held in London bank vaults for apprehensive non-British capitalists, many of them Americans—it had become unlawful for the American citizen to own gold. And then men bought gold as a speculation, hoping they might eventually be able to exchange it for more paper-money tokens than they gave for it.

" So this is the basis of your civilisation ? " mused the Martian, gazing at the squat bars which made a pile 60 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 27 feet high. " Marvellous ! Well, gentlemen, we shall take this stuff away as a gift for the Martian museum. You seem an ingenious and energetic species, and the loss of this metal may induce you to solve your problems more intelligently. Good-day, gentlemen."

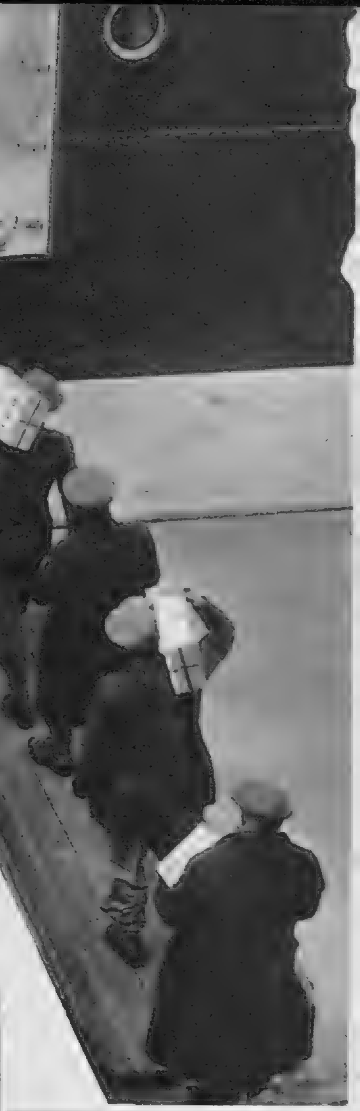
And that is how man, dominated by gold for twenty-five centuries, was abruptly released from the gold thrall; and, being now without a gold stock, and unable to extract more than 1200 tons a year at most of the 30,000 tons remaining in the known ore deposits, was obliged at last to devise a world money in place of sixty different sorts of national money, each fluctuating in terms of the others, and each shot through with national and imperial politics.

This was the beginning of the Millennium.

A fairy-story. . . . But gold itself is a fairy-story, with its grim chapters and its comic relief.

PRICES of things they need and things they want rising or falling, according to the state of the gold stock and the gold supply, for the rich as well as the poor citizen. That is a funny story spun by hobgoblins to amuse pixies under a midsummer moon. The fantasy, however, is fact, duly charted by economists studying the effect on the price-level of new gold put into circulation by Spanish looting of Inca and Aztec hoards, by the big gold strike in Russia in the middle eighteenth century, by the gold discoveries in California and Australia in the 'forties of last century, by the uncovering in South Africa of a mighty cemented gravel-bed impregnated with gold, by the invention of the cyanide process which added 30 per cent. to the recoverability of gold and so approximated to the arrival of an immense new field; and by the gold scarcity created when the United States and France sucked in gold after the war, and froze a third of the world stock away from use as a money base.

For over 2000 years a plentitude of gold has brought prosperity and an expansion era; a scarcity of gold, poverty (*Continued on page* 82



Loading gold on the S.S. Bremen at Southampton for shipment to New York

Where John Bull stores his gold. The Bank of England

Back to earth. The structure above the giant vault at Fort Knox where the United States will store its gold for safety

Counting and checking the gold ingots kept in the vaults of the National Bank of Belgium

Dr. *Edmond Locard, head of Lyons Laboratory of Police Technique, in his private office*

This monkey was taught to steal silver by his master. He used to enter dwelling houses by climbing in at the open windows

The Wizard

FRANCE has six hundred murders of all sorts a year, several times the aggregate of the United Kingdom, enjoying much the same population. Other major crime, notably violence and fraud, is in proportion—over 40,000 cases of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm being registered annually in the Republic. A great deal of all this French crime can be attributed to the widespread carrying of weapons, to racial excitability, often seeking frenzied outlet, thanks to indulgence in cheap absinthe substitutes, to the exceptional native streak making for "crimes of interest," *i.e.*, with cupidity and material gain as motives, to the notorious leniency shown by juries in *drames passionnels.*

There is the further crime-provoking circumstance of transgressors finding it relatively easy to *maquiller la justice*, which, translated, means squaring or otherwise getting at the police and magistrature. Two glaring cases of recent times: Stavisky was murdered, and so was Judge Prince. Each was, however, conveniently put down a suicide.

How-be-all-that, at a time when more than one nation is busily overhauling its system for checking crime as perpetrated by the ever more specialising exponent of the nineteen-thirties, the French Socialist Government has struck off at a novel, typically humanitarian tangent by which it hopes to arrest the rising crime flood through the creation of a "Prophylactic Council," consisting of M.P.s, lawyers, magistrates, social hygiene and mental experts, and biologists whose mission it henceforward is to concentrate on the anticipation or prevention of crime as opposed to its mere repression, particular attention being directed towards curbing the young and tackling social misfits or enemies. It is all very Rousseauesque—"Man is sound, Society is the veritable criminal" sort of thing—and the soul of the new crusade is Dr. Toulouse, mental expert who plans to install crime prophylactic centres all over the country. When seen for the purposes of this article, he elaborated what is to-day become somewhat of a hoary old case and argument. One wished him well, while wondering if the Socialist remedy may not promote a further, boomerang leniency.

A day or two later I was to listen to a different cure, being expounded by one who is destined to retain a permanent niche in crime lore and criminology—Dr. Edmond Locard, world-familiar head of the Lyons Laboratory of Police Technique.

Dr. Locard, originator of detection by dust specks, and accepted virtuoso in the general field of deduction from traces left behind, is against the death penalty, against the penal colonies in Cayenne even. So far, he is at one with Dr. Toulouse, whose humanitarianism he moreover estimates may yield results with the unmoulded generation, but he adamantly holds to the efficacy of prison as a deterrent, as he does, in his own line, to the necessity of concerted and speeded-up action between science and the investigating authorities. In the room of those provincial prophylactic centres, Dr. Locard would prefer to see expenditure on "mobile crime detection laboratories," ready to operate straight away, each in its own region, upon serious events being signalled.

Dr. Locard went startlingly further. He foresaw the time when those intimately concerned with the handing out of justice, police witnesses, lawyers and doctors, examining magistrates and even judges on the bench, will be required to have a solid grounding in the scientific approach to crime so that they may be in a position to infer correctly from expert evidence given, appreciate the strength and the weakness of this. In fact, Dr. Locard wants crime schools for judges, here and now, if only because he genuinely worries on the score of his own and his kind's unalterable fallibility.

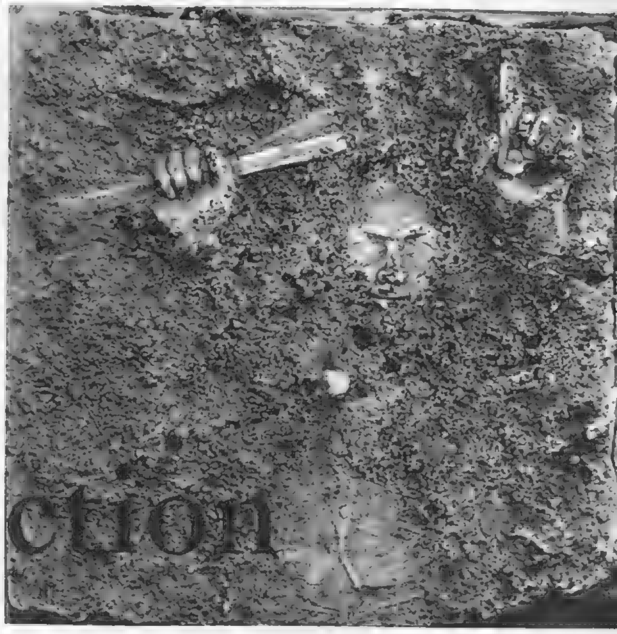
"Understand, we are only at the beginning of crime deduction by scientific handling. But we shall always be fallible and must, on that account, have a proper check from above, a check emanating from one detached, holding the scales, yet acutely sensitive to our laboratory reasoning. For my part, I shall never forget that it was a mistake by Bertillon that sent Dreyfus to Devil's Island. I learnt under the great savant, and I shall never forget that!"

IT would be hard to overdraw the fascination of a layman's initiation to the inner recesses of the French Sûreté. I had put off at Lyons on the way up from Cannes, and now, here I was listening to a Dreyfus revelation straight from the horse's mouth, after having spent an hour progressing through a Black Museum unique on the Continent:

The finger-print of the silver-stealing monkey which led to the detection of the thief and his master

An enlarged reproduction of the pores of the skin. A method of identification used when finger-prints are too faint to be of any use

Another exhibit from Dr. Locard's museum at Lyons. An escaping murderer fell down and made this moulding in the soil. It led to his identification and arrest by the aid of the waistcoat buttons

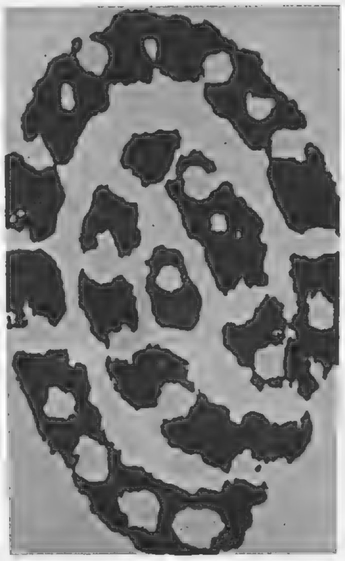


# of Crime Detection

Mountains of Guilt out of Mole-hills of Evidence. The Genius of Dr. Edmond Locard, France's Master-mind of Scientific Sleuthwork

By

Ferdinand Tuohy



A further enlargement of the skin pores. Dr. Locard is the inventor of this system

for guide young Jacques Locard, heir of his notable parent and precociously editor of the *Revue Internationale de Criminalistique.*

AT Headquarters they were busy that morning over an Italian gentleman named Collini, who had confessed overnight to killing his mistress and putting her, bit by bit, in cement blocks which he kept in his room. I went past where they were measuring him; peered into rooms of endless archives and card-indexes; into others where strange apparatus lay about; and so up, up, six stone flights of stairs, dripping with age, windows barred on each landing. A troupe of gentry whose finger-prints had just been taken passed down, evil-smelling and furtive. What weird places journalism got one into!

But there was light on the sixth floor, welcome space and air. Dr. Locard believes in working amid brightness, and here were his offices, white-painted and clean. In the first room were two aides and an attractive young thing who, I soon discovered, was waiting to report to the *Docteur.* For part of the local technique is the employment of stylish young things as decoys. On occasion, a mission can be dangerous, and arrangements may have to be made for the rendering of immediate assistance—as when a girl had to be rescued from beneath murderous rays with which a lunatic doctor had already blinded two women while pretending to cure malignant growths.

"Let us visit the Museum," said Jacques Locard, a youth of twenty. "We are just installing it in new quarters, for it grows from all over the world. My father admits a few foreigners for learning purposes, and later, when these have taken up posts—in Malay, in Brazil, anywhere—they are proud to send back their most prized exhibits to their Alma Mater! For instance, look at this. It is the only cannibal fork known to be under a glass case."

I observed a horrid, pronged instrument. On the wall above was set out the progressive guillotining of a man in photographic close-ups spread over less than a minute: likewise the only exhibit of its kind in existence. And thereafter "kick" follows "kick" (if that be a permissible term).

Here were relics of Pranzini, Don Juan of the Second Empire, mentioned in the Hall of Infamy for his murdering of a Paris luxury-cocotte and her "Mamma." Adjacent, the last letter, written on the eve of execution, by the handsome young Italian who killed President Carnot here in Lyons. A whole corner was given to Bonnot, chief of the first motor-bandits, who terrorised Paris in 1912. Bonnot had been a Lyons garagist, and here were his burgling tools, revolvers, gauntlets, correspondence, family photographs, tattood mistresses, and so forth.

A small, heavily-weighted metal ball at the end of a springy stalk caused my guide to chuckle. "The most remunerative item in the whole collection! Its inventor managed to knock no fewer than ten express passengers senseless, in order to rob them, before he was caught red-handed. All he did was simply to whack his victim several times on the nape of the neck, in tunnels."

A rosary of large leaden beads next fixed my attention.

"Ah, that! Do you remember the Chauffeurs de la Drome? It was long before my time. You remember? Yes, four men and a woman travelled the country torturing

(*continued on p. 84*)

To Botany Bay

ONE memorable day of January, in the year 1788, a small, ocean-battered vessel dropped anchor at last in the harbour upon which Sir Joseph Banks, Cook's companion in the voyage of the *Endeavour*, had bestowed the euphonious title of "Botany Bay."

The name of the little ship was the *Supply*. She was the first to arrive of a fleet of eleven which had left England some months before, under the command of Captain Arthur Phillip, to found the penal settlement of New South Wales. But in actual fact "Botany Bay," or "Stingray Bay," as Cook had first named it, was destined never to be utilised as the site of the settlement. Banks's glowing account of its attractions proved to have been quite misleading. Its fertile meadows were uncultivable swamps, its harbour was dangerous and exposed: in short, however interesting it might be to a collector of botanical specimens, it was one of the worst spots conceivable for the particular purpose it had been designed for. Governor Phillip accordingly set about transferring the seven hundred-odd men and women convicts and their guards to the neighbouring harbour of Port Jackson, later to become the great port of Sydney, which Cook had passed by, as Drake had passed San Francisco, with only a cursory glance at three miles' distance.

Nevertheless, "Botany Bay," perhaps on account of the ease with which its alliterative jingle tripped off the tongue, continued right up to the end of the transportation era to be the accepted term for the convict ships' destination, whether it were actually New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, or the ultimate hell of Norfolk Island. Allusions to it are often found in the popular songs of the early nineteenth century, such as that whose refrain ran—

I'm bound away to Botany Bay,
But it isn't at my own expense;

and another which continued to be sung at harvest suppers and on such-like festive occasions long after the last of the convict ships had sailed for Dead Man's Bay—

It was on the twenty-eighth of May
From England we did steer,
And all things being safe on board
We sailed down the river clear.

And every ship that we passed by
We heard the sailors say,
"There goes a ship of clever hands,
And they're bound for Botany Bay."

The *Supply* and her sister ships—the "First Fleet," as they were styled—were the forerunners of a long succession of vessels which, for more than half a century, sailed regularly from Portsmouth, Sheerness, Cork, Dublin, and, of course, from London River, with their freight of human vice and human misery, to the ports of the Southern Cross. During that time, nearly a hundred and forty thousand men and women were transported to New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, Norfolk Island, and, finally, to the Swan River settlement in Western Australia. A few Sydney folk, of that odd type which prefers to trace its descent back a few generations to a blackguard than to go no further than a tolerably respectable set of grandparents, are still proud to call themselves "First Fleet families," and ladies have been known to appear in public wearing dainty gold leg-chains in commemoration of the fact. But such are few and far between, and statistical investigations go to prove that the convict stock

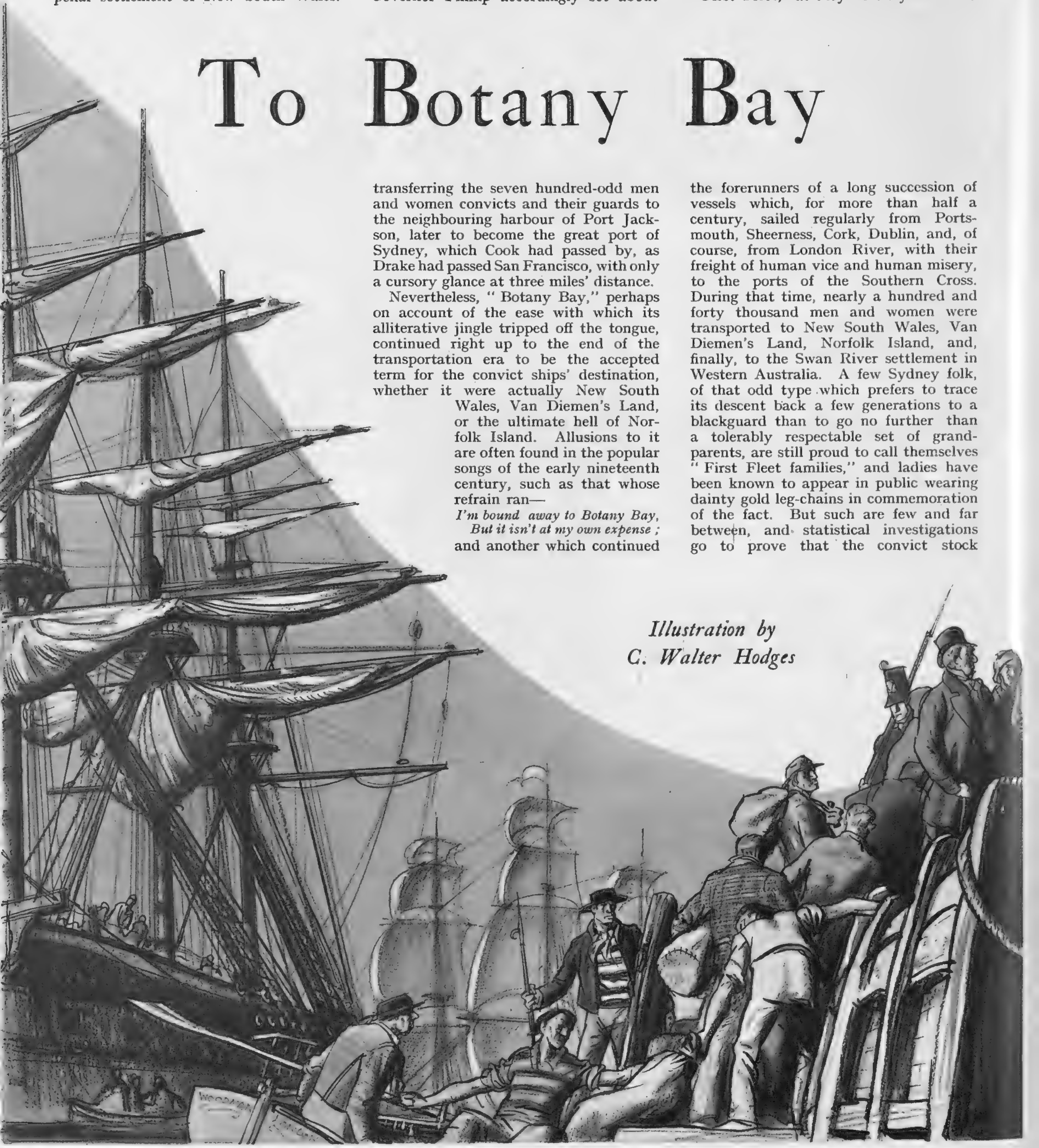


Illustration by
C. Walter Hodges

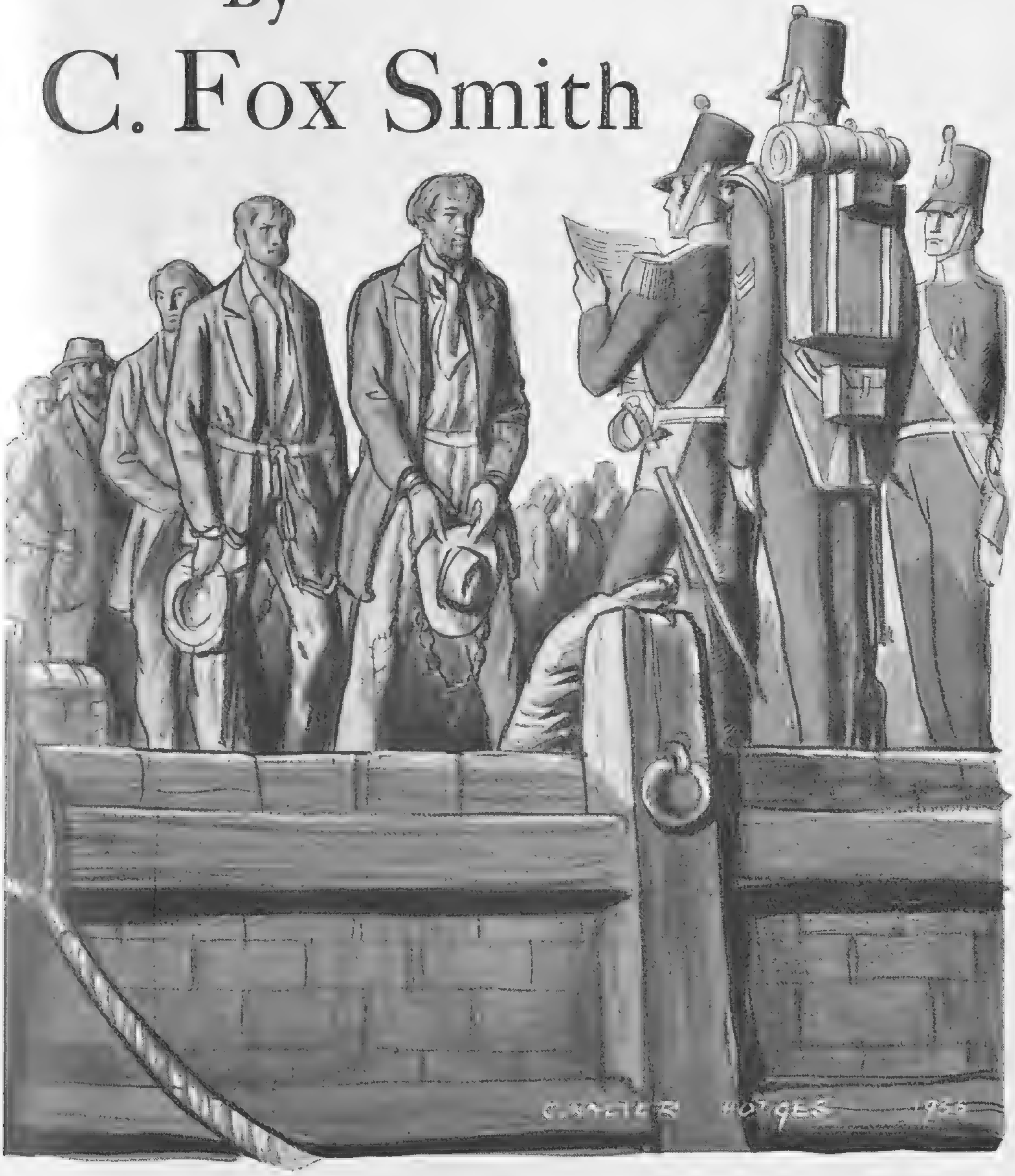
Tales of the Convict Ships

By C. Fox Smith

probably died out in about the third generation.

At the time when the transportation system began, the overflow of the English prisons was packed into the hulks which Dickens describes in *Great Expectations*, "lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark . . . cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains." What sinks of misery and iniquity these places were is graphically pictured in the autobiography of that odd character Jurgen Jurgensen, who, after an astonishing career in the course of which he occupied for a brief period the throne of Iceland as King Jurgen I, ended up by being shipped off to Botany Bay as a debtor and vagabond. Jurgensen spent a short time in the hulk *Justitia* at Woolwich before his departure for Australia, and he describes her and her kind as "schools of abominable pollution" and "nurseries of deep crime," adding that "those who have been discharged from them have overrun England and spread vice and immorality everywhere in their track." Corruption and brutality were rampant. The "captain" and "mates," as they were called, though they were merely promoted turnkeys and not seafaring men at all, had absolute power over the men in their charge, and, says Jurgensen, "I have seen a captain knock a poor fellow down with one blow merely for not getting quickly out of his way when passing forward on the deck." Redress was impossible, for when a committee of inspection visited the hulks and asked for complaints, the reply was always in the negative. "Woe betide him," observes Jurgensen, "who should dare to open his lips except to say that the treatment on board was humane and kind."

On board many of the earlier convict ships, though, no doubt, conditions differed in every case according to the character of the captain and officers, things were not much better than in the hulks. So long as the ships arrived in safety, no one cared much whether their human cargo lived or died. Scurvy and many another loathsome disease raged in their insanitary and crowded holds. Dishonest captains connived with cheating ship chandlers to defraud the wretched convicts of their scanty allowances of food and drink, and sadistically inclined ones ordered wholesale floggings at their own sweet will.



BEFORE many years had passed those in authority were aroused to a sense of their responsibility, and a better state of affairs prevailed. A surgeon-superintendent was put in charge of the prisoners, whose remuneration depended largely upon his delivering up the men under his care in good health at their destination. The officers also received a bonus for proper treatment of the convicts, and on the whole, though naturally a trip to Botany Bay at Government expense was not exactly a pleasure cruise, conditions were certainly better than in the hulks or in gaols ashore, and probably quite as good as those in many of the emigrant packets. The scale of provisions, as stated by Dr. Wilson, of the *Governor Ready*, includes tea, at that time still a luxury among the poorer classes, and a good deal more meat than came the way of the average law-abiding agricultural labourer a hundred years ago. Two pints of wine per man were served out each week, and half a gallon of water a day, an allowance which would have been thought amazingly generous in many a well-found clipper ship's forecastle or apprentices' berth.

THE ships themselves were, of course, not the aristocracy of the sea. Some were old East Indiamen no longer good enough to be "taken up" by John Company, some South Sea whalers bound out to the fishing grounds, some cargo ships taking out supplies to the new colony. The vessels were supposed to be properly inspected before sailing, but this inspection seems to have been in some cases by no means exacting. The *Woodman*, in which Jurgensen made the voyage, leaked, according to his account, so badly that she shipped a great deal of water and the hospital was flooded. "A large number of persons," he goes on to say, "cooped up in small berths, encumbered with irons and dreadfully seasick, combined to make a scene of the most repellent description": a picture, however, which but for the presence of the irons, might probably have equally applied to practically any passenger or emigrant ship of the time.

The last sight of England, bitter moment though it must have been to many of those who knew that they looked on their native land for the last time, brought its compensations. As soon as the cliffs of Cornwall faded from sight the convicts, who up to then had been kept in irons as a precaution against last-minute escapes, were brought up and released from their fetters, and for the rest of the voyage they were allowed to spend the greater part of the day on deck under (*Continued on page* 98)

KARMA

The Buddhist believes that our Previous Lives predetermine our Fate in this. Love may be strong but 'Karma' is stronger, sometimes

EVELYN THANE leaned back in her comfortable chair on the veranda of the bungalow (typical of all the other estate managers' bungalows in this high, monotonously teaplanted area of Ceylon), and let her thoughts drift. She knew herself to be a tall, lithely well-built woman of 27, attractive, with reddish hair, blue-grey eyes and a somewhat wide mouth. She was uncompromisingly intelligent and —because hitherto only fools had asked her—still unmarried. Deep down in her, indeed, as one by one almost the last of her school-contemporaries had disappeared into the state of matrimony, she had of late begun to ask herself—absurdly, of course, and not innately credible—whether this were not her Destiny.

Within doors, Margery, her sister and her hostess, was silent in the afternoon sleep demanded by her delicate health. Margery, her junior by two years, had married. A foolish little pretty-face, Margery, taking after their sweet but ineffectual mother as she herself had inherited the contrasting characteristics of their father. Nevertheless, Walter had fallen for her, at first sight, when he had come home on leave. Certainly, Margery had had something elflike about her then, quite fascinating to anybody who did not know her maddening ineptitude, and she played a very good game of tennis—it was at a tennis-party it had started. But she had never been able to imagine Margery as Walter's wife—could not now imagine it, reality though it was.

She switched herself abruptly from these thoughts. What a wonderful holiday this was that she was having! She was grateful to Margery for having invited her, would always be grateful. She had never known that Ceylon was so beautiful —that any country could be so entrancing. (On the boat, that nice, clever, middle-aged man, with whom she had talked, had told her that the Mohammedans had a legend that when Adam was thrown out of Paradise, God had given him Ceylon as a second Eden. Eve had fallen to earth at Mecca, and it had been a thousand years before she could catch up with Adam again. He had said it with a smile. What a deep-down, instinctive hostility all men seemed to have against women!)

The enchantment of it had got her from the first moment she had set foot in Colombo—Margery and Walter, he unfamiliar in white ducks and a topee, had come down to meet the ship, to pilot her through the bewilderment of this first introduction to the swarming tropic East. Sinhalese men in white cotton skirts, with their long hair femininely scraped back to a bun held by a tortoiseshell comb; Sinhalese women in graceful *saris;* Moormen in the Moslem fez; handsome, dark-coloured Tamils who were Hindus; descendants of the first Portuguese conquerors, who were now all half-castes, fervently Roman Catholic; descendants of their Dutch successors, who were still called "burghers." Walter had explained it all to her—races, religions, occupations—succinctly, informatively, in that curt way of his, he had seemed to know everything.

Margery had looked ill, washed-out; the climate apparently did not agree with her. But she, Evelyn, had immediately adored this tropic sun, though it smote so dangerously that one never dared to go out without a *terai.* She had genuinely enjoyed the novel, fierce blaze of heat, had felt that the hitherto tight bud of her inner self was ecstatically unfolding to it like—like a lotus-flower, the sacred lotus-flower of this Buddhist island. (Oddly enough, the cobra was also sacred, was sculptured everywhere on the Buddhist temples: that, said Walter, was allegedly because a cobra had once shaded the sleeping Buddha with its distended hood, but probably was a survival from a much more ancient religion. She had disliked those cobras, though they were merely portrayed in stone. Walter had laughed, had said that there were only too many live ones; perhaps that was why they were propitiated as sacred, in a very real fear of their deadliness.) Walter had a robust

EDWARD
OSMOND
1936

By F. Britten Austin

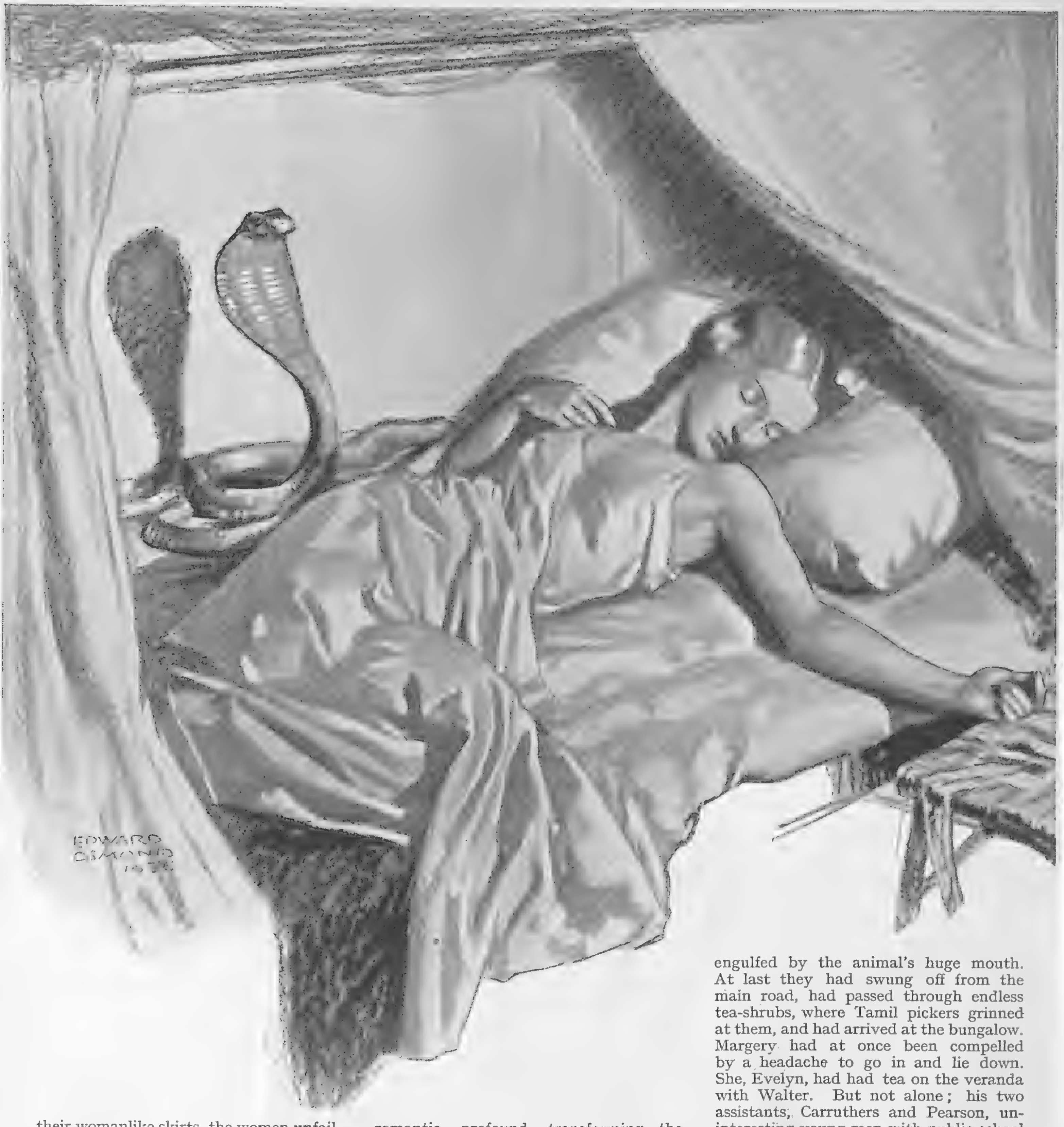
Illustrated by Edward Osmond

common sense in all his explanations. It was refreshing to be with him. He was strikingly better-looking, too, even than she had remembered him, with his deep-set grey eyes, his strong nose and chin, his clean-shaven visage bronzed by an outdoor life. There had been an instant, close sympathy between them, a sympathy that on her part it was tactful to repress. He was Margery's husband.

SHE would never forget the hundred-miles drive up to the estate. They had started from Colombo early in the morning, in a brilliantly crystalline atmosphere, to a long and ever-varied succession of sun-drenched pictures (if one touched the car beyond the hood, it burned the fingers). The long, straight road-stretches of the low country, running through exotic jungles of palms, tree-ferns and feathery bamboos with an unimagined profusion of flowers on creeper and shrub and roadside, through villages where smiths and potters worked outside their palm-thatched open huts, between terraced paddy-fields of half-inundated emerald, had everywhere been populous with diversely picturesque countryfolk whose brightly coloured costumes glowed like jewels. (Though it was all novel to her, there had been an intimate rightness about those vivid barbaric figures that was obscurely satisfying.) They had crossed rivers whose wooded valleys had been a revelation of shimmering loveliness. And then the road had climbed upward through the hills, overlooking romantic jungle-choked gorges where water splashed, opening up vistas of yet more hills and forests and lofty mountains that were like the landscape of a poet's dream.

They had lunched at Kandy, at the hotel overlooking the exquisite little lake in its setting of wooded heights. Some religious festival was occurring at the Temple of the Tooth, elaborately enshrining the authentic tooth of the Buddha—miraculously re-materialised, said Walter, as a three-inch boar fang after it had been solemnly burned by the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa in 1560. Before them had passed unending throngs of laughing, chattering people, garbed in all the hues of the rainbow, the men quaint in

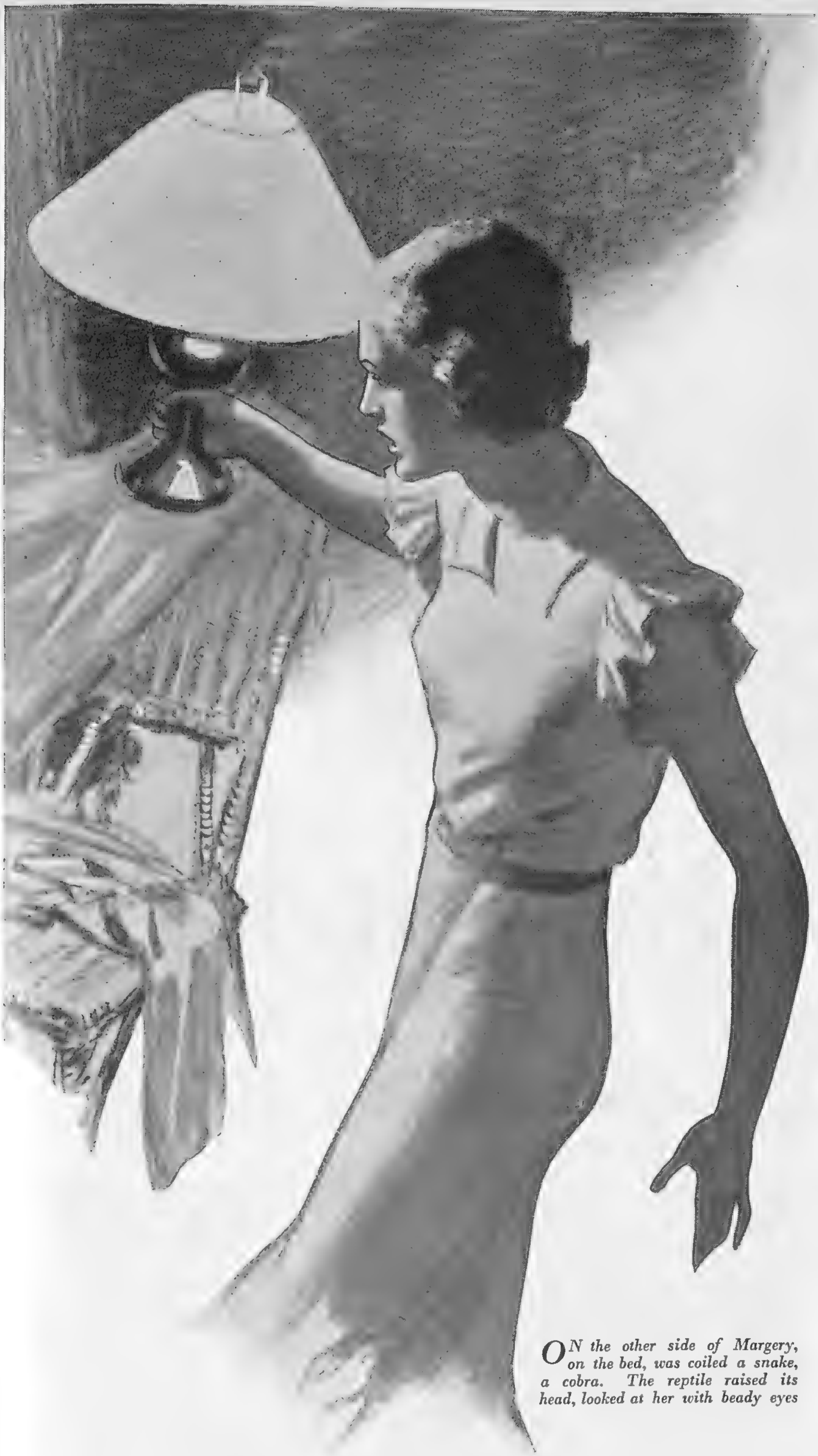
"WALTER," she said, "do you think . . . if there is anything in Karma—that perhaps you and I lived thousands of years ago in this city—and that we are separated because we then vitally hurt one another. . . ?"



their womanlike skirts, the women unfailingly graceful in their shoulder-pinned draperies that left one arm bare, while shaven Buddhist priests moved among them in robes that varied from vivid orange to pale yellow. (If a woman accidentally brushed against one of those priests, Walter had said, he would have to be ritually purified and reconsecrated. What was there so mortally sinful about a woman's nature?) It had been like a scene on a stage, produced by an impresario with an abnormal gift for shifting colour-contrasts, divorced from genuine reality. The entire island, indeed, in its enchanting magic beauty, was divorced from what had hitherto been reality to her. Anything, she had felt, might happen here—experiences not otherwise credible, lofty, romantic, profound, transforming the soul to an eternal transformation. That was fantastic, of course. No soul-transforming experiences had happened to Margery, who lived here. She was merely limp, washed-out, somewhat edgy with Walter, who was uniformly kind, considerate, reserved.

In the afternoon they had continued on their road, leaving behind and below them the blue lake of Kandy, leaving behind them the tropical luxuriance of vegetation as they had climbed into the tea-country, every hill shorn of everything save the innumerable regularly planted shrubs. They had, thrillingly to her, met three elephants on the road, and the mahout of one of them had—for a coin—allowed himself to be picked up by the coiling trunk and his head engulfed by the animal's huge mouth. At last they had swung off from the main road, had passed through endless tea-shrubs, where Tamil pickers grinned at them, and had arrived at the bungalow. Margery had at once been compelled by a headache to go in and lie down. She, Evelyn, had had tea on the veranda with Walter. But not alone; his two assistants, Carruthers and Pearson, uninteresting young men with public-school ties and public-school voices, had sat with them. They had discussed the happenings on the estate during Walter's absence. It had been dull, irritatingly dull, and disappointing. She would have liked to have talked freely with Walter, have been with him alone, unhampered by any third person.

But in all the two weeks since then, she had never had a chance to talk with Walter, save in company. Every morning he was up and out by six o'clock dawn, supervising the labours of the coolies among the tea. Every afternoon he shut himself in the office-room of the bungalow, with his Sinhalese clerk, attending to the multifarious paper-work involved in the efficient management of so large an estate. In the cool nights which shut down



ON the other side of Margery, on the bed, was coiled a snake, a cobra. The reptile raised its head, looked at her with beady eyes

so swiftly after 6 p.m., Margery was always present when they sat on the veranda or at dinner. And somehow Margery seemed to be an obstacle to interesting talk. She chitter-chattered, while Walter sat taciturnly smoking his pipe, sententious when rarely he spoke. Yet curiously she, Evelyn, was intensely alive to his presence, so alive that sometimes it oppressed her breathing. She craved to be for a moment alone with him, to say to him—she knew not what. But Margery was always an obstacle. In this remote land of romance, Margery was the incarnation of the petty society of the English countryside, her mind filled with speculations as to the vicar's garden-party and what Lady Birchington-Sykes was doing up at the Hall. It was unendurable sometimes. She wondered what Walter really thought of Margery—Walter looking at his wife with his deep-set, surely melancholy eyes. But Walter betrayed no hint—Walter's type never did. Poor Walter! She blotted out these private thoughts, opened anew her perception to the panorama before her. The sun was sinking to the tea-covered hills. Soon it would disappear and, after a brief quarter of an hour of glorious afterglow, black night would shut down with that abruptness which was still strange to her. But now the hills and valleys were still flooded with light. Down below her, she had a glimpse of the main road turning and twisting. On the road was a moving spot of bright yellow. That must be an itinerant Buddhist priest, like those she had seen at Kandy.

Until she had come to Ceylon she had never realised that Buddhism was a living religion, with millions of adherents, from a vast antiquity dominant in this island. Her mind reverted to that nice, clever middle-aged man on the boat. He had talked to her one afternoon about Buddhism, had tried to explain it to her. Her memory retained vaguely only what he had said about Karma—that our fate in this life was the result of our actions in a previous life. Certainly there was fate in life. It was fate, for example, that she, who had never dreamed of such a thing three years ago, before Margery had met Walter at that tennis-party—should now be here. A chain of circumstance, independent of her own will or desire—save desire to accept Margery's utterly unexpected invitation—had brought her to Ceylon, to this hilltop among the tea-shrubs, in a land of glamorous enchantment that stirred she knew not what of dormant impulse in her. Yes, that was fate—if Karma were true, the result of some action in a past life. And, if Karma were true, what fate in a next life was she now unconsciously fashioning? She did not believe in the doctrine, but it was an intriguing theory. What would Walter say to it? Would she have an opportunity to ask him? Margery always spoilt serious conversation. There she was, up against Margery again! Silly of her.

Walter's bespectacled Sinhalese clerk, civilised-looking in a suit of cream silk, appeared on the veranda. He had an absurdly long name, but she had mastered it. Seneviratne smiled to her as he passed. She spoke to him on an impulse.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Seneviratne."

Mr. Seneviratne had been educated at a school in Kandy, and he spoke a precise and careful English. It pleased him to be taken notice of.

"Good afternoon, miss."

Seneviratne ought to be able to tell her about Karma. She made a little idle conversation, leading to an opening, mentioning the Buddhist priest down on the road.

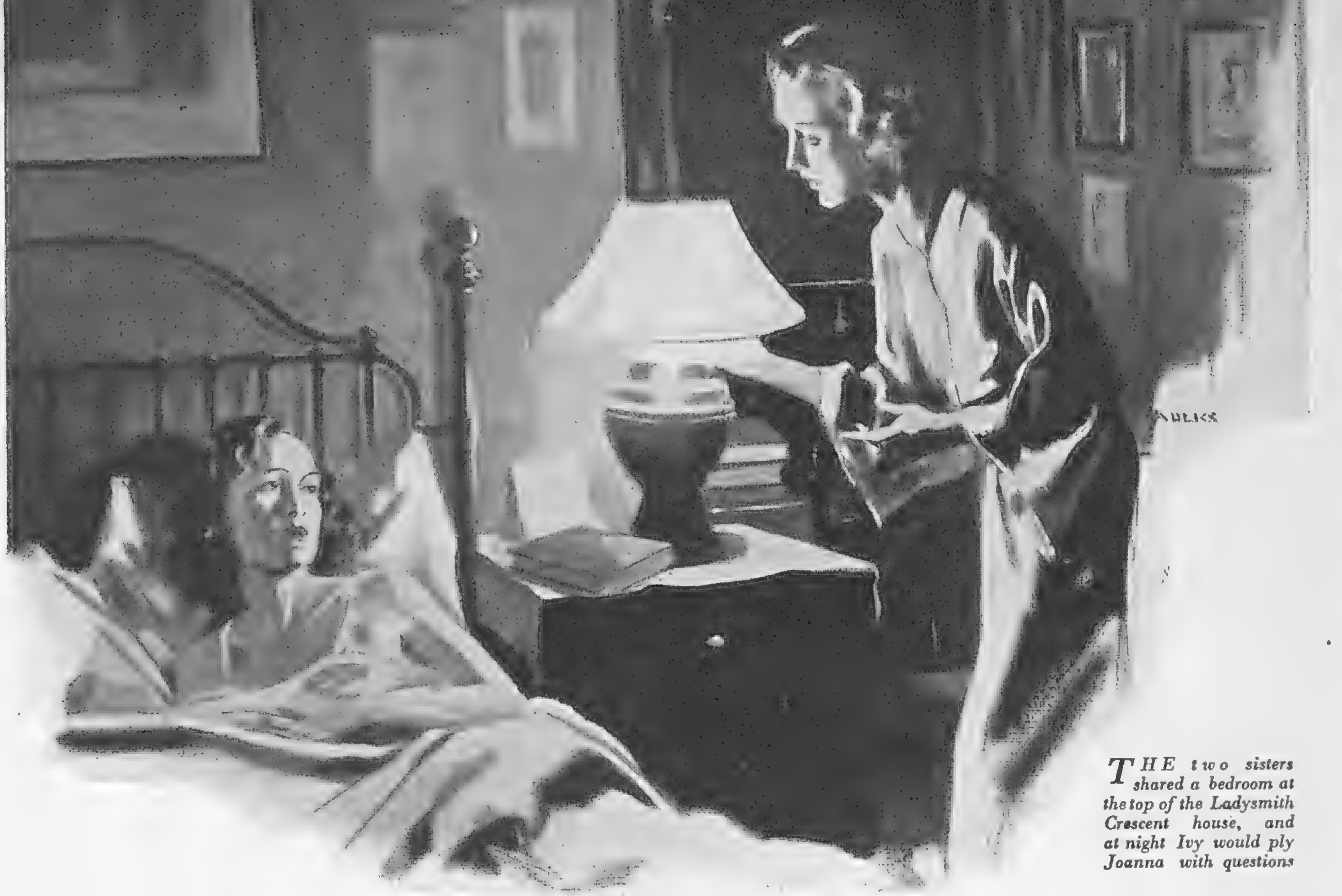
"You are a Buddhist, aren't you, Mr. Seneviratne?"

"Yes, miss. My family have always been Buddhists—for two thousand years. Ceylon—Lanka we call it—has a great history, miss. Buried in the jungles, at Anaradhapura and Polonnaruwa, are very enormous ancient cities, filled with ruined Buddhist temples and palaces of the Buddhist kings—very remarkable, miss."

"I suppose that Buddhism had—has—a great teaching?" she said, tentatively.

"Buddhism teaches the Eightfold Path by which the soul is freed from all desire, miss—only when the soul has no more desire can it reach the high blessedness of Nirvana,

(*Continued on page 110*)



THE two sisters shared a bedroom at the top of the Ladysmith Crescent house, and at night Ivy would ply Joanna with questions

An Old Story

Boy Meets Girl . . . Boy Loses Girl—That's the Way of the World, the War, and the Chorus

THE Kid had delayed Joanna, as he always did, with irresistible requests for just another minute before she said her final good-night and left him alone with the night-light. She was in consequence a little late as she turned off the Parade, and hurried through the turnstile. The sea slapping about the pillars of the pier lay flat and calm, the colour of mother-of-pearl in the evening light. Down on the shore the wet sand gleamed where the tide had receded; little pools of water shone out gold as the sinking sun caught them. Another glorious evening, thought Joanna. And that would mean another bad house. Willie would curse.

She moved on past the cluster of penny-in-the-slot machines and the little kiosk of Madame Rosabella, the Palmist, and came to the ramshackle theatre where Willie Bundleton's "Pep and Personality" Show was playing during the week. Not much sign of activity in the front of the house at present. In fact, there was no one to be seen save the solitary figure of a man who stood examining the photographs of the "Pep and Personality" Company outside the theatre. Joanna saw that he wore a dinner-jacket and guessed that he was one of the visitors from the Grand Hotel. If he came in he ought to be good for a three-and-sixpenny seat. Well, that would be something. A boiled shirt in the three-and-sixpennies would be quite an event for "Pep and Personality." How Gwennie would ogle him during her numbers!

Suddenly, as she looked idly in his direction, she caught her breath sharply and was aware of a curious little stab of excitement. For now that she had a clearer view of his profile she saw that the man examining the photographs was the living image of Andrew Melton. He was smoking a cigarette; the smell of it came drifting towards her, and lo, it was a Turkish cigarette such as Andrew had always smoked. Andrew? But lots of men smoked Turks. And then, as if to set her doubts at rest once and for all, the man in the dinner-jacket made a peculiar movement. He had been bending down to look at the photographs; now he straightened himself and suddenly threw back his head in an odd way as though his collar irked him. And then Joanna was almost sure. There could not be two men so very much alike in appearance who had just that same little trick.

Andrew, after all these years. She was half tempted to accost him and make certain, but she rejected the idea. For one thing, she had barely time to get made up and on to the stage for the opening number. For another thing, Andrew, if this man really were Andrew, had probably long since forgotten all about Joanna Griddle and their far-off faded romance. She was growing stout now, too, and Willie told her that she was losing her figure. Andrew would be quite shocked.

She hurried on into the theatre. She was surprised to realise that she was trembling a little as she walked, and that her curious feeling of excitement, instead of dying away, grew stronger. Strange, very strange. She would never have guessed that at this time of life she could be so much affected by a glimpse of a man who might conceivably be Andrew.

By Adrian Alington

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

ANDREW. Her memory went burrowing back as she hurried along. The early days of the War. The concert party that was doing one-night stands about the camps. She had been little more than a child in those days; Dad, who had a fairly prosperous grocery business in the north of London, and poor little worried Mum were still astonished to find that they had a daughter on the stage.

It was at a supper party given by some of the officers after the show that she had first met Andrew. Amid the general hilarity Andrew and she had somehow drifted together. They had talked and laughed a great deal. That had always been part of Andrew's attraction—for him the world had always been an enormous joke. She remembered thinking after that very first meeting at the party how much she hoped that this good-looking, amusing boy would come through the war all right.

Her first meeting with Andrew. How many years ago! That distant supper party rose very clearly into her memory as she walked through the stage door into the dressing-room which the ladies of the "Pep and Personality" Company shared.

"Hullo, Joanna," said Gwennie. "You're late. Willie's been asking for you."

"I couldn't get away before," Joanna replied briefly, and began to fling off her street clothes.

"That kid again, I'll bet," laughed Gwennie.

"Oh, well, perhaps." Wrapped now in a shabby dressing-gown, Joanna sat down and began to rub cream into her face before making up. And all the time her awakened memory burrowed.

It was chance that brought herself and Andrew together again. The last year of the war. Joanna was at home then at the dreary little house in Ladysmith Crescent, which was situated in the neighbourhood of the Holloway Road, because that was convenient for Dad's shop. Things were not going too well; she had been out of work for some time, ever since the tour of "The Girl in Pyjamas," and an engagement seemed impossible to find. One hot and memorable day she was returning home from a round of fruitless visits to the agents' offices. She had felt that morning utterly sick of it all, of the dingy waiting rooms full of shabby and disappointed pros, of the inevitable formula which greeted her—"Nothing in your line to-day, I'm afraid. Look in again next week."

She was standing despondently in the lift at Leicester Square tube station, when a voice behind her said:

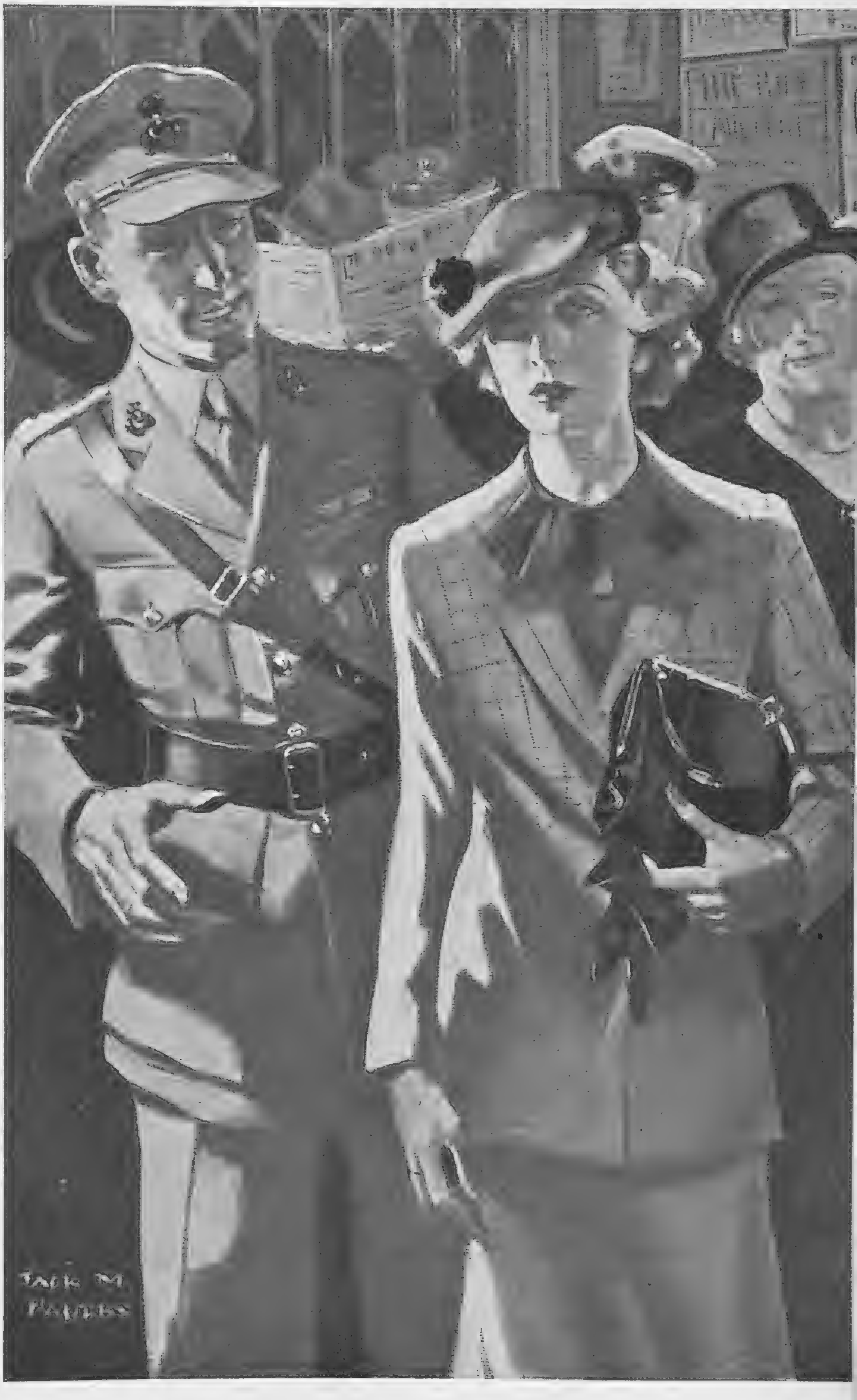
"Surely, by all that's marvellous, it's Joanna Griddle!"

She turned to see a dark, good-looking young man in khaki whose face was familiar.

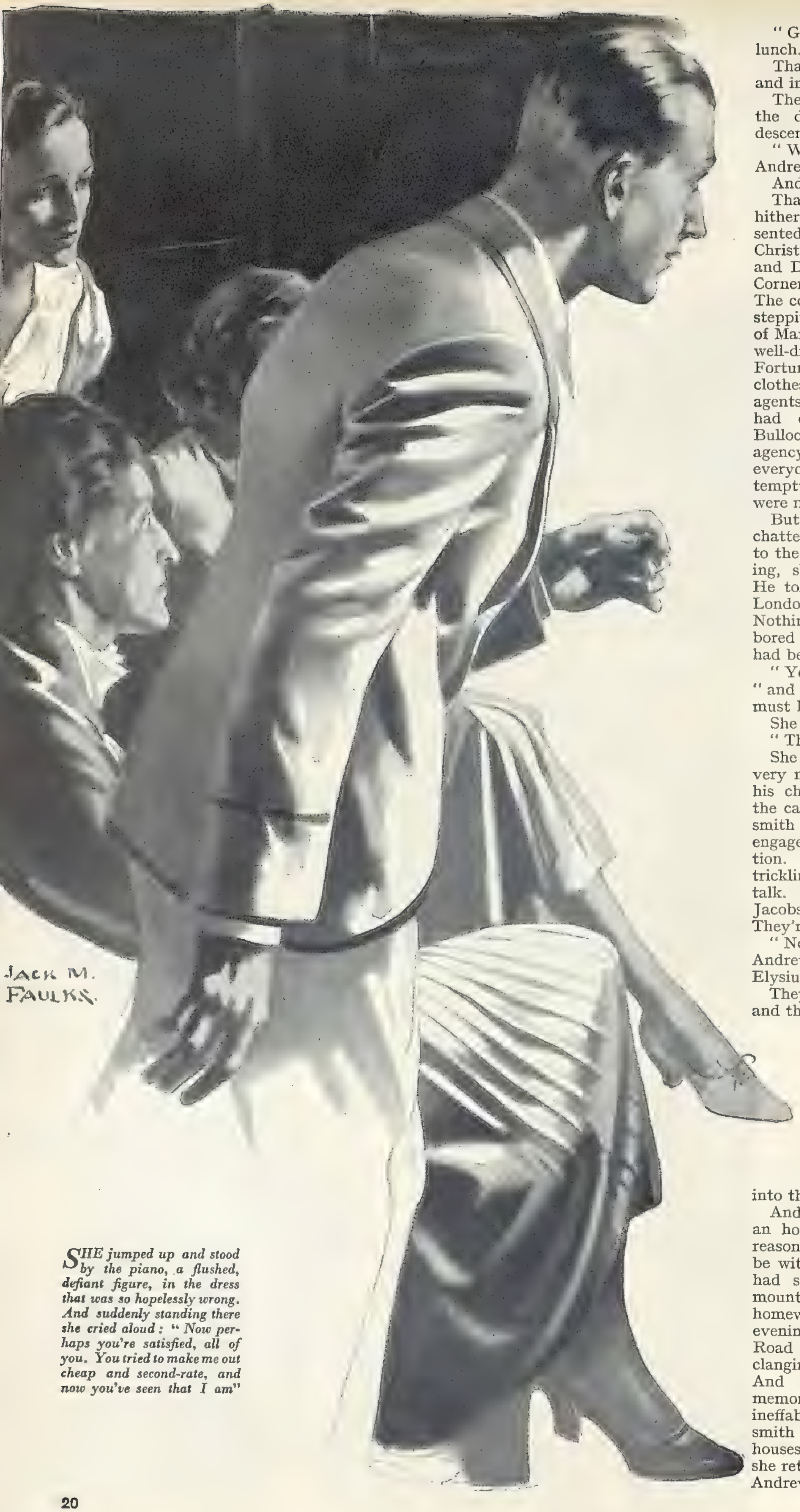
"You don't remember me," he said.

"Yes. We met at a party nearly four years ago. Your name is Andrew—wait a moment—Andrew Melton."

He threw back his head suddenly, a little trick of his that she remembered well.



SHE was standing despondently in the lift at Leicester Square tube station, when a voice behind her said: "Surely, by all that's marvellous, it's Joanna Griddle"



SHE jumped up and stood by the piano, a flushed, defiant figure, in the dress that was so hopelessly wrong. And suddenly standing there she cried aloud: "Now perhaps you're satisfied, all of you. You tried to make me out cheap and second-rate, and now you've seen that I am"

"Good for you. Come and have lunch."

That was always Andrew's way, quick and impulsive.

They escaped from the lift just before the doors clanged and it began its descent.

"What about the Elysium?" said Andrew. "That's near at hand."

And to the Elysium they went.

That lunch! To Joanna, for whom hitherto luxurious eating had been represented by an occasional festive meal at Christmas or on a birthday with Mum and Dad and her young sister Ivy at a Corner House, it appeared miraculous. The cocktails, the food, the deft, silently stepping waiters, the unobtrusive music of Max Jacobson's famous orchestra, the well-dressed people at the other tables. Fortunately, she had put on her best clothes for the purpose of visiting the agents. Her coat and skirt, which she had obtained from her friend Mrs. Bullock, who ran a secondhand dress agency, were all right, but she felt that everyone in the Elysium must be contemptuously aware that her stockings were not of real silk.

But presently, as she and Andrew chattered away, getting back easily on to the friendly footing of that first meeting, she became more sure of herself. He told her that he was in hospital in London. A bullet wound in the arm. Nothing serious, but he was dreadfully bored and lonely. His meeting with her had been like a gift from heaven.

"You must take pity on me," he said, "and have lunch with me again. You must have lunch with me very often."

She smiled at him across the table.

"Thank you, I'd love to."

She decided that she really liked him very much. How different he was with his charm and his easy manners from the callow youths she had met in Ladysmith Crescent or during her few stage engagements! The real thing, no imitation. The music of the orchestra came trickling faintly as a background to their talk. "The Parson's Waitin'," sang Max Jacobson's fiddle, "for Me and My Gal. They're hesitatin' for Me and My Gal."

"Now when am I to see you again?" Andrew asked, when at last they left the Elysium and came out into the street.

They arranged the second meeting then and there.

That was the beginning of Joanna's marvellous time with Andrew. They lunched again at the Elysium and elsewhere and went to theatres together—Delysia at the Pavilion, "Chu Chin Chow," "The Boy," all the various khaki-crowded shows. And so presently they seemed to drift almost without knowing it into their lovely companionship.

Andrew had to be back in hospital at an hour which they both thought unreasonably early, and so she could never be with him in the evening. When she had said good-bye to him she would mount to the top of a 'bus and ride homewards through the pale gold summer evenings along the Tottenham Court Road towards Camden Town and the clanging dreariness of North London. And she would carry with her the memory of a few perfect hours. How ineffably dismal and sordid seemed Ladysmith Crescent, with its mean little houses and its few spiritless shops, when she returned to it from an afternoon with Andrew!

Her family, of course, were greatly interested in these expeditions of hers. Dad and Mum were rather worried about it all. As for young Ivy, she was frankly curious. The two sisters shared a bedroom at the top of the Ladysmith Crescent house, and at night Ivy would ply Joanna with questions.

" You are mean, Joanna. You never tell me anything about your officer boy."

" He's not my boy," Joanna would reply irritably.

" Has he kissed you ? "

" Oh, shut up, young Ivy. Go to sleep."

" I think," said Ivy, " it's silly going about with a boy if he doesn't kiss you."

The meetings went on with a happy intimacy growing all the time between them, until there came at last the most precious day of all. And it was suitable that of all the afternoons of that summer that should be perhaps the loveliest. It was too hot for a show that afternoon, too hot for anything but laziness. After they had lunched she and Andrew took a taxi to Kensington Gardens and, dismissing it, strolled for a while along the paths dappled with sunlight and shadow. Presently they left the path and sat down upon two green chairs beneath a tree. It was quiet there and shady. Away through the green and gold of the Gardens the monstrous shape of the Albert Memorial loomed. The sound of the traffic in Kensington High Street came to them very faintly.

Presently as they sat there side by side on their green chairs a strange silence fell. Joanna, intensely conscious of Andrew beside her, was aware that he was unaccountably nervous. And then all at once she heard his voice, curiously unsteady, saying :

" Joanna Griddle, I have a secret to tell you. Bend down your head and listen. I love you, Joanna Griddle. I adore you."

She turned towards him. His eyes were fixed on her, but for once there was no laughter in them. They held, on the contrary, a queer burning look that she had never seen in them before.

" Andrew," she murmured, " Andrew, my darling."

" Oh, Joanna ! "

Suddenly, with that peculiarly individual little trick of his, he flung back his head.

" Oh, you lovely elfin child ! " he exclaimed. " I shall immediately kiss you in defiance of all London ! "

Joanna, a stick of grease-paint in her hand, stared critically at her reflection. No doubt about it, she was beginning to look her age. Nasty little lines and, as Willie had said, she was losing her figure. In a year or two, if she didn't take care . . . She threw down the grease-paint and began rather viciously to redden her lips. Would Andrew think her much hanged ? Always providing, of course, that the man she had seen was Andrew and that he intended to be in front tonight. Oh, well, what did it matter ? The show was the thing after all. The show—and, apart from that, Willie and the Kid. Her lips finished, she began to dab her face with powder. And her memory continued to work.

After that (*Continued on page* 90)

ON the set in the Paramount Studios. Getting ready to take a shot of "Forgotten Faces," in which Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Michael, James Burke, Robert Cummings and Jane Rhodes are the principal actors

America's Hollywood

By Sam Zerner

THREE months in Hollywood as a budding scenario-writer have taught me many things.

Among them is a bitter regret for the days when I was earning £8 a week in Fleet Street: also—

That not for nothing did Lady Charles Cavendish turn down a Hollywood contract on the grounds that we work too hard;

That the studio didn't offer me £50 a week for nothing. I am earning every penny of it. This (under a six-months contract) works out at 4d. a minute. High pressure at which I'm working is worth £1 a minute;

That £50 in England is worth £30 in America—and £10 in Hollywood. I have to spend more in proportion, so am actually worse off than I was in Fleet Street;

That you can't swank in Hollywood, for everybody knows by where you live just how much you earn;

That my furnished house way out in the Beverly Hills location is 300 per cent. too dear at £12 a week, but everybody else in the studio thinks I've got a snip. I'm lucky to be living just on the "classy" side of the social line;

That taxes and the cost of living are scandalous. Burning hot days here demand cold showers and constant cold baths—but the water is expensive and is metered like gas or electricity;

That many areas have no police or public services—and tenants of ramp-price furnished apartments have to pay a levy to support local police.

In spite of this, a Hollywood studio is the safest place in the world to be at any time, and in any part of it.

The average studio has a policeman on duty for every three hundred square feet of its area. It has more firemen, in proportion to its buildings, than any city. I saw that Metro, for instance, maintain a complete fire department for 125 buildings, with alarm boxes within 75 feet of each other. A sprinkler system, automatic in operation, is installed in every building and on every stage.

TOWING the camera and sound apparatus. An incident from "The Moon's Our Home," a Paramount picture in which Margaret Sullavan is the star

A studio physician, dentist, and an emergency hospital in the studio comprise the "health department" of a film city.

Stars, actors, labourers, all are treated for ailments or accidents.

Nowhere else is health more efficiently looked after.

If Clark Gable wrenches a hand, or Jean Harlow develops a headache, Peggy Coleman, chief nurse in the hospital, rushes to the stage with remedies. If a labourer happens to get a nail in his hand, or an electrician a burn, Miss Coleman is on the job. The studio physician arrives in an instant if the trouble is in any way serious.

Donald Loomis, the physical director, watches the weight and condition of the stars. A well-known expert, he has his gymnasium in the star dressing-room building, and scientifically trains the glamorous ones of the screen.

The great roaring shops in the studios seemed to me to be the last word in safety. No piece of machinery is ever allowed to operate without adequate safety-guards installed to avoid accidents. Weekly classes in accident prevention and "safety first" are given all workers. No electrician is allowed on a set without gloves, insulated pliers and screw-drivers, which are inspected three times a week by the chief of the electrical department. All cables in the electrical and sound departments are tested daily for efficiency of insulation.

Rigorous traffic rules and a ten-mile speed limit are enforced on studio streets, with traffic officers stationed at an average of 100 yards apart on the main arteries, 200 yards on less travelled streets. Mirrors set at right angles warn motorists if any traffic is coming around the corner.

(*Continued on page 96*)

England's Hollywood

LONDON
FILM
PRODUCTIONS

A VIEW of London Film's great new Denham Studios. The seven huge stages total an area of 120,000 square feet

ALEXANDER KORDA assists Lothar Mendes with a scene for "The Man Who Could Work Miracles."

By Reginald Pound

WHAT is the difference between our film industry here in Britain and America's?

A British film executive, supervising a scene in production, has been known to insist on a visiting card announcing the hero being received on a silver salver.

Another vouched-for British studio scream went up when a reigning British film nabob remarked that these verbal agreements are not worth the paper they are written on.

But when anyone wants me to illustrate the affinity between the Hollywood mentality and that of our own centres of film-manufacture I like to do so by giving the classic example of the British studio manager and his temporarily exiled Majesty King George of Greece. The King, having little to do and only four hundred a year to do it on, decided to pass the monotony of one of his days here by watching a British film being made. The studio manager, noting the King's straying interest in the course of a dissertation on the recording system in use, wound up abruptly with: "But there, I suppose this is all Greek to you, ain't it?"

In other words, except for the alleged wild parties and occasional kidnappings and, of course, the exotic vegetation, the human differences, at least, between Hollywood and the British film industry are not so wide as a great many people evidently think. You find here, as in Hollywood (or "out on the coast," as they say in America), the same rapturous abandon in regard to the more sober economic facts of existence. You find money being used apparently for almost everything but making the best possible pictures. You find actors and actresses "standing by" for weeks on huge salaries. You have here vast sums spent on productions which the public, bless it, will never see. You hear the same fantastic stories about why this star has been dropped and that one signed on; the same make-believe stuff that, while you are involved in it, as I have been for rather more than a year, causes you to imagine on occasions that you are living on some other planet altogether.

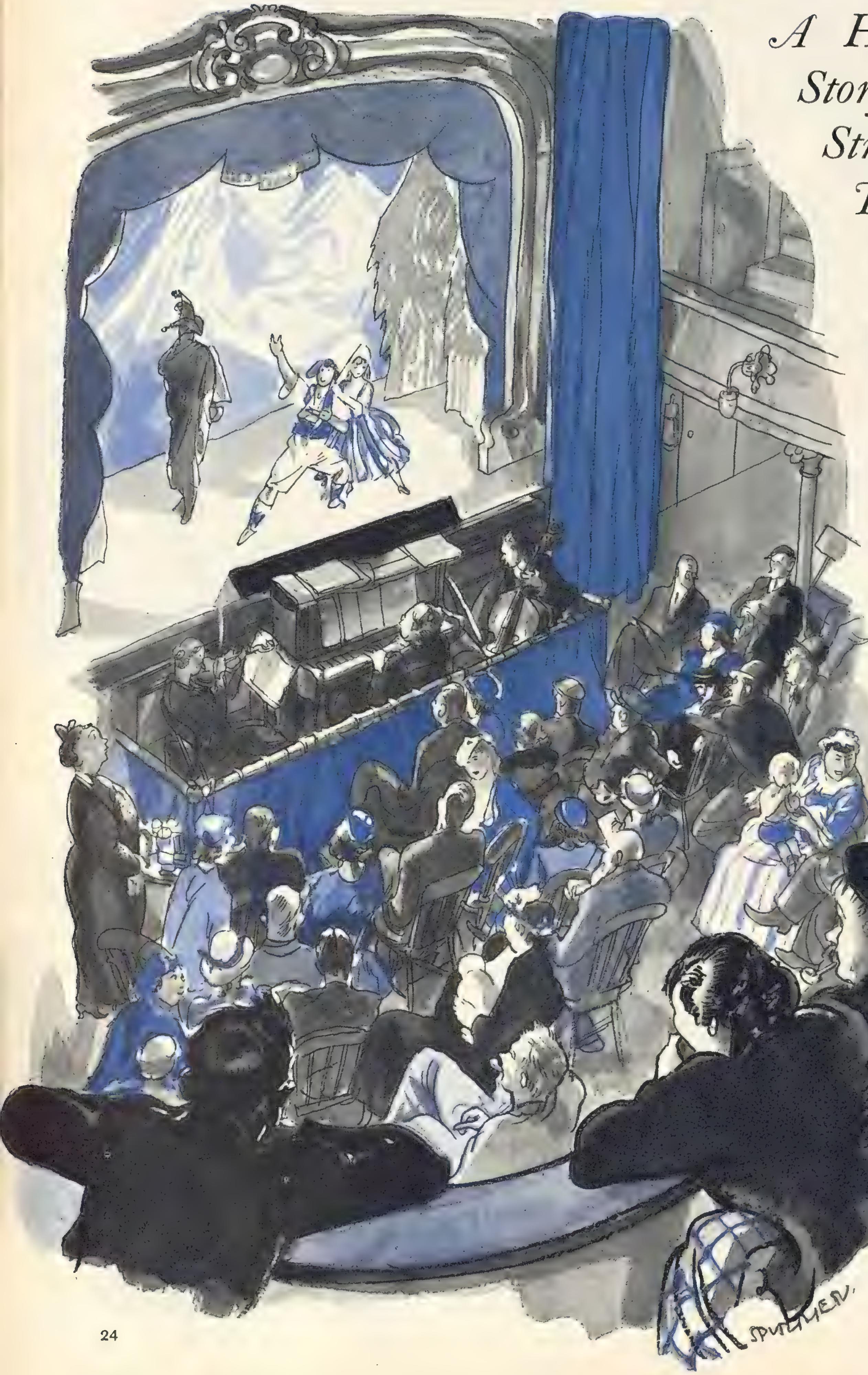
Three and a half discoveries await you as a new arrival in this queer country of motion-pictures. First, that it is not, after all, populated by automatic-jawed men saying "Yes," as you had so sedulously been taught, but by automatic-jawed men saying "No." Second, that there are more accountants in the film business than in any other. Third, that just as soon as you are in films you have lost caste with almost everyone outside the business except a few ambitious blondes. And the half, that the contempt which most of the leaders of the film industry have for the masses of cinemaddicts who keep them so handsomely in wine, women, and the longest cigars made, is even greater than you suspected.

It was the second of these discoveries that impressed me most as a newcomer. The first, admittedly, was the greater shock because it meant the disconcertingly sudden collapse of a well-barnacled prejudice, while the half discovery merely renewed the lease of an embarrassment already endured, one felt, sufficiently long. The second epitomises, completely enough, all the criticism of the film industry that has ever been discharged into the public ear. This preposterous infant among the world's premier business obsessions, this ungainly, ill-mannered bastard of art and science, was apparently begotten with so much original sin that only accountants, and F.I.C.A.'s at that, can be relied on to rear it to safe maturity.

I write with some emotion on the subject because not in my lifetime have I met so many accountants as in my year of British films. Few people know it, but the film business in this country, including the so-called creative branches, is largely in the hands of accountants—not only, mark you, accountants checking the figures, but accountants giving their verdicts on stories, sets, players, and every other facet of the *(Continued on page 88)*

Hollywood Boulevard

A Hard-luck Story of the Street of a Thousand Heartbreaks



"IN that old fit-up we used to be lucky if we played to two pounds in the house"

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

SOME American journalists, with unusual verbal infelicity, call it "The Street of Broken Dreams"—although how one breaks a dream I have never yet been able to discover. Other people call it "The Street of a Thousand Heartbreaks," which is a title I prefer.

At first sight, and to the uninitiated, it is not at all a remarkable road. It is one of the half-dozen main channels of traffic running straight as a bullet from the edge of Los Angeles towards Beverly Hills, and, as I have said, the first impression that it gives is not that it is an important thoroughfare in a town whose leading industry (contrary to general belief) is the production of oil and whose second industry is the production of films.

What the stranger is forced to believe is that the main industry is restaurant-keeping, and if he thinks about it for any length of time he is urged on to the conclusion that everybody in Hollywood keeps a restaurant and, presumably, makes a precarious living by the periodical entertainment of other restaurant keepers. There are restaurants all the way down the street on both sides, and some are very expensive and some are very inexpensive, but thanks to the can, the refrigerator and proprietary sauces, whatever you eat, however much you pay for it, it has pretty much the same flavour.

That is why on one of those rare evenings when I found myself without an invitation to dinner, I allowed pure chance to guide me in the direction of food, and a rough calculation of the number of seats available in twenty-five miles of restaurants will enable anyone to form an idea of the chances against Henry O'Donahue sitting beside me.

As it was, I went in to find my dinner in one of those remarkable chemist's shops which Americans call drug stores, and I sat in the steel and leather chair next to that occupied by Mr. O'Donahue. He looked at me, when I sat down, with a frank interest that is natural to America, and when I had given my order he turned to me.

" Englishman ? " he said.

I cannot open my mouth in America without being detected for what I am, and it is a fad of mine to wear clothes made by the best London tailor. I wear them very badly, with an effect rather like what we used to see in the old days of a blood horse between the shafts of a hansom cab; but, all the same, there was no great perspicacity indicated by Mr. O'Donahue in identifying my nationality.

" Yes," I said. My life in Hollywood has been one long struggle to cultivate the charming American habit of speaking to complete strangers as if I have known them for years.

" I'm Irish," said Mr. O'Donahue. " Henry O'Donahue is my name."

He looked at me with a slight trace of inquiry in his eye as though to see whether the mention of his name would have any result. Clearly, he expected me to recognise his name, and in that event, of course, he must be connected with the film industry. But—I'm ashamed to confess it—I'm painfully ignorant of the details of the industry which pays me a salary equal to that which, in England, we pay to the Lord Chancellor.

" YOU don't remember me," said Mr. O'Donahue a little reproachfully. " I was a star once."

Mr. O'Donahue's shirtsleeve cuff, which I could see as his arm lay on the counter, was a little frayed and not perfectly clean. The clothes he wore fitted him very badly (which, all the same, is no uncommon thing in America) and did not possess the spruce appearance of having just arrived from the tailor's hands which one expects from a film star's clothes. I suppose my doubts appeared on my face.

" It's a long time ago, now," said Mr. O'Donahue. " It was in the very early days of talkies."

At this moment the soda-jerker—as some people in America call the waiter behind the counter in a drug store—returned.

" Ice-cream to-night, Mr. O'Donahue?" he said.

I could see a struggle in Mr. O'Donahue's face. As though hoping against hope, he looked at the list of prices hanging opposite him, and I noticed then that in his fingers he held a few small coins, over which he ran a calculating eye.

" No, not to-night, Joe," he said, and then he turned to me. " It's strange that in twenty years in this cursed country I still haven't got over my passion for ice-cream. It's always a wrench on the evenings I have to do without it."

" Perhaps "—I began interrogatively, and I made a gesture towards recalling the soda-jerker, but O'Donahue checked me with his hand on my arm.

" No," he said. " You don't want to go spending your money on strangers. You take my advice and stick to all you earn. There's nothing so easy to get rid of in this town as money."

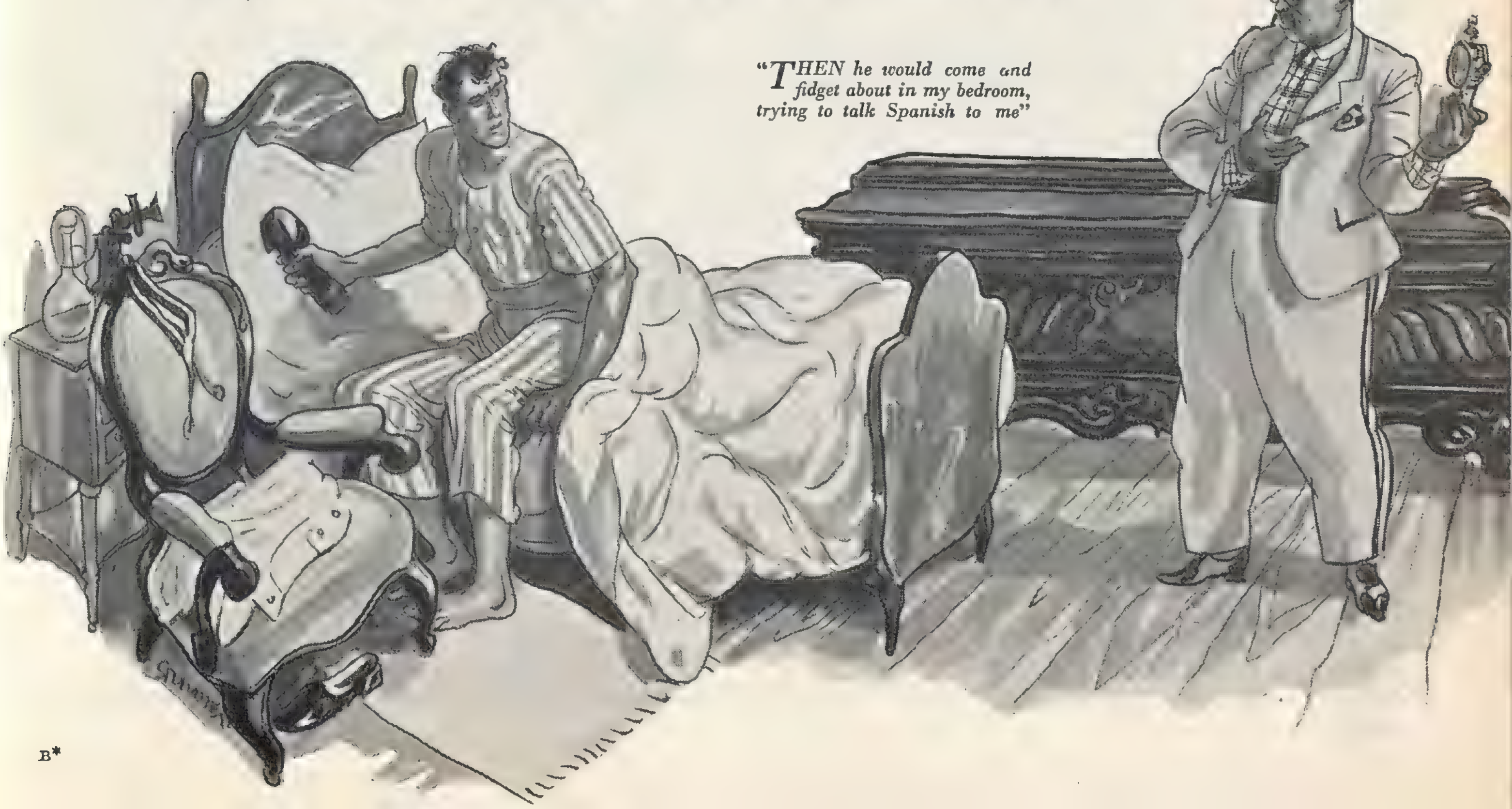
I knew that already. In this town, where there are more wealthy people to the square mile than anywhere else in the world, prices run high. Incidentally, these wealthy people habitually put up with the shoddy second-rate in a manner which still excites my surprise.

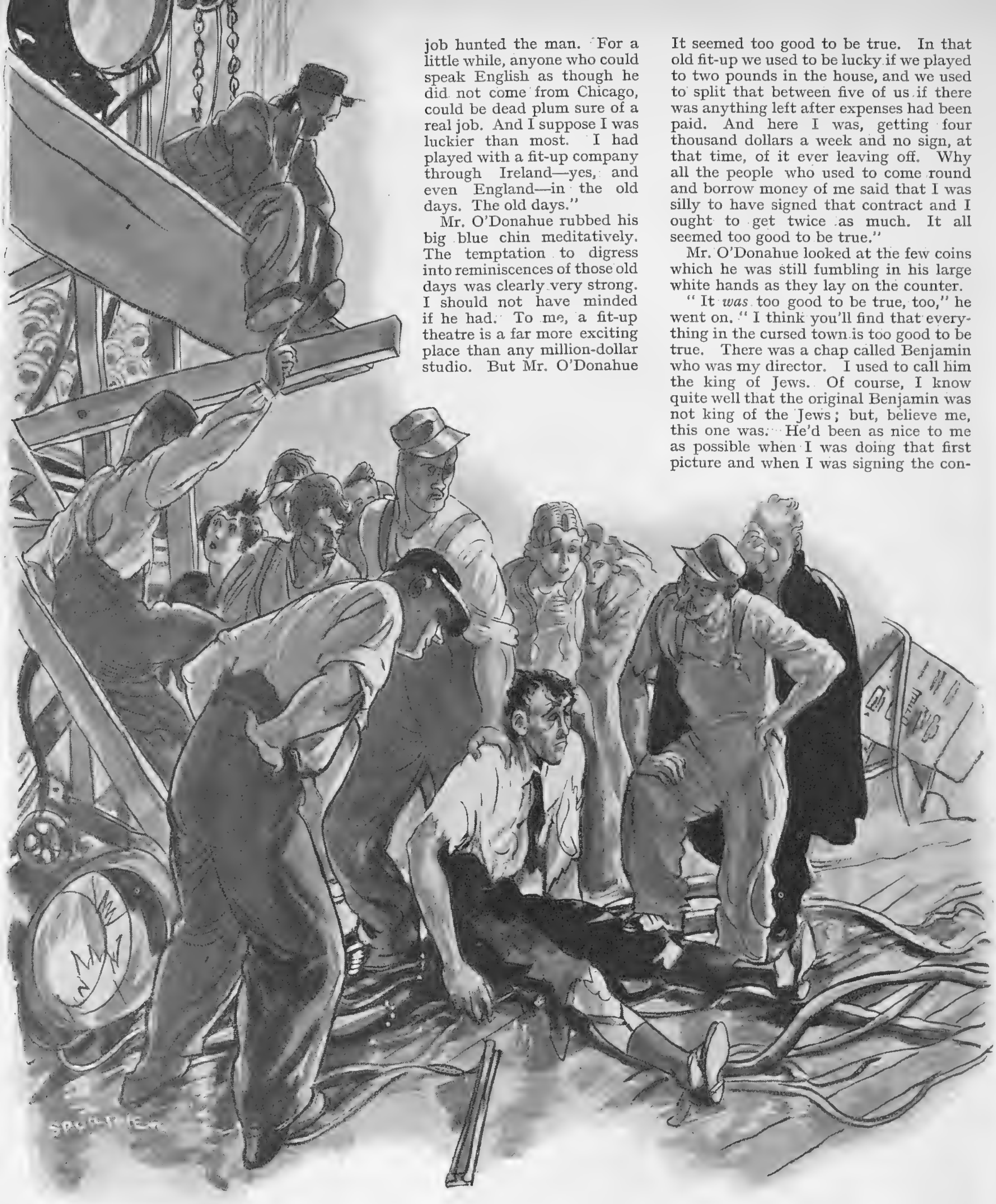
" Yes," went on Mr. O'Donahue meditatively, " I ought to know. I've made enough money myself, here. I had a good, fat contract once."

It sounded like the beginning of a hard-luck story. Perhaps Mr. O'Donahue's refusal of my offer of ice-cream was merely a little groundbait dropped to secure a larger catch. It is a situation I am used to, because I have had hard-luck stories told to me in a great many towns in a good many countries. The only reason why this was the first hard-luck story I had heard in America was because I had been only three days in America. Generally speaking, I do not wait to hear the end of the story but reach for my pocket-book at once. That is the way I am made, and I am afraid that the possession of a Lord Chancellor's income only makes matters worse (or better, according to what opinion you hold of indiscriminate charity). And Hollywood is the worst place in the world in which to be lonely. I had the feeling that, however much Mr. O'Donahue managed to raise from me, it would be a small price to pay for a little human conversation before bedtime.

" You remember what happened," said Mr. O'Donahue, " when talkies began ?

By C. S. Forester


"THEN he would come and fidget about in my bedroom, trying to talk Spanish to me"



There was pretty nearly a clean sweep made through Hollywood. There was hardly a star in the length and breadth of this town who could open his or her mouth without putting his or her foot in it, as they used to say. It was like a man going round a field of thistles with a scythe. Reputations were being lopped off right and left. Do you know the companies were actually going round looking for people to play parts for them? Of course, they say they do that now, but they don't. But back in those days, the job hunted the man. For a little while, anyone who could speak English as though he did not come from Chicago, could be dead plum sure of a real job. And I suppose I was luckier than most. I had played with a fit-up company through Ireland—yes, and even England—in the old days. The old days."

Mr. O'Donahue rubbed his big blue chin meditatively. The temptation to digress into reminiscences of those old days was clearly very strong. I should not have minded if he had. To me, a fit-up theatre is a far more exciting place than any million-dollar studio. But Mr. O'Donahue put the temptation aside and went on with his story.

"I did a picture for the Ess-Zee Company. You'd call it the Ess-Zed Company. So would I in the old days, but everybody here says Ess-Zee and you get into the way of it. I thought of lots of other names for them since, but I won't trouble you now with them. Where was I? Oh, yes, I remember. I did this picture for them, and then, before I knew where I was, I had signed a slapbang contract with them for six more pictures. It seemed too good to be true. In that old fit-up we used to be lucky if we played to two pounds in the house, and we used to split that between five of us if there was anything left after expenses had been paid. And here I was, getting four thousand dollars a week and no sign, at that time, of it ever leaving off. Why all the people who used to come round and borrow money of me said that I was silly to have signed that contract and I ought to get twice as much. It all seemed too good to be true."

Mr. O'Donahue looked at the few coins which he was still fumbling in his large white hands as they lay on the counter.

"It *was* too good to be true, too," he went on. "I think you'll find that everything in the cursed town is too good to be true. There was a chap called Benjamin who was my director. I used to call him the king of Jews. Of course, I know quite well that the original Benjamin was not king of the Jews; but, believe me, this one was. He'd been as nice to me as possible when I was doing that first picture and when I was signing the contract. Butter would not have melted in his mouth then, but it wasn't very long before I began to notice a subtle change creeping over him, to put it Hollywood fashion. In the last month or two, the job had left off hunting the man. Wherever you went, you could hear some pretence at English being spoken on every street corner. New names were going up like rockets all over Los Angeles, and I knew that Ess-Zee, and Benjamin in particular, were beginning to regret their bargain with me. That doesn't mean that

I was specially clever to find this out. They didn't go to any trouble to conceal their feelings from me. In fact, every word they said and every look they gave me assured me that the most unpopular person in all Hollywood was Mr. Henry O'Donahue. They'd got a lot of new talent which they wanted to star, and Henry O'Donahue and his four thousand dollars a week got in their way. Tom Black was the lad that they wanted to star. You have heard of him, I suppose ? "

I had to say that I had. Tom Black's name, nowadays, is one a great many people have heard of, who have never been to Hollywood at all.

" Well, they wanted to star him," said Mr. O'Donahue, " and Levi Benjamin wanted to do the starring. They began to hint as much three weeks after my contract was signed. You'll find Hollywood is like that. It only takes three weeks for the thing a film company wants like hell to become the very thing they hate like hell. They hated me like hell, all right.

" I suppose if they had come to me as soon as they found this out and had asked me to waive my rights, I would have done so. I'm soft in that way. But they didn't do it. It's rare enough to find good manners anywhere in a studio, and Mr. Levi Benjamin never had any at all. As soon as I guessed the truth, I set my teeth and I dug my toes in and I swore to myself that I would hold on to the very end of my contract. They say that a Jew is a hard man in business. If you really want to see good sport, you put a Jew up against an Irishman who has lost his temper. That's when the fun begins—they talk about it in Hollywood to this day.

" I think Benjamin thought it would be easy at the start. The next picture he did starred young Black and I was given a little part in it which started halfway through the picture and only had about twenty words. That would have done the trick for a lot of people. Anyone with any pride would have walked out the moment he saw that script. My pride was in full working order, all right, but it was the temper in me which stopped my pride from operating. And it wasn't very long, of course, before I was much more interested in seeing who would win out, Mr. Levi Benjamin or me. Certainly Benjamin was surprised : I could tell that by his manner. Before the second picture began he started a campaign of pin-pricks. I suppose you can guess the sort of things they can do in a studio to a man they don't like. Dressing-room arrangements and that sort of thing. It was just like hell, but I was not going to let Benjamin beat me. I swallowed it all and held on tight, waiting for the next move.

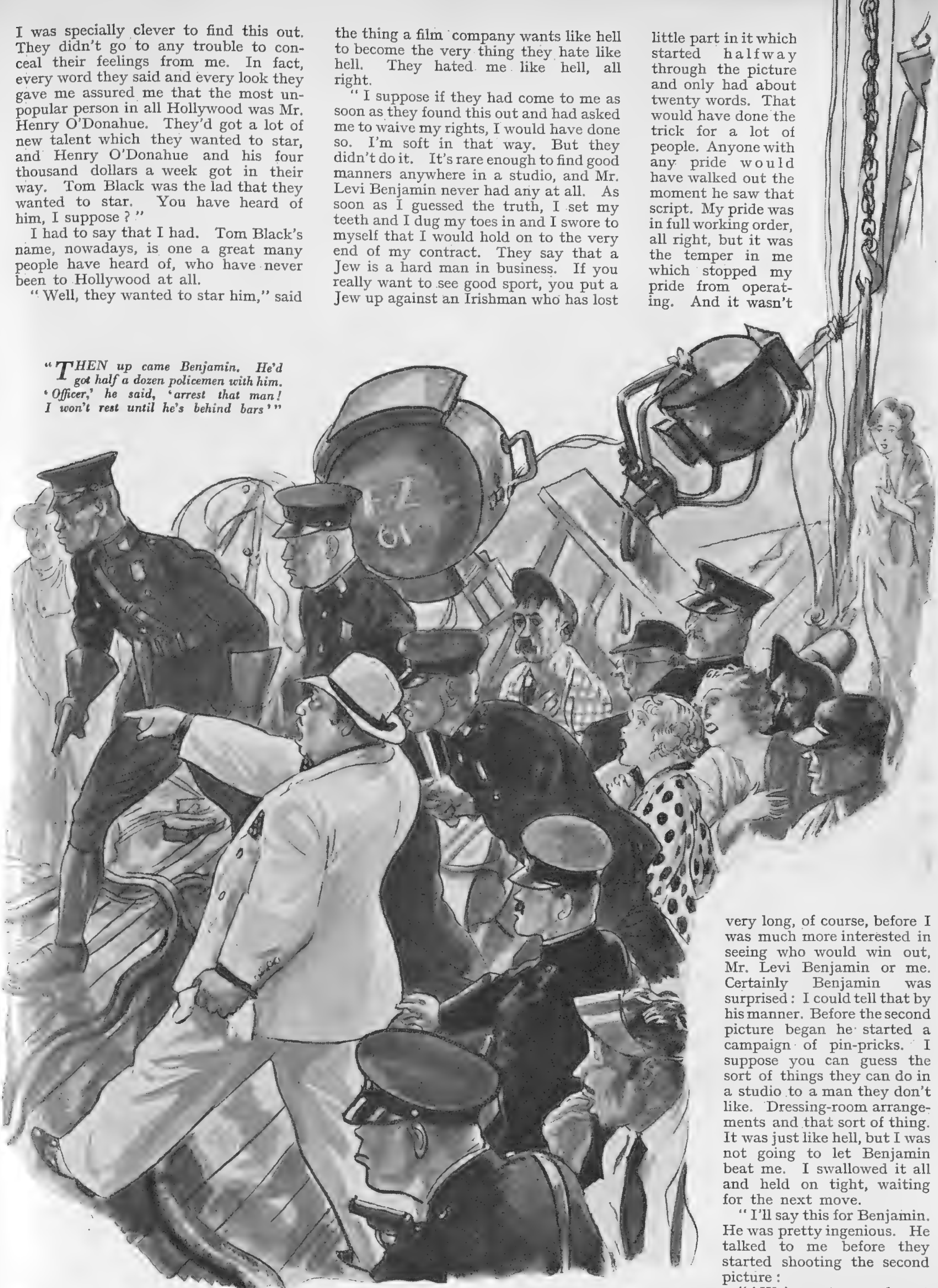
" I'll say this for Benjamin. He was pretty ingenious. He talked to me before they started shooting the second picture :

" ' We've got a good part for you in this, O'Donahue,' he said. ' An Irishman—you are Irish, aren't you, Mr. O'Donahue ? '

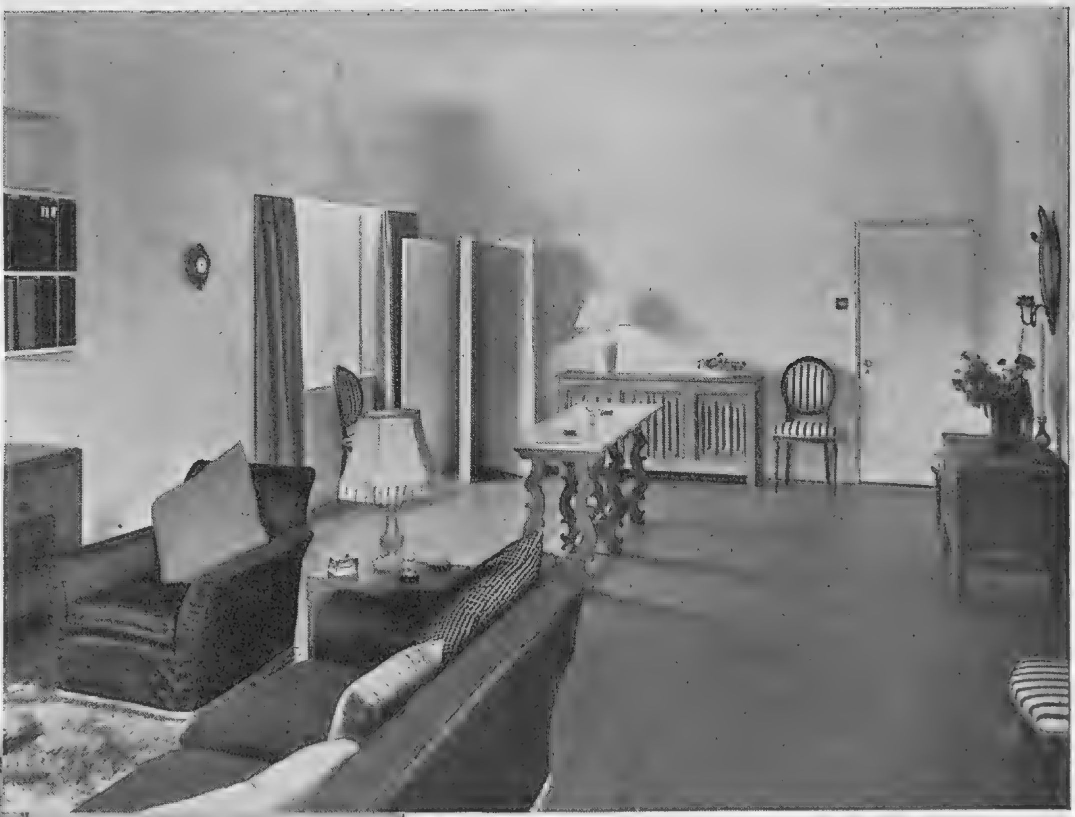
" ' Yes,' I said. His asking me if I were an Irishman

(*Continued on page 72*)

" THEN up came Benjamin. He'd got half a dozen policemen with him. ' Officer,' he said, ' arrest that man! I won't rest until he's behind bars ' "



By Winifred Lewis



Above : A colour scheme to keep you cool. Ice-blue walls. Curtains have raised stripes in beige on ice-blue wool satin. The furniture is limed oak. Intelligent spacing of furniture, simple, slick accessories—all contribute to refreshing clarity. On the left, an interesting group from the same scheme. Tall candles of a fuchsia colouring mingle their colouring with the bouquet of fuchsia and green in a blue glass vase

THE COOLEST ROOM

IF coolness were a state of mind, as some would have it, then we might all spend the summer in our snuggest clothes and still give a good imitation of the proverbial cucumber. But as it isn't, and without denying the value of an unruffled frame of mind on a hot day, there is a lot to be gained by arranging one's surroundings to suit the weather.

A cool room in a rising temperature is as good as an oasis in the desert, and much easier to arrange.

Such is the charming contrariness of our climate that we must be prepared to bring about the transformation in the twinkling of an eye, so imagine we're going to try the experiment on your own sitting-room.

If it is a room that is not too much exposed to the sun, then the situation is simplified from the start. If it is, however, the difficulty can still be overcome.

Outside window shades are an absolute necessity. They protect the windows from the glare of the sun and still allow a free circulation of air into the room. There is something stuffy about windows that are muffled from within, and stuffiness is what we are seeking to avoid.

Now for some cool colours. Naturally, you won't want to call in the builder and increase your already overheated frame of mind with a bout of redecorating. This is to be a simple metamorphosis.

If the walls are plain and light in colour, we're in luck again. Scrambling patterns and dark colours are difficult to invest with coolness.

Take down those curtains which were so successful in keeping out draughts, and pack them away. Choose a glazed chintz with a cool colouring for background and a neat pattern. Ice blue, pale green, cream with green or blue patterning—either of these is suitable if blended with other effects.

Make the curtains simply—no frills or valances this time, and if the room is not much overlooked from outside, do away, temporarily, with net screening curtains. A clear, uncluttered window, properly shaded from outside, is vital to an atmosphere of restful coolness.

Cushions are hot, so if you can bring yourself to part with them for a time, clear them out of sight. The one or two that remain should have a summer covering of some pale, crisp silk, or, better still, of linen. Velvet and satin are out of place in the summer.

Clear the room, if possible, of all extraneous furniture and knick-knacks. Fireside tables and chairs can easily be dis-

The studio pictured above is on the top floor of a block of flats in London—a cool summer retreat with its off-white walls, simple modern furniture and wide French casements which open on to a shaded veranda. On the right is an original garden room. The walls are decorated with painted trees and the illuminated alcove is a cool picture of flowers and foliage

IN THE HOUSE

pensed with now, and the space they leave will give a welcome airiness to the room.

Rearrange the furniture. Whereas the fire was, formerly, the focal point of the room, the windows are now the most important. Change the grouping of the furniture with this in mind. There is nothing more depressing, even on a hot day, than sitting round an empty grate.

If you can run to summer coverings for the easy-chairs, so much the better. Cretonne is delightful, of course, but unless the room is large and spacious, flowery patterns are apt to give a constricted air. Cool linen covers or linen slub is generally a better choice for the room of average size.

The details of decoration will have an important effect on the finished room. If instead of using your favourite copper vase for flower arrangements you substitute a cool coloured glass you will be surprised at the result.

Arrange the flowers themselves very sparsely and choose white, blue and pale coloured blossoms with cool green foliage in preference to flaming peonies or riotous marigolds.

Here is a cool centrepiece arrangement for the dining-table if you own a refrigerator. Put a few drops of vegetable colouring into the water in the ice trays before freezing. When the blocks are ready, pile them into a shallow glass bowl and then make a neat arrangement of flowers and trailing fern, supporting the stems between the blocks.

The stalks will get sufficient moisture from the ice to keep them fresh, and the effect is deliciously cool, whilst actually cooling the air around the table.

On the subject of eating and keeping cool—let me say this : cooking and cooking smells are the last straw when the thermometer is rising. So if you must cook, select the dishes which are simplest to prepare and require the least time on the stove.

A pressure cooker will solve the whole problem of discomfort in the kitchen by eliminating steam, aroma, stuffy atmospheres, and leaving you—your cool, calm self—free to enjoy our fleeting summer.

papworth

LET THEM HAVE FUN

AUGUST. You thought the packing would never be finished, but it is. Somebody is coming in to feed the cat while you're away. The last trunk has been roped and you are still friends with your husband. You haven't discovered yet that young Johnnie's shoes have been packed and that he has none to put on—but you will.

So far, so good. The holidays are on.

If the children are young you've probably chosen somewhere safe and sandy. You're wise if you do. Cliffs may be picturesque, but they're an inevitable temptation to small merrymakers to stage an Everest Expedition—and this is a holiday for you too, not a Grand Guignol.

In any case, Mabel is pretty certain to fall off the breakwater at least once, but you can cope with wet underclothes more easily than with a broken neck. Yes, safe and sandy is a good rule.

You've had too much experience of this before to make mistakes. You know that to preserve harmony and to keep them out of mischief children must be occupied.

It is all very well to give them a spade and pail and show them a stretch of sand and water, but their enjoyment needs a little planning. And that goes for children of all ages.

When some young reveller hits another over the head with a bucket of sand, that's a sure sign that pleasure is being badly distributed. You have to think up something for them to do. New games to play on the beach may tax your ingenuity, but they will establish your popularity for miles around.

Expeditions are good fun, especially if there is some kind of object in view.

Just walking, however charming the surroundings, is apt to pall unless some older person is present to infuse some interest into affairs. A little discreet guidance is always helpful, and if you can direct without "bossing," so much the better.

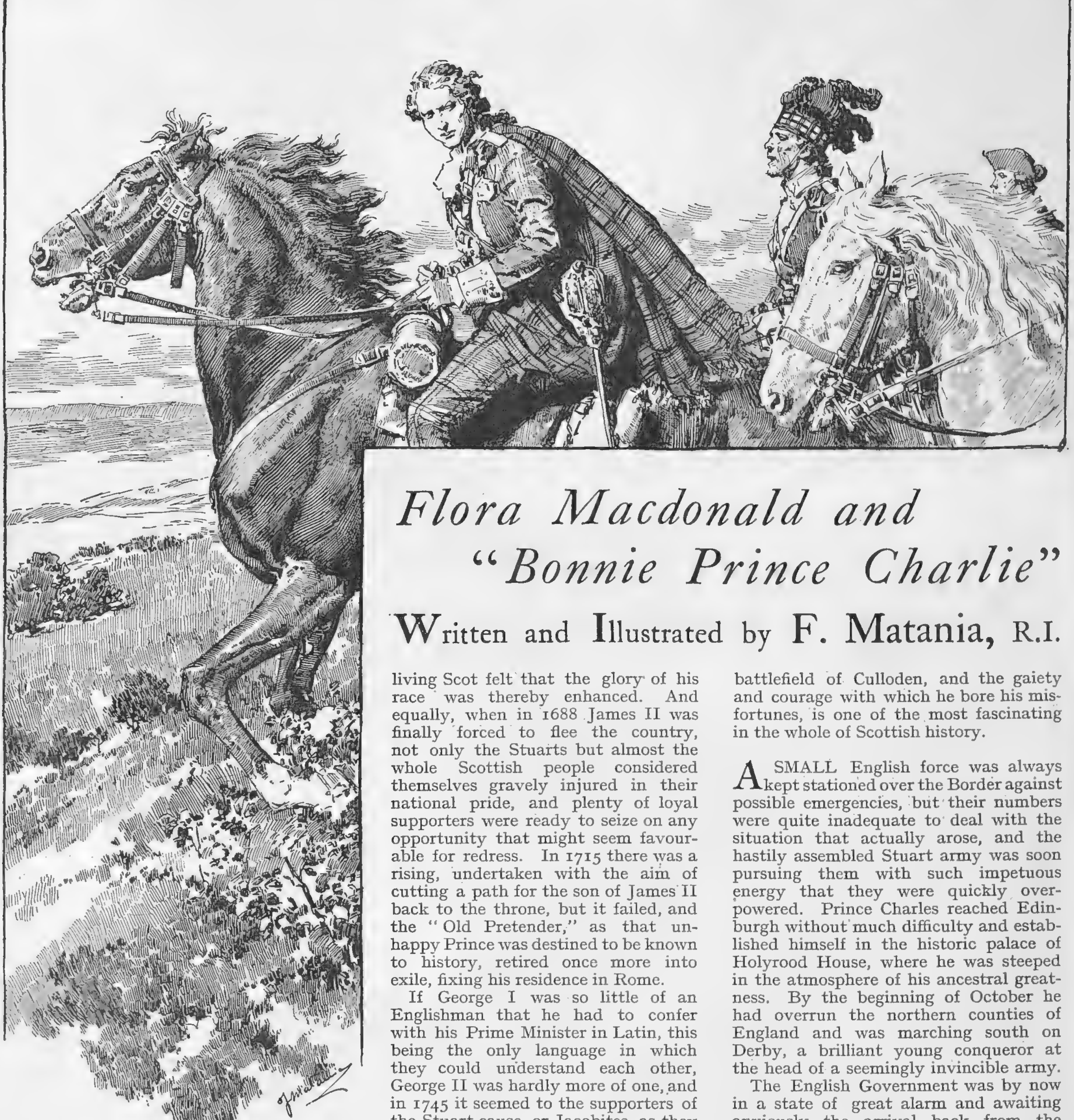
Children are not good at organising their own amusements but, given a start, they prefer to carry them out unaided.

See that there is a little intelligent segregation of the ages. Don't expect your six-year-olds to keep up with their elders; it only makes trouble. Keep a restraining eye on the ice-cream merchant, and make a firm rule about the hour for bed. You need the rest, and so do they. Then let the sea and the sand and the whole delectable mixture of August specialities do their work.

And may it keep fine for you.

L. W.

Old Tales Re-told



Flora Macdonald and "Bonnie Prince Charlie"

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THE story I am going to tell may be the better for a word of introduction. It belongs to that restless period of English history—the first half of the eighteenth century—when the Hanoverian kings were not yet very firmly seated on their new throne, and the menace of a Stuart restoration could never quite be left out of account.

When, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, James VI of Scotland had become James I of England, every living Scot felt that the glory of his race was thereby enhanced. And equally, when in 1688 James II was finally forced to flee the country, not only the Stuarts but almost the whole Scottish people considered themselves gravely injured in their national pride, and plenty of loyal supporters were ready to seize on any opportunity that might seem favourable for redress. In 1715 there was a rising, undertaken with the aim of cutting a path for the son of James II back to the throne, but it failed, and the "Old Pretender," as that unhappy Prince was destined to be known to history, retired once more into exile, fixing his residence in Rome.

If George I was so little of an Englishman that he had to confer with his Prime Minister in Latin, this being the only language in which they could understand each other, George II was hardly more of one, and in 1745 it seemed to the supporters of the Stuart cause, or Jacobites, as they were called, that the time was ripe for another effort to retrieve their fallen fortunes. At that moment the greater part of the English army was engaged on the Continent, and, having this all-important fact in mind, Prince Charles Edward, the Old Pretender's son, took ship from France and landed on the coast of Scotland during the month of July. He was a romantic figure, and the name of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" soon became a legend in the highland glens—a legend that has never quite died, for the story of his adventures after the ill-starred rising which was destined to fail on the battlefield of Culloden, and the gaiety and courage with which he bore his misfortunes, is one of the most fascinating in the whole of Scottish history.

A SMALL English force was always kept stationed over the Border against possible emergencies, but their numbers were quite inadequate to deal with the situation that actually arose, and the hastily assembled Stuart army was soon pursuing them with such impetuous energy that they were quickly overpowered. Prince Charles reached Edinburgh without much difficulty and established himself in the historic palace of Holyrood House, where he was steeped in the atmosphere of his ancestral greatness. By the beginning of October he had overrun the northern counties of England and was marching south on Derby, a brilliant young conqueror at the head of a seemingly invincible army.

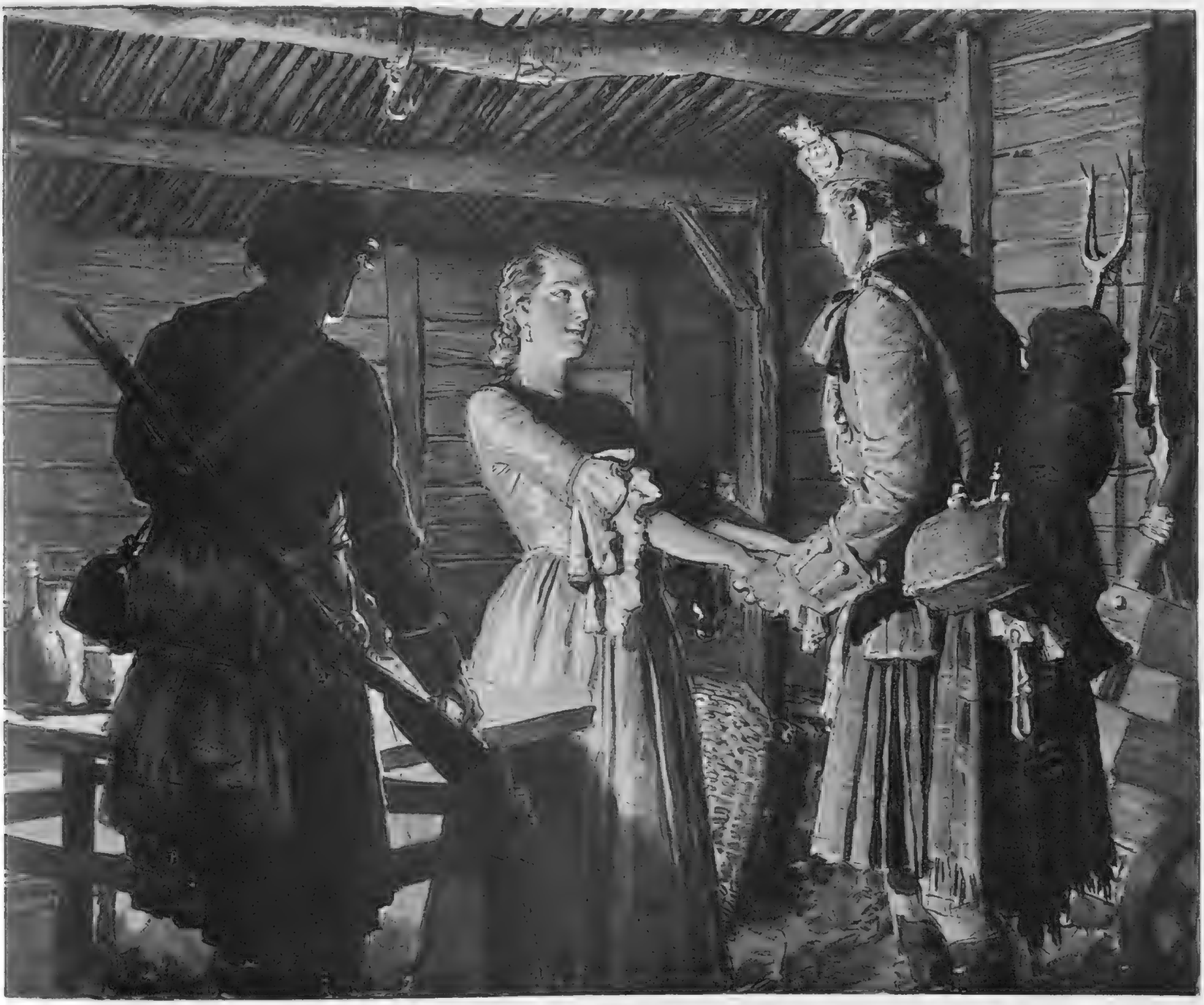
The English Government was by now in a state of great alarm and awaiting anxiously the arrival back from the Netherlands of the King's son, the Duke of Cumberland, together with the bulk of the loyal forces. And they did not wait in vain. The Duke marched north, and Prince Charles, fearing an encounter with an army that he knew was not only bigger but better equipped and more highly disciplined than his own, retreated before him. Fortune, which had hitherto showered her gifts on the young Prince, now seemed to have deserted him utterly, and his supporters, wrangling among themselves, began to drop away from him. At last, reaching Culloden, he was unable to avoid a battle any longer, and on a field that was soon to run red with blood, he turned and faced the Duke, with now only five thousand men (the English had twice that number) under his command. It was a gallant bid to win back fortune's favour, but it failed, and at the end of the day Charles, with a mere handful of faithful friends, was a fugitive from English vengeance. He had himself wanted to die on the field of battle, rallying his men to a last forlorn attack, but they reminded him that he was heir of the Stuart line and therefore owed it to all loyal Jacobite subjects to preserve his life. Escape was now the real task to which he must bend all his energies.

AFTER the result of the battle became known, George II. put a price of £30,000 on Charles's head, and he retaliated by offering a similar sum for the head of the English King. But in his case it was only an empty gesture. The Duke of Cumberland lost no time in mobilising every available section of his forces, both on land and sea, for the purpose of seizing the fugitive at whatever cost. Charles, on the other hand, was at the mercy of any individual whose cupidity might prevail over his other feelings—and for those days £30,000 was a very big sum. Yet it was not big enough to buy the loyalty of the Scots, who proved impervious to bribery, and among all his helpers during the ensuing months, the gentle figure of a young girl is the one which stands out as most strikingly typical of the kind of courage and devotion to which Prince Charlie owed his ultimate escape.

Culloden is just south of Inverness, on the eastern side of Scotland, and the Prince's object, when he left the stricken field, was to get to the west coast, where he knew there were French ships waiting to take him off. But that meant traversing the whole country, and to attempt it immediately would almost inevitably lead to capture. Search-parties were combing it mile by mile, and the knowledge that there were spies everywhere spread a feeling of uneasiness among the common people which turned to something more like panic when they heard of a new proclamation threatening the death penalty to anyone who should shelter or cause to be sheltered the unfortunate Prince. Those whose sympathies were with him felt as though they had a crime to hide, even if they had never seen him, and mutual distrust spread like a horrible infection among friends and brothers.

Not the least of the Prince's difficulties, moreover, was that caused by his own appearance. He was too distinguished in his bearing to pass unnoticed, however he might be attired. Even in a crowd he was a conspicuous figure, tall, handsome, and extremely well-built. Of himself, with characteristic modesty, he sometimes used to say: "I have such an awkward face—anyone who has seen me once remembers me for ever."

For what seemed an endless time, his little party pursued a tortuous course through the rugged glens and passes of the highlands, always alert for danger. They went on foot, often having to pass the night without shelter and make do with the most unpalatable food. It was lucky that Charles was strong and of a cheerful disposition, and he stood the ordeal very well. Indeed, he had enough of the philosopher in him even to appreciate the humour of his situation—that of a beggar looking for a crown. At last, after five months of wandering, the coast was nearly reached, and for hours the Prince marched silently, his eyes fixed on that ridge beyond which lay the sea and all his future hopes. But yet another disappointment was in store for him when they reached the summit. There, indeed, was the sea,



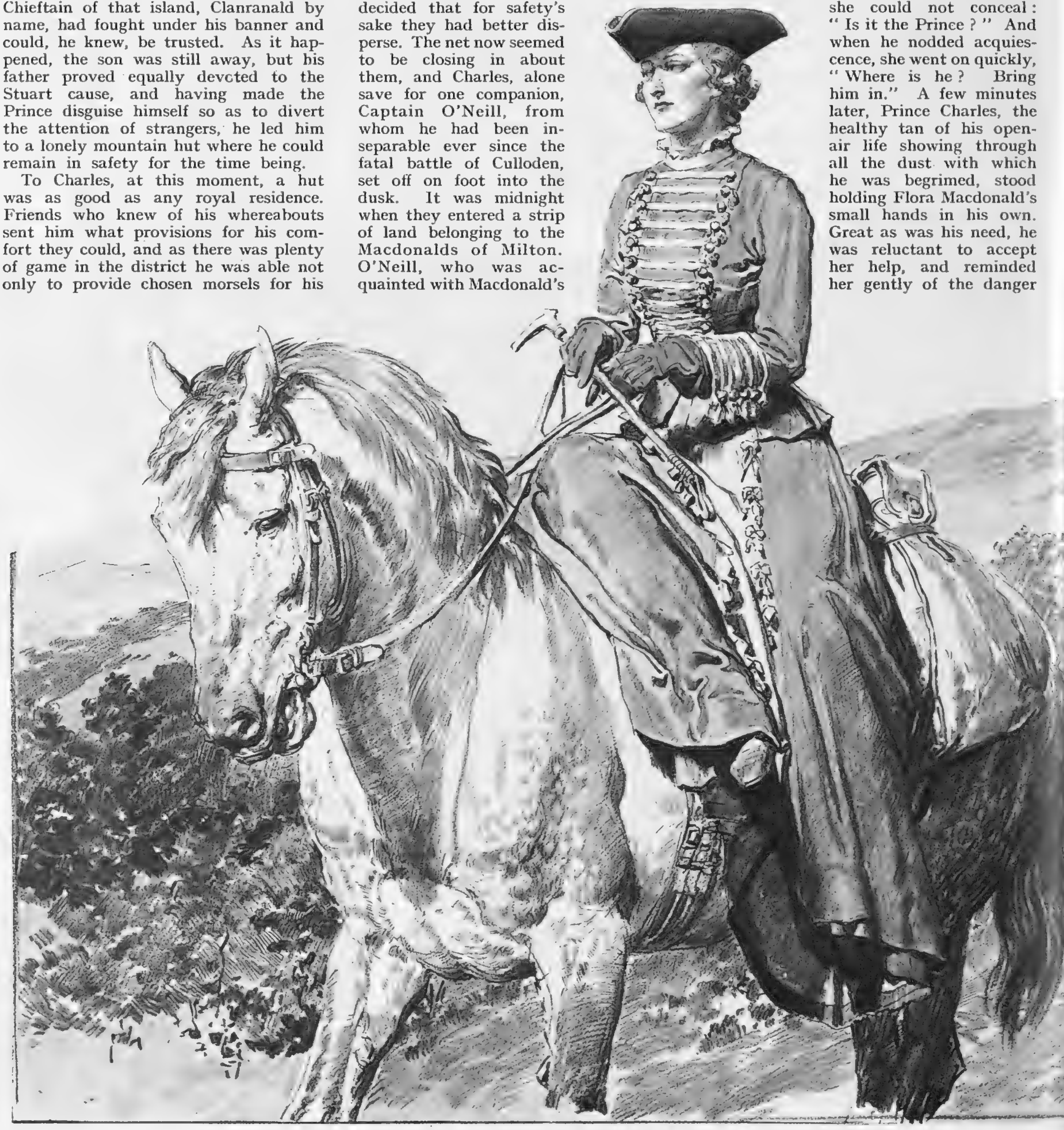
Prince Charles, the healthy tan of his open-air life showing through all the dust with which he was begrimed, stood holding Flora Macdonald's small hands in his own calm and unruffled, but not a single sail was anywhere to be descried : the French ships which should have been waiting had given him up in despair !

The party stood still and silent, gazing at the empty expanse of water before them. Some gulls swooped overhead and Charles followed their flight with his eyes. Then he spoke. " They can fly where they will," he said, " and no one wants to harm them. Yet here am I, who am tethered to the earth, with a whole pursuing army at my heels." He was not one to indulge himself for long in the luxury of despair, however, and so eager was he somehow at least to get away from the mainland, that he soon persuaded a boatman to row him over to the South Uist. The son of the Chieftain of that island, Clanranald by name, had fought under his banner and could, he knew, be trusted. As it happened, the son was still away, but his father proved equally devoted to the Stuart cause, and having made the Prince disguise himself so as to divert the attention of strangers, he led him to a lonely mountain hut where he could remain in safety for the time being.

To Charles, at this moment, a hut was as good as any royal residence. Friends who knew of his whereabouts sent him what provisions for his comfort they could, and as there was plenty of game in the district he was able not only to provide chosen morsels for his larder, but also to while away the time in a congenial manner. His peace was only broken when a secret message was received from the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat saying that her husband, then in the service of the dreaded Duke of Cumberland, was coming back with his clansmen and that the Prince's hiding-place would no longer be secure.

So on June 5th, again with a small party, he once more put to sea, proceeding along the South Uist coast and anchoring at nights in the loneliest places that could be found. Sometimes they slept in the fields and sometimes under the sail of their boat, until after several days of uncertainty they learned that a Captain Scott had landed not very far away, and it was decided that for safety's sake they had better disperse. The net now seemed to be closing in about them, and Charles, alone save for one companion, Captain O'Neill, from whom he had been inseparable ever since the fatal battle of Culloden, set off on foot into the dusk. It was midnight when they entered a strip of land belonging to the Macdonalds of Milton. O'Neill, who was acquainted with Macdonald's daughter, Flora, knew well the feeling of loyalty with which both she and her mother regarded the young Prince, and suggested that their best hope of safety lay in informing her that he was nearby.

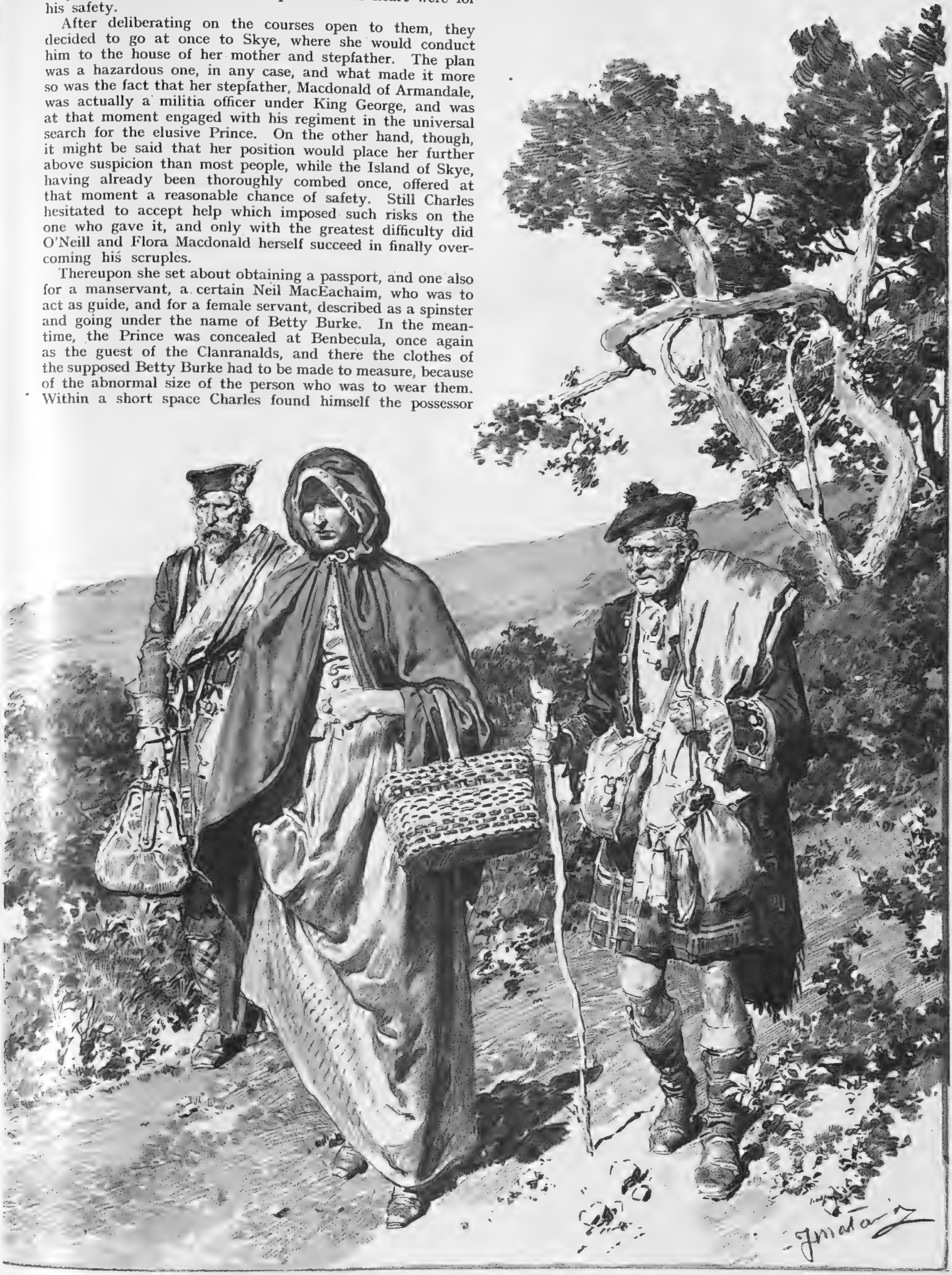
It was that time of year when the farmers are driving their cattle up to summer pasture, using the wooden huts that are scattered about at various points in the hills for shelter, and Captain O'Neill had not much difficulty in discovering the one where Flora was. He approached it alone, and told her that he was in hiding, with a friend, whom he had left outside. Seeing the state of his attire, which betrayed something of the hardships he had undergone, she immediately asked him, with emotion which she could not conceal : " Is it the Prince ? " And when he nodded acquiescence, she went on quickly, " Where is he ? Bring him in." A few minutes later, Prince Charles, the healthy tan of his open-air life showing through all the dust with which he was begrimed, stood holding Flora Macdonald's small hands in his own. Great as was his need, he was reluctant to accept her help, and reminded her gently of the danger



The Prince, disguised in woman's clothes, and known as Betty Burke, Macdonald's agent. Flora Macdonald led the way on horseback and to which she was already exposing herself. But this had no effect, for she was the Prince's loyal subject, and the only fears that could now find place in her heart were for his safety.

After deliberating on the courses open to them, they decided to go at once to Skye, where she would conduct him to the house of her mother and stepfather. The plan was a hazardous one, in any case, and what made it more so was the fact that her stepfather, Macdonald of Armandale, was actually a militia officer under King George, and was at that moment engaged with his regiment in the universal search for the elusive Prince. On the other hand, though, it might be said that her position would place her further above suspicion than most people, while the Island of Skye, having already been thoroughly combed once, offered at that moment a reasonable chance of safety. Still Charles hesitated to accept help which imposed such risks on the one who gave it, and only with the greatest difficulty did O'Neill and Flora Macdonald herself succeed in finally overcoming his scruples.

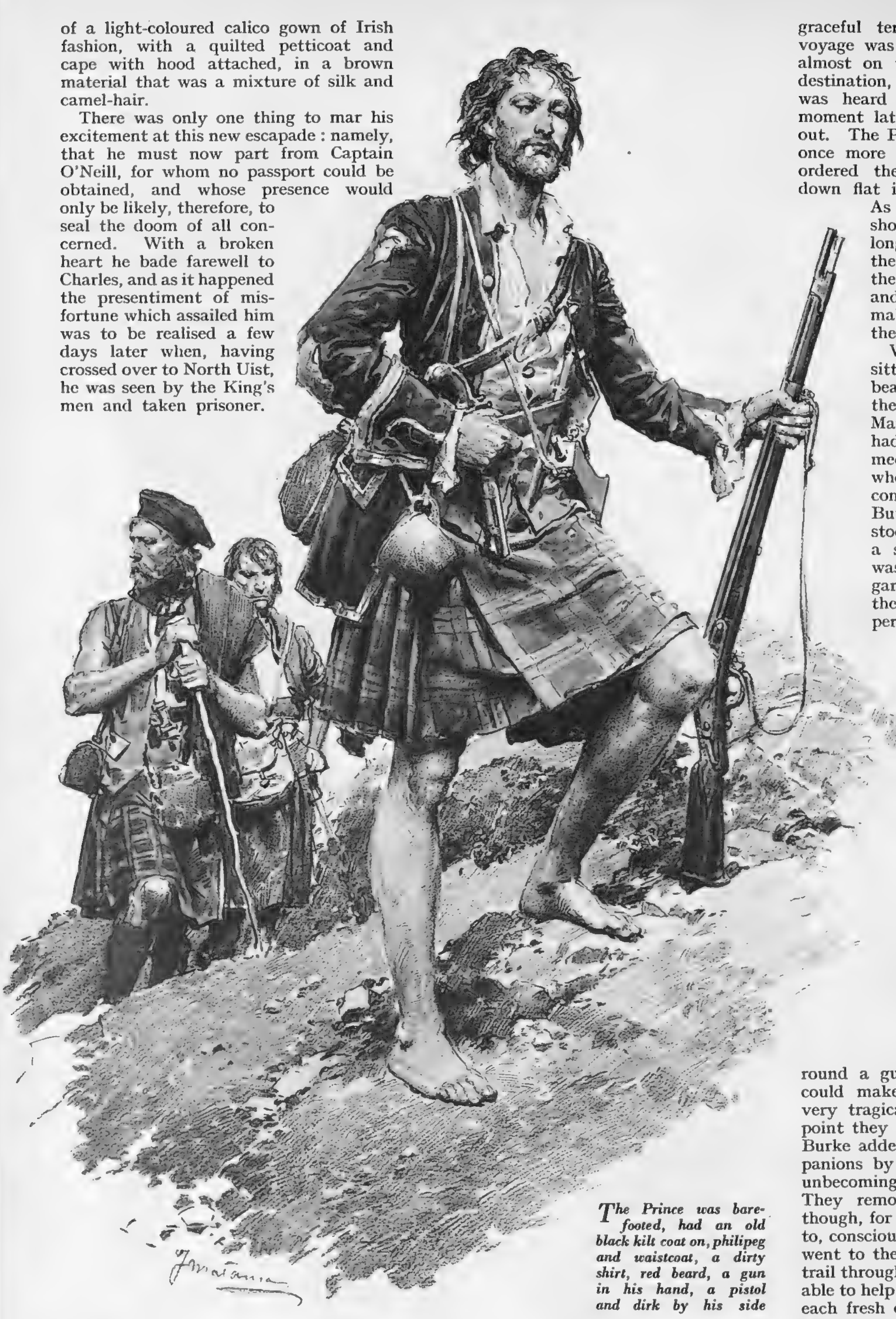
Thereupon she set about obtaining a passport, and one also for a manservant, a certain Neil MacEachaim, who was to act as guide, and for a female servant, described as a spinster and going under the name of Betty Burke. In the meantime, the Prince was concealed at Benbecula, once again as the guest of the Clanranalds, and there the clothes of the supposed Betty Burke had to be made to measure, because of the abnormal size of the person who was to wear them. Within a short space Charles found himself the possessor



on his way to the house of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Lady Margaret
the Prince, with two of his faithful companions, followed on foot

of a light-coloured calico gown of Irish fashion, with a quilted petticoat and cape with hood attached, in a brown material that was a mixture of silk and camel-hair.

There was only one thing to mar his excitement at this new escapade : namely, that he must now part from Captain O'Neill, for whom no passport could be obtained, and whose presence would only be likely, therefore, to seal the doom of all concerned. With a broken heart he bade farewell to Charles, and as it happened the presentiment of misfortune which assailed him was to be realised a few days later when, having crossed over to North Uist, he was seen by the King's men and taken prisoner.



The Prince was barefooted, had an old black kilt coat on, philipeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side

When preparations for the Prince's departure were almost complete, a little homely celebration was planned to lighten the burden of the last hours, but only to be disturbed by the sudden intelligence that fresh forces, under the Duke of Clarendon, had landed unexpectedly at Benbecula, a turn of events that threatened the enterprise with ruin even before it had begun. It is said that when the news arrived, Charles himself was busy roasting some liver, hearts and bacon on a wooden spit !

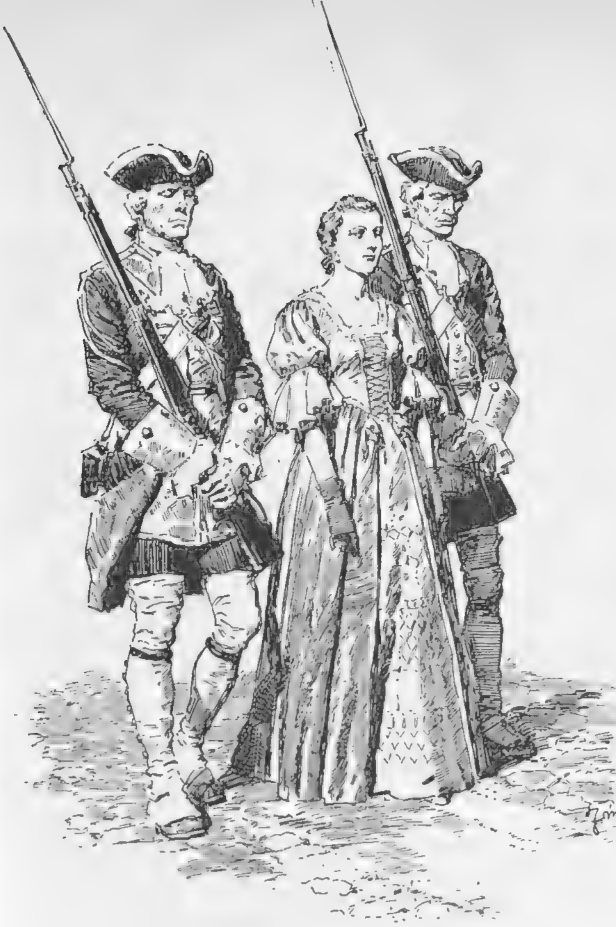
Next evening, the twenty-eighth of June, Flora Macdonald, accompanied by her guide and awkward, gawky-looking maid, went down to the shore and entered the boat that was waiting for them. Although the weather was menacing, and every now and then a streak of lightning flashed zig-zag through the clouds, Betty Burke was in high spirits, and as soon as they had put off from land, insisted on entertaining the company with a number of songs, which revealed that in addition to a very odd appearance, she was also the owner of a graceful tenor voice. Otherwise the voyage was uneventful until they were almost on the point of reaching their destination, Waternish, when something was heard whizzing overhead, and a moment later the echo of a shot rang out. The Prince, instinctively assuming once more the voice of a commander, ordered them all peremptorily to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat. As they did so, there were more shots, but the range was very long, and apart from giving them a timely warning to change their course, these had no effect, and they managed eventually to make a landing unseen away to the north of Kilbride.

Whilst Betty Burke was left sitting on her trunk on the beach, Flora went straight to the house of her mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald, where she had the unpleasant surprise of meeting a lieutenant of the King, who submitted her to a disconcertingly close examination. But mother and daughter understood each other perfectly, and a single glance between them was enough to tell Lady Margaret everything, so that by their joint efforts they succeeded perfectly in misleading the man.

Once he had been got out of the way, the two ladies decided that the Prince should be hidden in the house of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Lady Margaret's agent. They sent for him and he agreed at once, proposing to take the little party with him then and there. So they set out, Flora riding and the others going on foot.

Whoever saw them could not help commenting on Betty Burke's unwomanly tallness, and at the great long strides she took. " It looks like a man dressed up," some said, and others added jokingly, " Perhaps it 's Prince Charles." Remarks like these were like sparks round a gunpowder chest, yet nothing could make Charles take his situation very tragically, and when at a certain point they had to cross a rivulet, Betty Burke added to the anxiety of her companions by lifting her skirts to a most unbecoming height, right above her knees. They remonstrated with her in vain, though, for at the next rivulet they came to, conscious of her previous mistake, she went to the opposite extreme, and let it trail through the water. She did not seem able to help doing the wrong thing, and at each fresh exhibition of clumsiness poor Macdonald of Kingsburgh could almost feel the executioner's axe on his neck. At last he could not any longer contain himself from saying : " Your enemies call you a pretender, but if you be, I tell you you are the worst of your trade I ever saw." But at this Betty Burke only made an unsuccessful attempt to stifle a loud guffaw in the palm of her hand, and the agent felt himself no better off than before.

But at last Kingsburgh was reached without disaster, and old Mrs. Macdonald, brought down out of her bed to prepare food for her unnamed guest. Only when



FLORA MACDONALD on her return from Portree was immediately arrested by the King's men

the gawky maid bent low and kissed her hand, and she felt a two days' growth of beard on the chin, did she give way to momentary panic, but she soon came round to her husband's point of view that even if their grey heads should fall a few years before their natural time it would have been in a good cause.

The rest of the night was spent peacefully, and the Prince slept soundly till 1 o'clock of the next day. He donned the same dress, but his shoes were too dilapidated to be used any more. Macdonald provided him with a better pair, and in taking away the old ones he waved them in the air, saying, "I will faithfully keep them until you are safely settled at St. James's. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof."

With a thoughtful smile the Prince answered "Be as good as your word." After that the shoes were always kept like a sacred relic by the Kingsburgh household, and at old Macdonald's death were sold to a Jacobite for twenty guineas.

THE long sleep had brought a kind of serenity to all of them, and as they sat at table they were little conscious of the new danger which was brewing not far away. The sailors of the boat that had brought them to Skye, their suspicions having already been aroused by the injunctions to secrecy that were laid on them, could not forbear from going with their story to the King's men, and furnishing a minute description of the huge Betty Burke, who sang in a tenor voice, and of the two other travellers. A force was immediately despatched in pursuit, and a ring had almost been drawn right round the Kingsburgh property when they got news of it, just in the nick of time to make their escape in the direction of Portree.

It was Betty Burke that Cumberland's hounds were hot on the trail of, and Flora begged the Prince to abandon a disguise that could no longer serve its purpose and was, on the contrary, only adding to their danger. Old Macdonald of Kingsburgh had thought to provide a change of clothing, and Betty Burke retired for ever behind a clump of bushes, a young peasant clad in a local tartan appearing shortly after in her stead. Now they pushed on, mile after mile, as quickly as they could, Flora in front and Charles and the guide behind, thankful at least that this time they did not attract anyone's attention. They little knew that at that very moment soldiers were ransacking the house where they had so lately been, while their kind old host and hostess stood by, feigning the bewilderment of innocence.

Flora's immediate plan was to get the Prince away from the islands, which had now become a trap, back to the mainland, where, although he would still be in the midst of his enemies, he might yet, if his luck held good, hope to elude them, until some communication could be established with the French, and another ship sent to carry him to safety. Once at Portree, Flora's task was ended, and she took leave of her sovereign, who had been for three days her constant companion—three days so crammed with events, with danger and romance, that they seemed to both of them more like a year. The last words he said to her were: "For all that has happened I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James's yet."

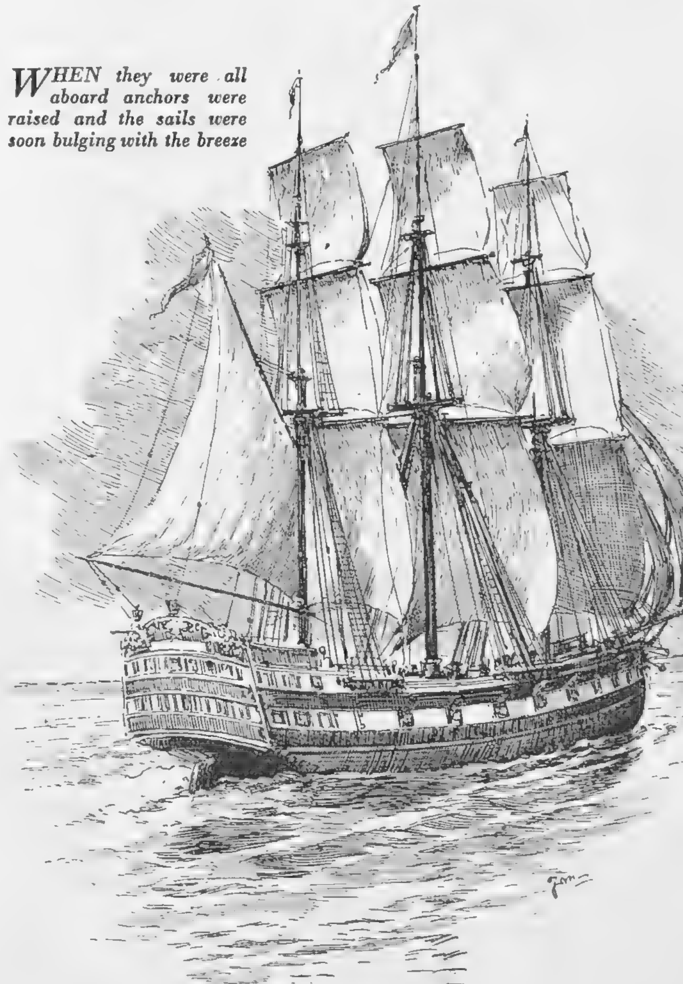
The rest of the story must be told in the two separate parts into which it falls. Flora, immediately on her return, was arrested, together with Macdonald of Kingsburgh and his wife. The official position of her stepfather was of little avail to her, and she was taken aboard a man-of-war. Here, among other prisoners, she found her friend Captain O'Neill, and as fellow sufferers in the same cause they had at least the consolation of discovering the truth of the old proverb that a trouble shared is a trouble halved.

In the meantime the Prince's Odyssey continued. He wanted to get to Raasay, but every single boat had either been destroyed or seized by Cumberland's men. Yet here again were friends ready to risk their lives by helping him, and two young brothers, who had a boat concealed on an inland lake more than a mile away, performed the almost impossible feat of carrying it over difficult ground to the shore, and with only the help of a boy then rowed him across. The sea was alive with ships, while every conceivable landing place was guarded, and yet they managed to get across undetected and make their way to a little hidden hut, near which two of the party thenceforward always stood sentinel.

One day they became aware of the presence in the neighbourhood of a man who claimed to be a tobacco seller. Nothing was known about him and they concluded he must be a spy. A conference was therefore held and it was decided to kill him before he could do any harm. But the Prince would not hear of it and, suddenly dropping his former cordiality, said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life who may be innocent, while we can yet preserve our own." Upon this the one who had been on guard outside and had overheard the discussion came in and said, "Well, he must be shot. Remember that even if you are the King,

(*Continued on page* 100)

WHEN they were all aboard anchors were raised and the sails were soon bulging with the breeze



I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

By Mary Young

MOST of the women who want to get rid of a stone or two of their too-much-flesh start enthusiastically with a new diet, new exercises, a new reducing lotion. But soon the diet gets monotonous, the exercises time-stealing, and the lotion calls for so much vigorous rubbing and massaging that their enthusiasm flags. They slip a little and all the good of a fortnight is lost in a couple of days' slackness.

So, just to make it still easier for you, a reducing lotion has arrived, which needs no rubbing, no massaging. You pat it on and let it dry.

Apart from the effortlessness of using it, this makes it particularly good for places like the back of the neck, the upper arms, ankles, where you couldn't rub much in any case.

And it really does reduce.

THOSE women are lucky, and infrequently met with, who have no trouble with their hair.

By trouble I don't mean little trouble about making a set last, or keeping curls curly. I refer to Big Trouble . . . . scurf, lifeless hair that you can do nothing with, falling-out hair, faded hair.

Having your hair look nice doesn't depend only on regularly calling at the hairdresser's. It rests with the condition of your scalp. Show me a healthy scalp, and I'll show you a head of healthy hair, not too dry nor yet too greasy, soft, flexible, glossy, easily managed.

If you have any Big Trouble at the moment, I'd like to bring to your notice a lotion whose excellence and efficiency I can vouch for personally.

Here is what it sets out to do: prevent the hair falling out, promote the growth of new hair, remove scurf, allay irritation of the scalp, generally restore the tone and circulation of the scalp. A big job for a bottle of hair lotion to tackle, but it succeeds. 5s. a bottle.

It has a brother lotion, containing the same ingredients, and consequently possessing the same qualities. But it also contains a special kind of magic to restore grey or faded hair to its original colour, and we are *not* talking about dyes. 5s. a bottle. (Readable booklets from the famous hair specialist who makes these lotions tell you practically all there is to tell about the hair and scalp. Free.)

IN these times of improved lipsticks—and how they've improved, in regard to colour, staying-on power and smoothness—I'm pleased to report on a grand new Lipstick That Never Turns Blue. (Did you know that if there is a lot of acidity in your body, almost any coloured lipstick turns slightly blue on the lips ?)

This stick is indelible, retains its colour on all lips, lasts all the day long and tastes good. This is pretty important, since I suppose we eat quite a lot of lipstick, what with one thing and another. One shade for blondes ; one for brunettes. Nicely got up. Two and sixpence.

ONE thing they can't say about us, the older generation of critics who always say how much better everything was in their days. Our teeth are better than theirs ever were. They last longer, look nicer, ache less. And all because they are more cared for.

Once people were taught to brush their teeth on rising. Now brushing is only the beginning of a whole teeth and gum routine. And evening brushing is just as important as the morning.

Furthermore, many people I know like to brush their teeth after every meal—a grand idea, but hitherto not always practicable for those of us who have to eat out a lot.

Now, solving this difficulty, you can get a tooth-brush in a container with a screw-on cap that looks just like your fountain pen. Only don't try to sign your letters with it. One and threepence.

SOMETHING new in anti-sunburn has arrived this year, a sun lotion which does most excellently the three things we want it to do—prevents burning, encourages tanning, relieves sunburn. But wait for the best part. The lotion is not greasy, is, in fact, simply cool and wet, and, applied to the skin, seems to disappear immediately. Actually it stays there, doing its good work, which is to exclude the harmful rays of the sun and allow the kind tanning rays to perform their function. 2s. and 3s. 6d. a bottle.

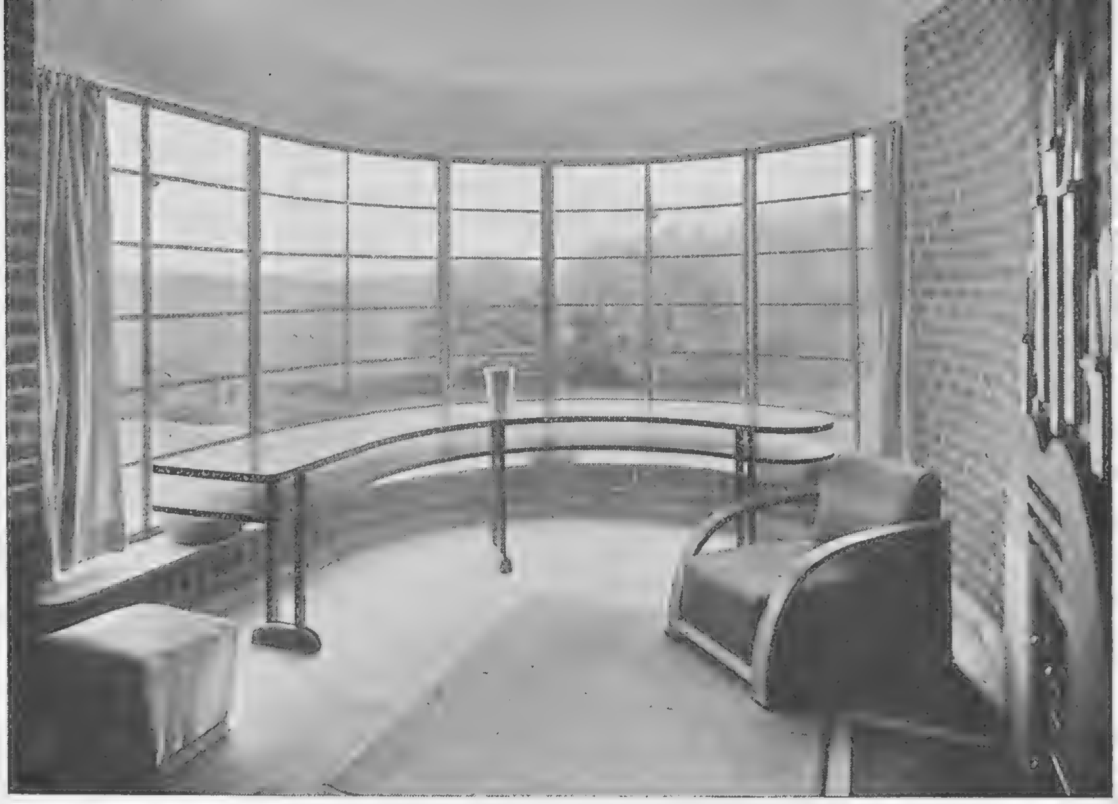
YOU pretend to be angry when your menfolk cling, lovingly, to old clothes that aren't really fit to be seen. But you rather sympathise with them, for about certain things you feel that way too. Hats, for instance. Despite the thrill and stimulant of a new hat, when you find one which suits, and fits, and feels at home on the head, parting with it is a strain.

Still, hat lines and styles change all the time. And like the hat or no, hardly any woman can enjoy wearing anything with a last-season look about it.

What you do is to take or send the hat to a hat hospital recently opened in Belgravia by a clever and resourceful milliner.

Here minor operations are performed for 7s. 6d., new leases of life given to hats for 15s., the top price charged, no matter what the work entails.

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose stamped envelope.



DOUBLE DECKER FURNITURE

By BASEDEN BUTT

YOU might not think that there could be any fundamental improvement in the space-saving furniture used in many modern houses and flats ingeniously built in, accurately fitted so that the whole length of the walls is utilised, and not an inch of space wasted round the pieces.

At first it seemed a very brilliant idea when we started recessing furniture into the walls themselves, treating bookshelves, clocks, radio, electric lights, and sometimes even seats, as though they were cupboards.

But, after all, this sort of treatment is only possible on both sides of the wall if the walls themselves are thick. Thicker walls mean smaller rooms, so that actually the space saved is less than it seems.

The idea of using two-decker and three-decker furniture has been under our noses all the time. Yet, so far as I am aware, no one up to now has seen the practical possibilities behind it.

Now designers are no longer content with one surface when it is possible to have two or three, and to arrange the furniture and fitments in tiers.

This principle has long been adopted on board ship, where space has always been at a premium.

Some of the most successful space-saving homes in the new Mayfair are flats fitted and furnished in ways which strongly remind you of a yacht, with bedrooms that resemble cabins.

There is a two-decker children's bedstead which is a real godsend in a small night nursery, because it enables you to get two beds into the space of one. In at least one modern-style bedroom recently decorated the same principle has been used with good results, one bed or bunk being over the other.

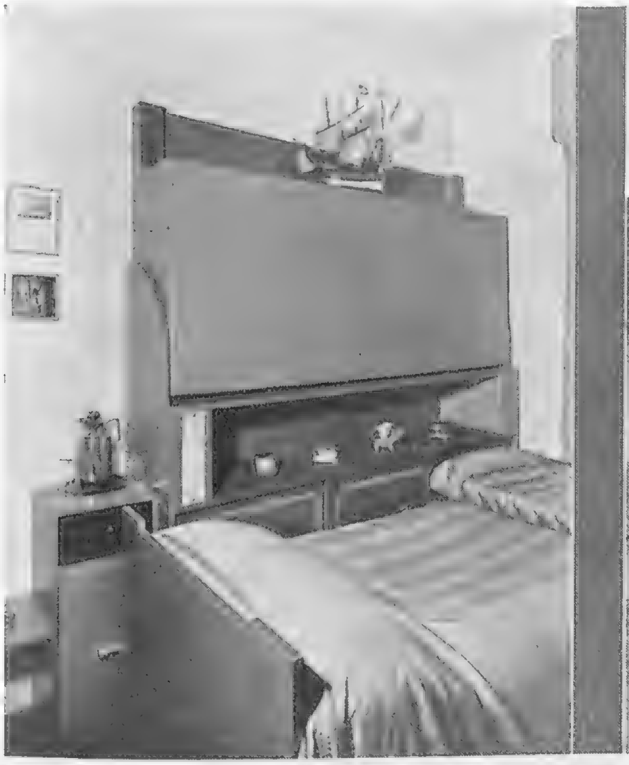
An example of this treatment is illustrated. The lower bed, which is at the usual height, is mounted on wheels and is easily moved out when it is desired to reach the storage cupboards with sliding doors which are used for suit-cases.

Immediately above this is the upper bunk which, with box mattress and bedding, folds flat against the wall when not in use. This bunk is counterweighted, so that it is raised and lowered easily, the result being two beds which take up no more floor space than one.

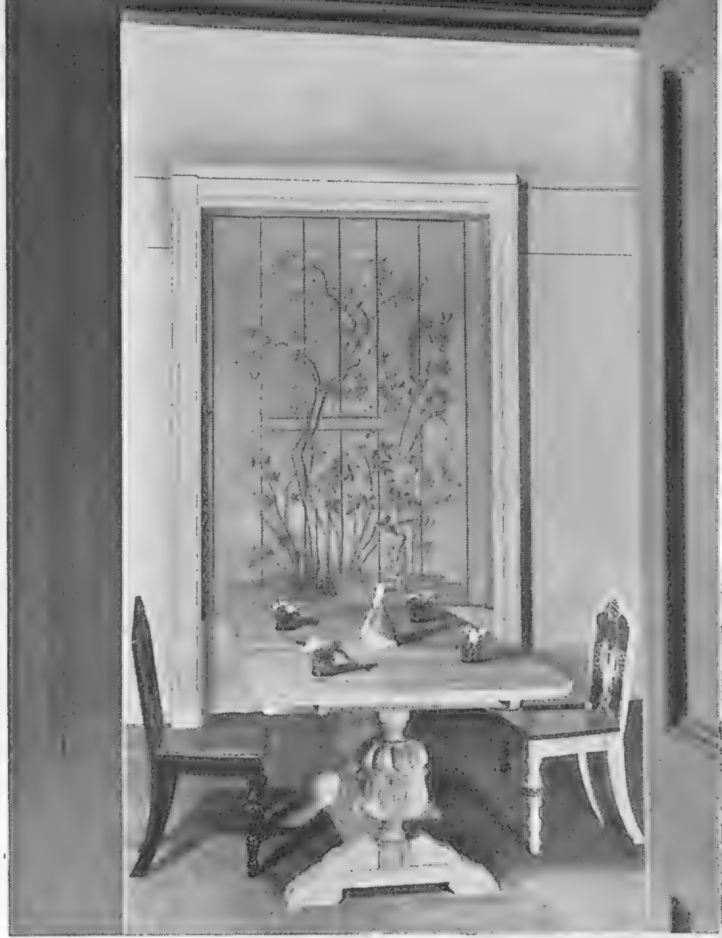
Another suggestion with distinctly greater possibilities than one might suppose is a two-decker dining-table. In a cottage living-room, for example, the dining-table can be narrower if there are two tiers, and as less space is taken up, the area available for use as a sitting-room is correspondingly more extensive.

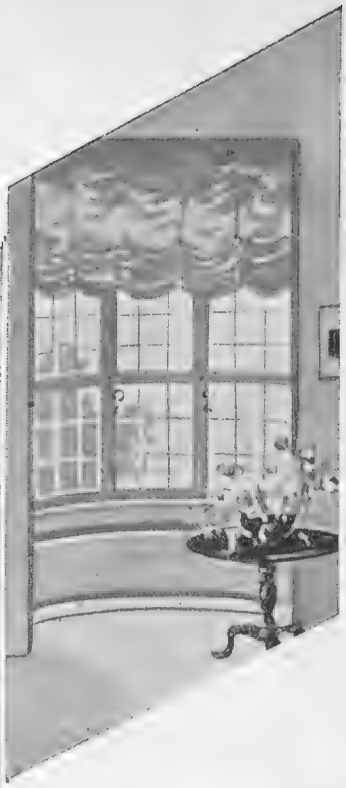
In the example illustrated, a long narrow table is curved to follow the line of a wide window bay, and twelve diners can be accommodated on cushions along the window-seat alone. The lower shelf,

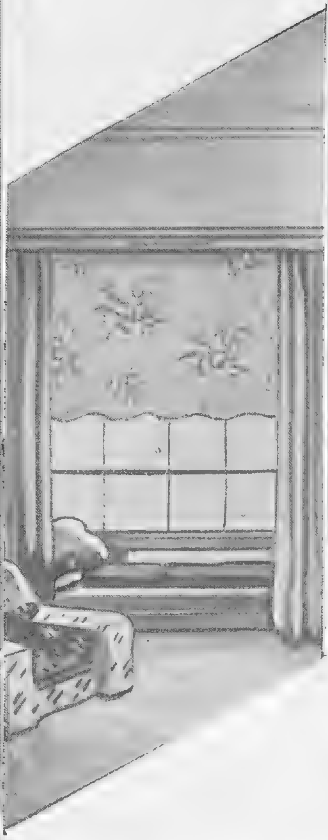
(*Continued on page 75*)

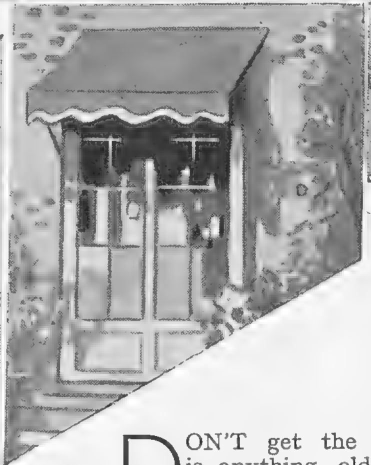


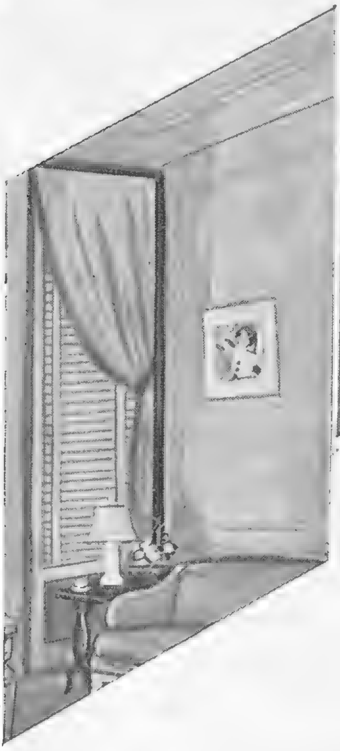
Top of the page is a space-saving two-decker dining-table (Peter Smith). Below : Pear tree and sycamore dining-room furniture, including a two-tier sideboard with plate-glass top and hot-plate (Brian O'Rorke). Left : A small bedroom with an upper bunk counterweighted so that it is easily raised and lowered (Rowley.)











BLINDS ARE IN

DON'T get the idea that there is anything old-fashioned about blinds.

On the contrary, they're extremely modern and interesting and as practical as they ever were with lace on the edges.

If imagination is used in the choice, blinds can make your windows very attractive—especially in summer.

Think of all the delightful flimsy fabrics that are made for curtains now and imagine how much more interestingly these can be used—backed up with blinds.

Perhaps like this, for instance:

At a bedroom window are hung frilly curtains of furnishing ninon (Celanese have a divine new one, star patterned): organdie, figured muslin, if you like. No heavier curtains are required to screen the window at night if you fit a roller blind of some attractive glazed chintz. Could anything look cooler for the summer? A glazed chintz blind is sketched near the top of the page.

At a long French casement window a roller blind of coloured hessian is unusual and very practical. This material is made in charming colours, it is wide and very inexpensive.

An interesting treatment for the round bay window is illustrated above. This is the gauged blind, made of some light fabric—Shantung, for instance—which is fitted all round the bay.

This type of blind is decorative in itself and is used without curtains, generally to provide an uninterrupted vista of a garden whilst relieving the bareness of uncurtained windows.

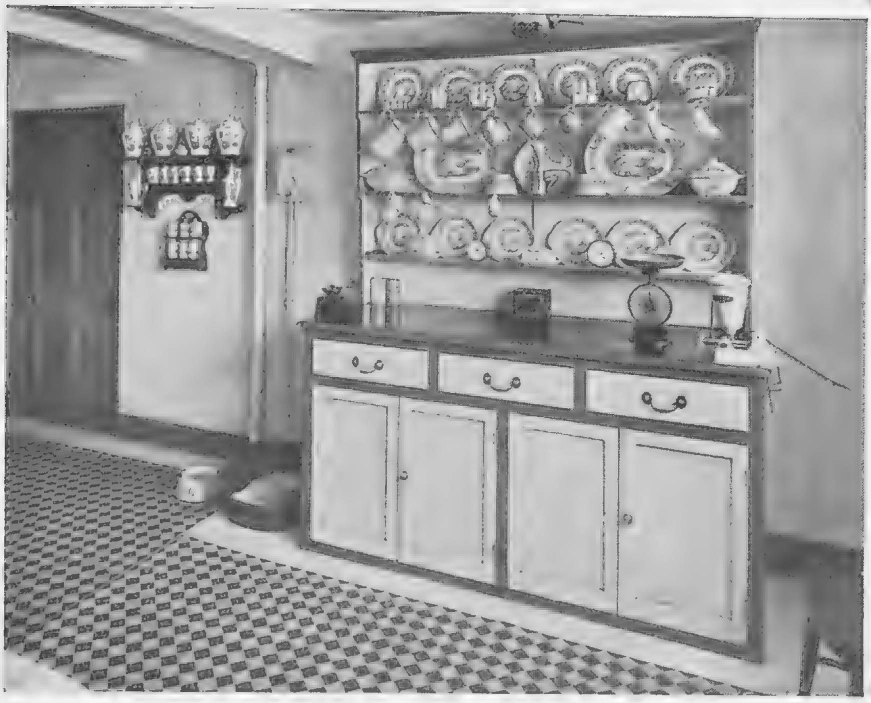
Venetian blinds, since the coming of smaller windows, can hardly be so popular as they were, but for sheer practicability and charm there has never been anything to equal them, and, realising this, decorators are using them at windows of suitable size.

Brightly painted, they bring an effective note of colour to the scheme and, whilst fulfilling the function of a screen, admit the passage of air into the room.

The window sketched on the left shows a Venetian blind in a modern setting. The draped satin curtain is of rich plum colour, whilst the blind and the walls are ice-blue.

Outdoor blinds are very little exploited in this eccentric climate, though they are very effective in brightening the outward appearance of a house whilst protecting windows from an overdose of sun. A simple but effective drop blind for a casement door is pictured above. This should be made in a brightly coloured hessian with scalloped edges bound in a contrasting shade.

PAINTED FURNITURE



SHOW me the woman without a weakness for paint. If she exists, she's colour blind and not subject to the same charming weaknesses as her fellow creatures.

For the average woman there's as much promise in a little tin can as any artist finds on his palette. Colour, freshness and an intriguing relief from monotony offer themselves to the possessor of courage and—a pot of paint.

In these days of quick-drying enamel, nobody with even a dash of imagination discards shabby chairs, rickety tables and other odds and ends of furniture. Treated to a coat of charming colouring they become once more treasured items of the furnishing scheme.

We have sketched some furniture on this page to show what a little originality in the way of colour can do to simple things.

First, there's the chest of drawers. The artist has chosen an unusual shape, we agree, but you can get the very same effect with a straight up and down chest.

We suggest a rich brown for the top and sides of the chest and a pale apricot paint for the front. Picture it in the spare room with a scheme of apricot and brown and a dash or two of green thrown in for relief.

We thought of royal blue for the Windsor chair, but you'll choose the colour that goes best with your kitchen colour scheme, of course.

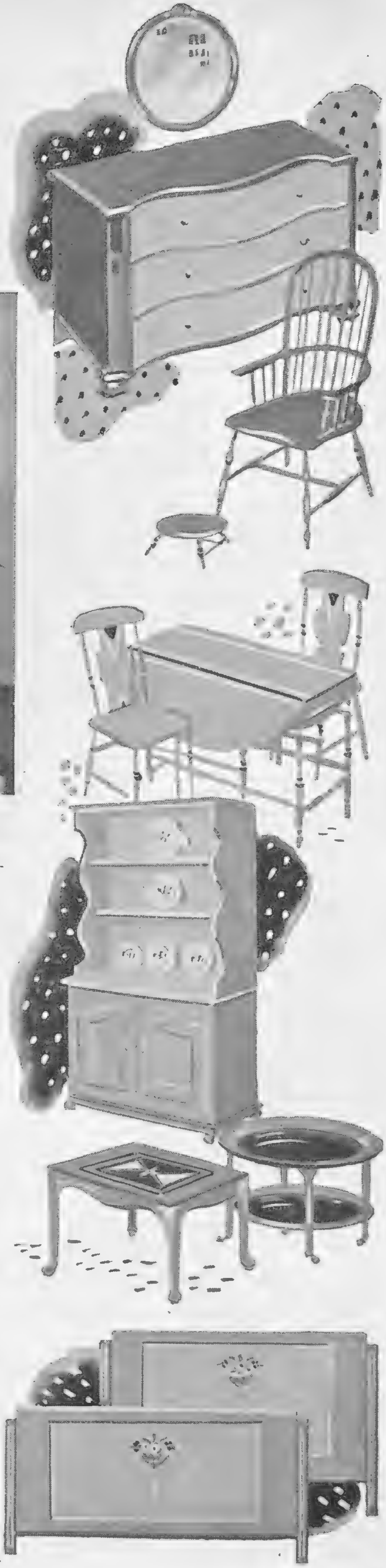
Now the dresser :

This is where we begin using two colours again. We suggest Wedgwood blue for the outside and top of the lower part and canary yellow for the inner part where the shelves come.

Leaf green picked out with lacquer red is a glamorous combination for that odd table and chairs you were thinking of giving to the ashmen. Lacquer red and ivory, too, are charming and very helpful to any scheme of pale yellows, browns and greens. The little coffee table sketched could be either cream and red or red and black—depending on your mood.

Painting a bed is an ambitious undertaking, we agree, but if you ever get so daring as to try renovating the oak bedstead in the attic try French grey for the panels and rose pink for the surround.

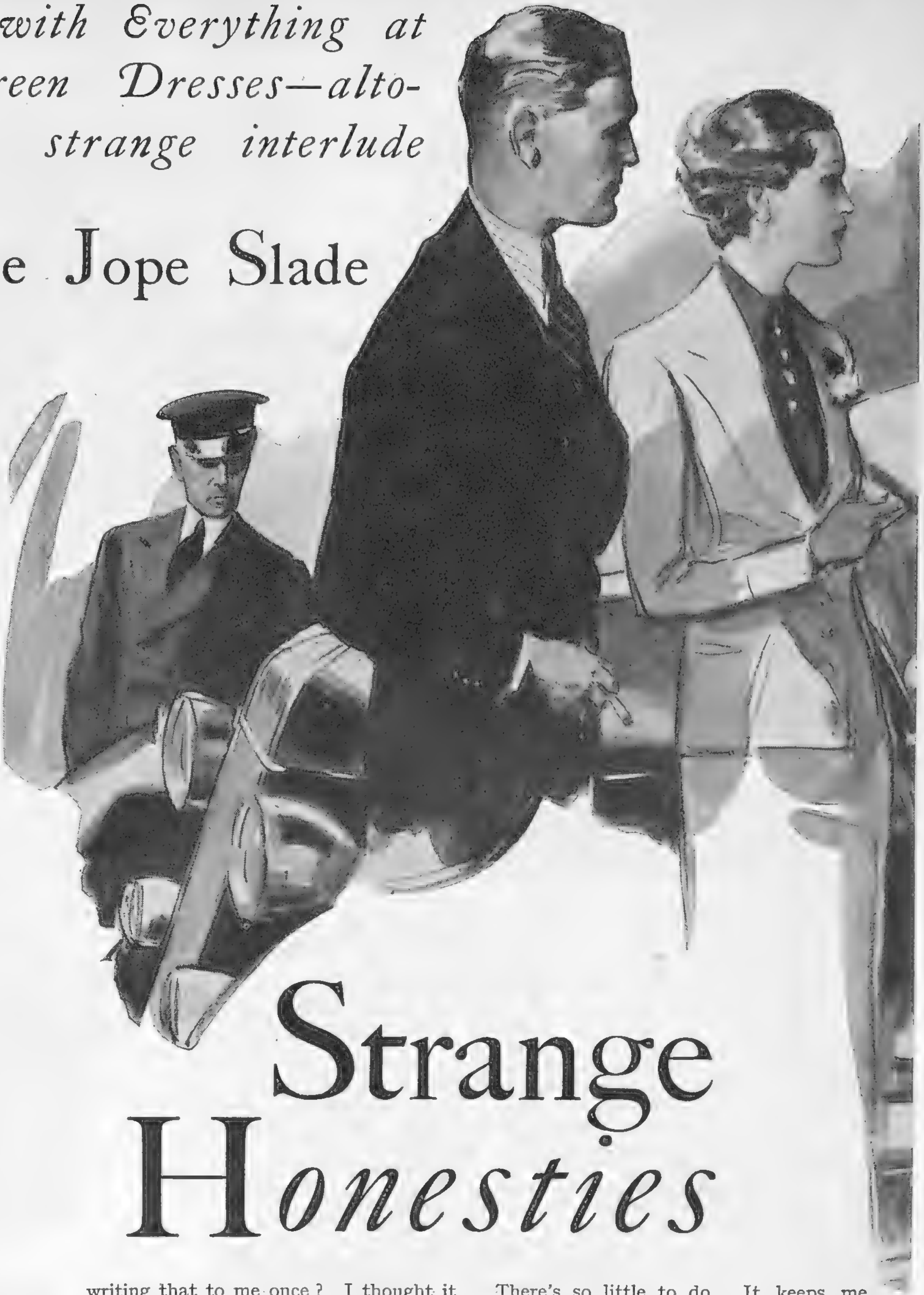
Now take a look at the photograph above. Here's still another way of painting the kitchen dresser and getting yourself a reputation for originality. Match the colour of the paint with your china and the effect will be dazzling.



Two Women with Everything at Stake—Two Green Dresses—altogether a very strange interlude

By Christine Jope Slade

Illustrated by
Albert Bailey



Strange Honesties

JEAN WAKEHAM had made up her mind to accept Ned Rogers. It was as simple and uncomplex as that. She was sitting beside him in his Chrysler at that moment and watching the June hedges part before them like green seas. Their speed was so excessive she fancied she could almost hear the "swish" like jade water spraying before a speed boat.

"Too fast?"

"Not a bit."

"Nervous?"

"Not with you."

She looked at him, a pack of kind, solid flesh. He had weighed fourteen stone for ten years. A nice, generous, gentle-hearted creature, well adjusted to the business world. Rich. Successful. Well-bred.

He glanced at her with passionate appreciation, and saw a little woman taut, well groomed and glossy as a racehorse. Hair the colour of a chestnut bay. Fine, fine little ankles and wrists. Neat, fastidious body finishings.

"My sister will admire you no end," he submitted. "She's not a jealous kind of a woman, always picking holes in other women; you know, like some. She said on the telephone this girl the boy has picked up is a beauty. I thought that pretty good going for the widowed mother of an only son. She's worshipped the kid too."

"Is the girl going to be there this week-end, Ned?"

"Yes. I rather fancy Elsie wants me to give her the quiet once-over."

"She has agreed to the engagement?"

"Can't do anything else these days, my dear. The boy is twenty-three and he came into £3,000 a year when he was twenty-one."

She smiled a funny little cat-with-cream smile. How beautifully Ned and his sister and brother and nephews and nieces accepted the sweet fact of solid money and background, the splendid bulwark of a family with possessions. A strange, almost languorous sense of peace stole over her, delicious after years of sharp, shrewish necessary contriving and planning and brutal cutting of the effective coat according to the mean cloth.

"It's good to be back from the East. 'He little knows of England who only England knows.' Do you remember writing that to me once? I thought it damn good. I used to read your letters dozens of times, Jean."

Yes; she had delicately pursued him with cool, provocative, friendly, witty little letters; waiting for him to come back to England and rescue her from a life of polite penury. She had kept on her minute, chic little London flat until his return to have somewhere to receive him. Recklessly she had gathered together a brilliantly thought out trousseau of welcome that embraced all social eventualities. As a pretty, unequipped widow with a brittle, shifting social background Ned Rogers had been the one man of real substance and standing who had swum into her ken. She had netted him.

"You know," he was saying solemnly, "I don't like to think of you without a maid."

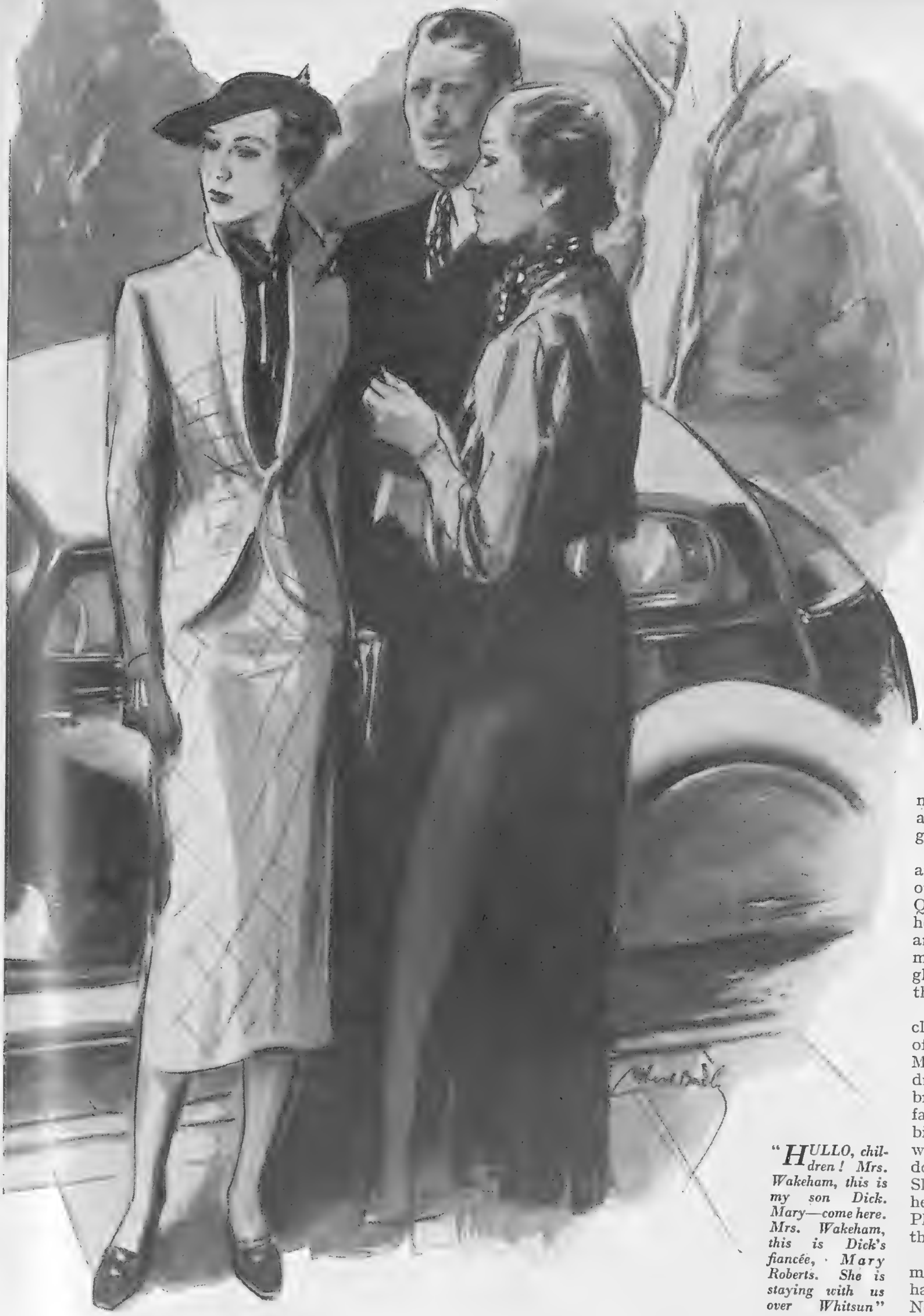
"It's such a tiny rabbit hutch, Ned. There's so little to do. It keeps me occupied. I have a woman, you know."

"I was thinking of *you*. I adore the way you knock me up a simple little meal in the evenings."

She smiled. Hours of preparation she had put into the perfection of those 'simple little meals." A clever French chef could not have improved some of them. To them all she had imparted the gay air of a wayside picnic—with the right wines.

A sudden tenderness touched her for his simplicity and his boyish kindness. Such a success at his job. Knowing so little of life that it would have been frightening if it had not been personally comforting to her, who knew so much of the seamy side of life, to think of such large, vulnerable innocence and trust.

"How long since that brute cleared out?"



"HULLO, children! Mrs. Wakeham, this is my son Dick. Mary—come here. Mrs. Wakeham, this is Dick's fiancée, Mary Roberts. She is staying with us over Whitsun"

"About six months. She was a marvellous maid, Ned."

"I'd have given her 'marvellous maid,'" he growled protectively. "Were you insured for all those clothes she pinched, Jean?"

"No, I had no special clause for personal effects."

"Did you have the policy amended?"

"No. It didn't seem worth while. She had pinched the things."

"Did you put the police on her?"

"No," she said slowly. "In some queer way I had almost a kind of . . . of sympathy."

He twisted round to stare down at her with his fond, kind eyes. He spoke tolerantly.

"You're an odd little chipmunk; a sweet, but foolish little girl. You never thought, I suppose, that you were leaving her loose to serve the same trick on her next employer and do a bunk with all *her* glad rags?"

Before she could answer they drew up outside a long, low Queen Anne country house. A magnificent and ancient wistaria made a trellis of pale, gleaming fire across the entire façade.

Jean Wakeham, climbing gracefully out of the Chrysler in her Molyneux sports suit, drew a long, long breath of utter satisfaction. A well-larded, big, fresh-skinned woman was coming down the steps smiling. She was exactly like her brother Ned. Pleasant, kind, easy-thinking, easy-living.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mrs. Wakeham," she said, and to Ned with the cool offer of that fragrant, florid country cheek, "Hullo, old boy! Had a good run down?"

She turned suddenly.

"Hullo, children! Mrs. Wakeham, this is my son, Dick. Mary—come here. Mrs. Wakeham, this is Dick's fiancée, Mary Roberts. She is staying with us over Whitsun."

JEAN WAKEHAM found herself shaking hands with her ex-maid, who was wearing a La Chase sports suit she had hardly donned herself before it had been spirited away from her.

THE girl came into her room as she was dressing for dinner. She wore a green Schiaparelli model of her late employer's, and she looked beautiful.

"What are you going to do, Mrs. Wakeham?" she said.

"I don't know," said Jean.

The two women looked in each other's eyes without artifice, a cold, clear look. Mary's eyes were a peculiarly deep and lovely shade of blue. Jean saw that they were dilated and shining with emotion; but she was beautifully controlled.

"My father was a station-master," she said, without preliminary. "I won a scholarship at the local grammar school. I went to a University—a Northern one, nothing very grand. I got a third-class degree. Degrees are like pebbles on the beach. You know that yourself, Mrs. Wakeham. My mother was a cook in a big house. She trained me properly before she died when I was seventeen. I have told them all that."

Jean Wakeham nodded slowly.

"Did you meet Dick Stone when you were working for me, Mary?"

"Yes, I did. I had no idea you knew his uncle. I may have posted letters for you to a Mr. Rogers in India, but I never connected it with Stone. Rogers is nearly as common a name as Smith or Clark or Brown, even if I had known Dick's mother had been a Rogers."

"Quite."

"What *are* you going to do? Are you going to tell them I was your maid and stole your frocks?"

"Why did you steal them?"

"I had not a thing to wear. I had no money. I had only common, shabby, desperate things I felt common and mean and shabby in. I could not go to decent places with a man like Dick Stone in them, and——"

"And?"

"And Dick Stone was my one chance of everything."

She was like a child talking, simple and unreflective. It was fascinating, if one cleared one's mind of a brushwood of inherited thinking on the subject of honesty, to see in what clear, unanswerable colours this code of behaviour stood out. She was strangely lovely too, with a patrician kind of beauty; those clear, shining blue eyes, that long, lovely, full Burne-Jones throat.

"At first I borrowed your clothes, Mrs. Wakeham, to go out with Dick. He did not know where I lived—and then, when he insisted on seeing me home to your flat, I told him I was secretary to a ghastly woman there. We got closer and closer together. I am his kind of woman. He is my kind of man. There never was anything but marriage in his mind. That alone seemed quite, quite incredible to me. It made the world utterly different."

"I see. And then, Mary?"

"Then Dick's mother asked me here for the week-end. I *couldn't* borrow. You wouldn't have lent me your clothes, would you?"

"No," Jean admitted reflectively.

"If I had come back with them after the week-end you might have given me in charge."

"I am not sure that I could, if you had returned the things voluntarily. My treatment would have depended on mood. I should probably have been *furious*, *livid*."

"I dared not risk it, Mrs. Wakeham. I came back from that week-end officially engaged to Dick."

"You might have returned the clothes."

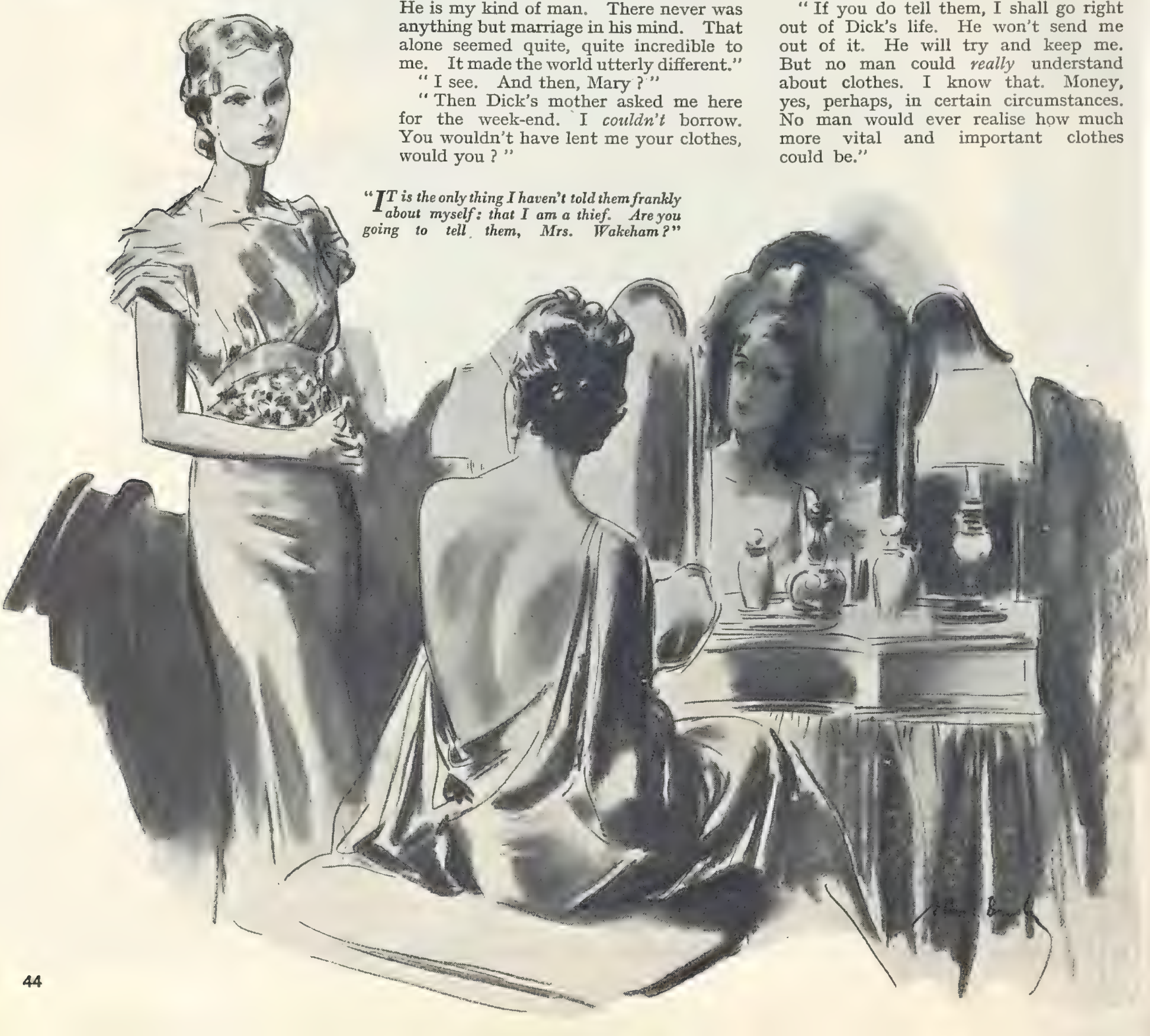
"Then I got a post as beauty treatment demonstrator in the large shops: a new roller for the face. I received one pound ten shillings and commission. It never amounted to more than two pounds five a week. I *still* had no clothes. I had no credit to purchase them. But for your wardrobe I would have had nothing in which to meet Dick's friends. I *could* not take money from Dick. I don't suppose you understand that, considering I stole from you."

"I do, oddly enough."

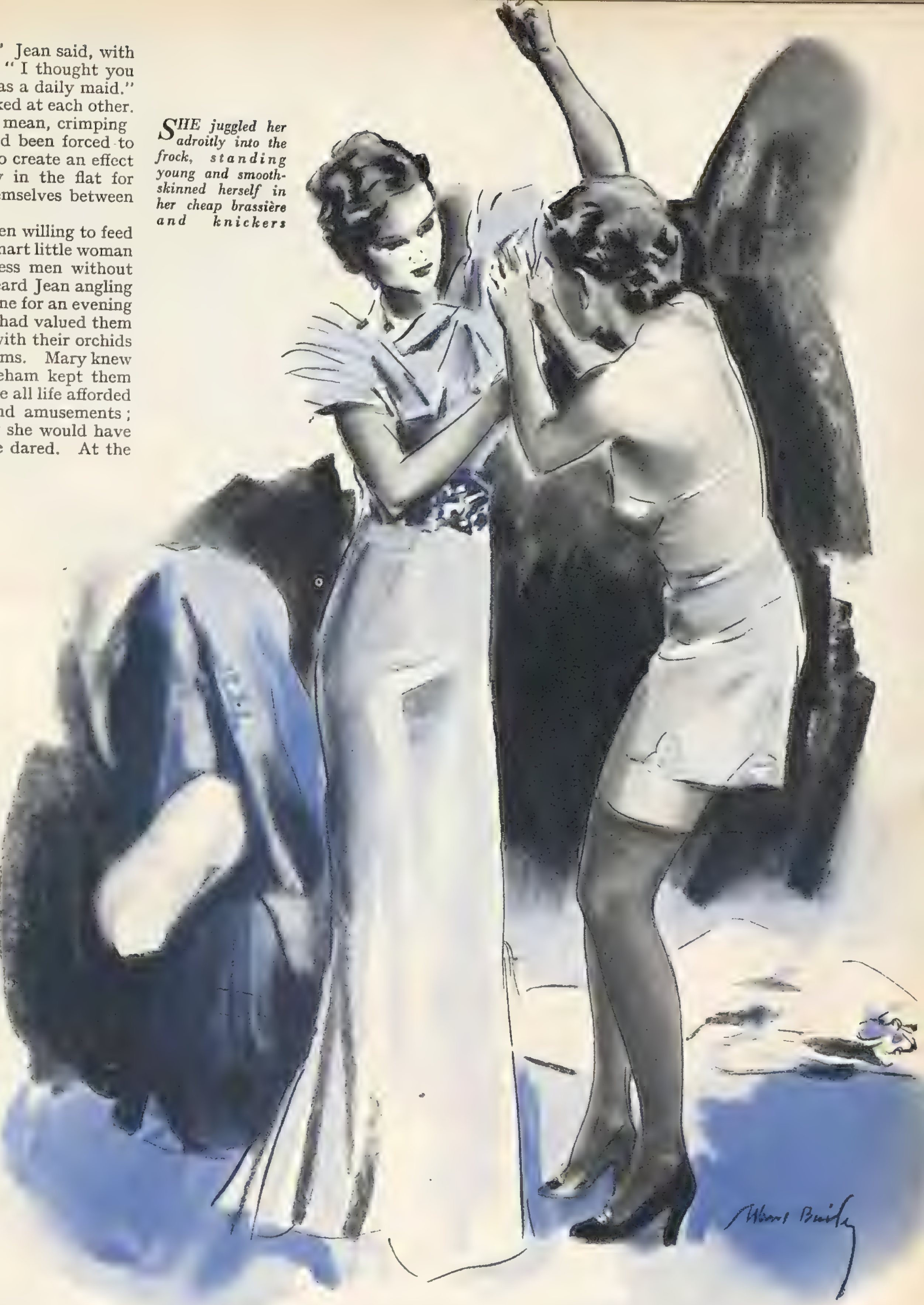
"It is the only thing I haven't told them frankly about myself: that I am a thief. Are you going to tell them, Mrs. Wakeham?"

"I have never been so puzzled and uncertain in my life, Mary. I cannot make up my mind at all."

"If you do tell them, I shall go right out of Dick's life. He won't send me out of it. He will try and keep me. But no man could *really* understand about clothes. I know that. Money, yes, perhaps, in certain circumstances. No man would ever realise how much more vital and important clothes could be."



"IT is the only thing I haven't told them frankly about myself: that I am a thief. Are you going to tell them, Mrs. Wakeham?"



SHE juggled her adroitly into the frock, standing young and smooth-skinned herself in her cheap brassière and knickers

"I liked you, Mary," Jean said, with strange inconsequence. "I thought you were wasting your time as a daily maid."

Mistress and maid looked at each other. The memory of a dozen mean, crimping little economies Jean had been forced to establish and maintain to create an effect of comfort and security in the flat for outsiders established themselves between the two women.

Brittle, meaningless men willing to feed and entertain a pretty, smart little woman for one evening. Rootless men without substance. Mary had heard Jean angling with them on the telephone for an evening in a smart place. Mary had valued them as she showed them in, with their orchids and their obvious optimisms. Mary knew how cleverly Jean Wakeham kept them playing because they were all life afforded her for little luxuries and amusements; and how enthusiastically she would have kicked them out had she dared. At the dinner tables where she ate her free meals, and the bridge tables where she earned a little pocket money, she must be *au courant* with the latest shows, the smartest restaurants. Her rootless men with slack pocket-books were her passport to these.

A rumble of summer thunder shook the room lightly. The lilac trails of the wistaria seemed to grip the window frames like frightened scorpions. The gong went.

"What are you going to do, Mrs. Wakeham?" Mary said starkly, quietly.

"Mary, *why* did you take that green frock you've got on, my lucky frock—my Schiaparelli? We've all got our blind spots—all women are fools, really! Fools—poor, helpless, frightened fools, placating Fate." Her usually even voice soared raggedly and she heard it with vague surprise and dismay. It was so unlike her. "Nothing *could* go wrong with me if I had that frock on. I remember telling you so that night I won that fifteen pounds at the Ducanes."

"I needed luck, too, Mrs. Wakeham—so *terribly*. I borrowed that frock the night Dick asked me to marry him. I was afraid to be without it after that. I . . . I felt about it like you did. A talisman, a touchstone."

Jean Wakeham pushed her hands through her damp, curling, chestnut-bay hair.

"How utterly airless it has become all of a sudden!" she exclaimed nervously. "As if it was the end of the world . . . or the beginning of a new epoch in one's own life. Something one *didn't* want."

Suddenly she spoke as if she was in a strange doctor's consulting room in some seaport from which she would sail that day and never return. She spoke without reserve, without conscious effect, emptying herself of her life's nagging half-truths and all dissembling.

"I suppose you think you're in a peculiar position, Mary. *My* life at that flat was a little hell of smart makeshift and an endless battle with bills, waiting for a suitable husband or lover who should rescue me. Putting up with cheap, namby-pamby men with money. Always hoping they would introduce me to some man who was neither cheap nor namby-pamby. *You* needed luck!! *I* needed luck—the same kind. The luck a man with a home to offer can bring—the only luck for women like ourselves!"

Ned Rogers's sister knocked at the door. She looked pleased to see her guests chatting together, in a placid, motherly way.

"I came to see if you have everything you want, Mrs. Wakeham. Having what Dick calls a 'girlish letting down the back hair' party?" she said. "Ned and I have been (*Continued on page* 100)

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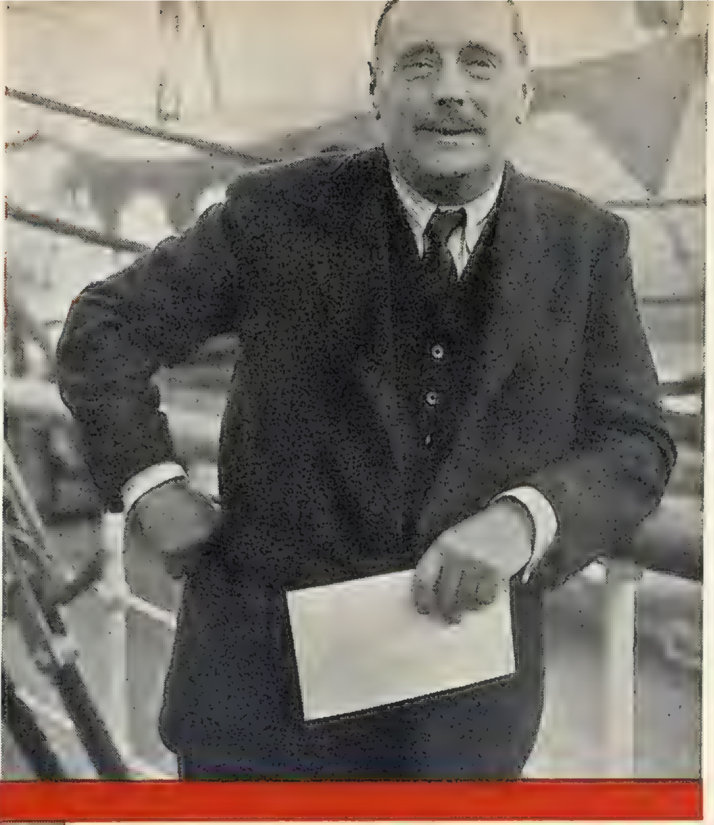


A GENIUS will find wings to fly, as H. G. Wells did from his drapery counter

A. P. HERBERT made much money with "The Water Gypsies," but would not have been able to afford to enter politics without his regular editorial job on "Punch"

Pounds Shillings

By Godfrey Winn

I HAVE recently been re-reading the Letters of Katherine Mansfield, and came across a passage where her writing activities had to be suspended for a time, not through loss of inspiration, but through lack of ink. And she hadn't a free franc to buy another pot.

People who don't know about the average earnings of authors, and who do know about Katherine Mansfield's reputation as a short-story writer to-day, would either dismiss that passage as a piece of literary extravagance, or imagine that she was making an amusing excuse for a sudden mood of laziness. In actual fact, she was staying in a tiny pension in the South, wracked by illness and the knowledge that her strength was slipping away and her writing days were tragically numbered. In consequence, she was possessed by a passion to realise herself on paper, before it was too late. But, I repeat, she hadn't a free franc to buy a new pot of ink.

I was reminded of that passage myself again last week-end, when I happened to be staying the week-end in the house of a big business millionaire, and my hostess remarked in gracious tones that she simply must order my new book from the library. Whereupon I suggested instead that she should buy it, as then I should receive one and sixpence as a royalty, and that, in turn, would buy me a new pad so that I would be able to start a new novel. Everyone in the room laughed at the joke.

But it wasn't really a joke to me, any more than it was a joke to the author of the *Dove's Nest*, or again to the author of *Magnolia Street*, who, until that book caught on unexpectedly and woke up a sleeping public to his brilliant talent, had been in the habit,

P. G. WODEHOUSE, who has received as much as £10,000 for the serial rights alone of one of his books

KEITH WINTER, novelist and playwright. His play "The Rats of Norway" was a great success in London and New York

Left:

***OSBERT SITWELL** is in the fortunate position of having private means and, famous though he is, does not have to exist entirely on the proceeds of his literary work*

Right:

***SOMERSET MAUGHAM** has earned for himself a quiet and cool retreat on the Riviera. He is seen sitting on the edge of his private swimming pool wearing a large sun-hat*

and PENS . . .

***LOUIS GOLDING,** who received a very small amount in advance royalties for his novels before "Magnolia Street" was published*

Proving, if any proof were really needed, that an Author's Life is not altogether a Bed of Roses—or Cash

I believe, of receiving the royal advance of seventy-five pounds on each of his accepted novels. (Nor were they always accepted! For I think I am right in saying that Louis Golding's publishers at that time did not take up their option on *Magnolia Street* and suggested that its author should philosophically scrap the manuscript and sacrifice the labour of years and try again!) And though I wouldn't for a second have the cheek to compare my own literary output with theirs, at the same time it surely is true that all members of the same profession, whether they happen to be the masters or the mistresses, or merely the rank and file, are linked together by the same necessity of securing three square meals a day, and, if possible, a room with a view as well; and, above all, solitude.

I have secured that room myself now, and I am sitting in it this minute looking out on to a garden full of flowers whose names I have never had the time to look up in one of Beverley Nichols's books, but I haven't obtained this country cottage nor the services of a secretary, nor the new Roadster that takes me to and from Town, through the sales of my books. On the contrary, writing a novel is a luxury that I can afford only when I have done six months' hard labour churning out messages to the modern girl for a series of women's magazines.

There are rackets in writing, like everything else. I happen to have been able these last few years to cash-in on the one that provides verbal balm for the souls of sex-starved spinsters, and marriage failures. I realised some time ago now that women are so vain and so egoistic as a sex that the only sort of writing they really enjoy is either a story which they can pretend is a portrait of themselves, or else a personal message.

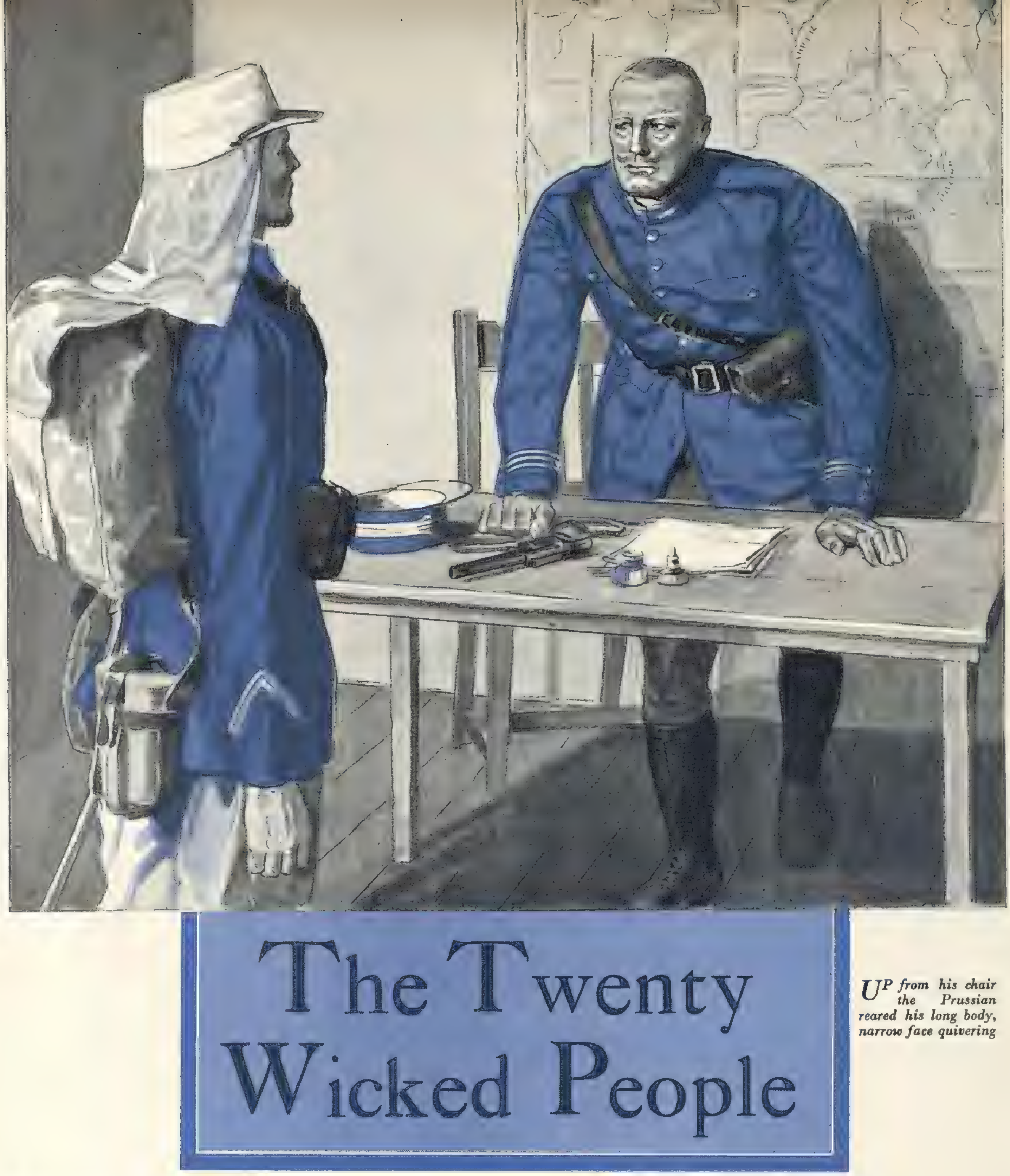
Moreover, the ruder one is about their shortcomings, the greater pleasure they seem to obtain from one's work. Perhaps they are all masochists at heart. Certainly I have found that my own fan-mail has increased enormously since I took to telling women readers where they got off, or rather, why they didn't, though I mustn't forget the irate lady who wrote to me recently from an abode called "Koropupu" in New Zealand. "To rely on the first instinct of life more or less for a subject to entertain the public—well, it is pathetic." But she was an exception!

In any case, I have a shrewd suspicion, too, that she was the most sex-starved of all the millions of women magazine readers in the world. Of course, you would expect that in this age of free thought and freer feelings that there would be far fewer of them about than in the inhibited Victorian era, but exactly the opposite would seem to be the case, if you are to judge from the success of the stream of new weeklies and monthlies that keep on making their appearance, each one a potential market for a writer like myself.

In consequence, I have often found myself thinking that it is, indeed, fortunate, that I wasn't born twenty years sooner, when *The Lady* reared a lonely head, because in those days my sort of free-lance journalism hardly existed, and I should have found far more difficulty in not starving in a garret, let alone paying for my typewriter, though the war might very well have provided one solution to my problem.

As it is, I have had to provide another for myself, and I am not in the least embarrassed in confessing what it is, since all my shame has long since gone in remembering how many other writers there are, far more talented than myself, who set out with high ideals as artists, and with genuine creative ability, but find such difficulties in making a living wage out of their work that they end up in more ways than one in a starving condition.

(*Continued on page 96*)



Up from his chair the Prussian reared his long body, narrow face quivering

The Twenty Wicked People

An Arch Villain, a Napoleon in the Making and a Rousing Scrap—just the Recipe for the Foreign Legion

JAKE MILLER, sergeant of the *VIième Compagnie,* Foreign Legion, brought the heels of his hobnailed shoes together with a click, and stood at rigid attention before the rough, white-washed door.

"He might give a guy time to wash up," he muttered as he realised that the marks of travel through a country hot as a stokehold in the Red Sea were unmistakably evident. His green-epauletted blue overcoat collar was dark with sweat, his hands were grimy, red and swollen and slashed with thorns from the tropical jungle through which he and his platoon had been forcing their way ever since they had left Libreville some ten days previously. He recalled the brief but significant conversation that he had had with Commandant Marais when the platoon was ready to pull out.

"*Mon enfant,*" the grizzled old veteran had said, "when you reach Bunbaki, keep your eyes open. There's something wrong up there, for when an officer doesn't want to leave a pest-hole like Bunbaki at the end of his tour of duty there, *ça put,* he must be either a fool or a rogue—it's up to you to find out, very unofficially, which the local commander is. It's a chance, *mon enfant,* and your brains, which are not of the ordinary, will be all you have to help you. If you make mistakes, you can expect no help from me —— "

Sweat poured down his bronzed and hollow cheeks, picking a leisurely course among the reddish bristles sprouting on his unshaven chin.

While waiting, he automatically ran his hand over his buttons. Good, they were all in place except the one which had been torn off in a thorn tangle not five kilometres below this *poste* at Bunbaki.

From the other side of the door sounded a footstep and he drew himself up, prepared to report to his new commanding officer, Lieutenant von Krass, the man who wanted to stay at Bunbaki. What sort of a man was he? In such a remote little *poste* one might expect anything, and in most cases "anything" was apt to be exceedingly unpleasant.

"Come in," called one of the deepest voices Jake had ever heard. The sergeant went inside, his short but powerful body far from filling the door frame. In the plain, whitewashed room before him stood a rough table, upon which was stacked neat piles of documents, and behind this table was seated a huge, blond man who wore the uniform of a lieutenant. At first glance Sergeant Jake Miller knew he would find no bed of roses in the *poste* at Bunbaki.

Sitting stiffly behind the desk was the most typical Teuton Jake had seen since the Great War. Fixed upon him were two small, very blue eyes, the whites of which were discoloured by bright red networks of veins. All the while Lieutenant von Krass tugged at a heavy yellow-white moustache.

Having arrived before the desk, the new arrival saluted sharply. "Sergeant Miller of the Sixth Company reports for duty, sir, with twenty-five legionnaires."

Having said this, he fell silent and began to flush under the glassy scrutiny of the lieutenant who, sitting quite motionless, permitted his shrewd blue eyes to travel deliberately from Jake's thorn-slashed boots to puttees, and on up until his china blue eyes met the American's grey ones.

Silence continued, broken only by the drone of huge bluebottle flies that circled like a tormenting halo about the heads of the two men. By God, what a mean mouth that Boche lieutenant had! Slowly colour welled up into the American's battered features.

"So"—Lieutenant von Krass's thin lips curled—"this is what they send me from Libreville. *Gott verdammt mich!* And I asked for a soldier."

By his side, Jake's large insect-bitten hands tightened, and it occurred to him that they would just meet comfortably around that thick red neck. What a hell of a way to treat a man at the end of a perilous, exhausting march.

"So you are a sergeant, eh?" Lieutenant von Krass glared down his long, high-bridged nose.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, unless I'm much mistaken, you won't be one long. It takes men to man this *poste* at Bunbaki."

Jake deliberately fixed his eyes on the fly-blown map just behind Lieutenant von Krass's narrow, short-clipped head. That heavy black line indicating the river Bonny made a convenient thing to concentrate on.

"Why did they pick you? Was the rest of the scum so bad?"

"No, sir, I asked to be sent."

"Oh, one of these ambitious soldiers, eh?" The sneer would have made a jack rabbit sit up and fight but, as has been pointed out before, Jake had not been a soldier fifteen years without learning self-control.

"Yes, sir," he said. God, how hot and tired he was.

"Well, you've come to the wrong place. When I choose men for sergeants, I don't pick half-sized runts that imagine they're soldiers because they have campaigned against some frightened Arabs in Morocco."

Jake swallowed and said nothing. What a fool he had been not to have learned more about this forgotten *poste* among the evilly beautiful and festering jungles of the French Congo, before applying for duty there. Still, it had seemed the best bet for action, and Commandant Marais had his eye on him since the skirmish at Ain Argoula. Furthermore, there was that English girl back in Marseilles who, though she had freely confessed her love for him, declared she would marry no less than a gentleman and a commissioned officer. It was then that Jake, direct in affairs of the heart as in all matters, decided that the simplest thing was to become an officer. Yes, Mazie was well worth it—a fine, strong girl that would raise him a brood of stalwart little Jakes who would resurrect the glory of a family gone to grass amid the shiftless atmosphere of a Mississippi bayou.

"*Du lieber Gott!*" Lieutenant von Krass's bass voice filled the room like the boom of a gong. "How dare you appear before me dressed like some wretched *bleu*?"

"But, sir, I've only been in the *poste* fifteen minutes.

"Silence!" Up from his chair the Prussian reared his long body, narrow face quivering. "I'll teach you to come tramping into my headquarters looking like some *Verbrecher** dragged from the slums."

He halted, leaning forward, hands on the desk, eyes ever probing the sergeant's hard, brown face. "So you want promotion, eh? Well, first you'll have to prove to me that you're worthy of the rank some besotted idiot's given you. How an unsoldierly baboon like you got past private *deuxième classe* amazes me."

There was a sinking sensation in Sergeant Jake Miller's being. Good God, one would think he was a blue gilled *pékin* fresh from the Marseilles recruiting

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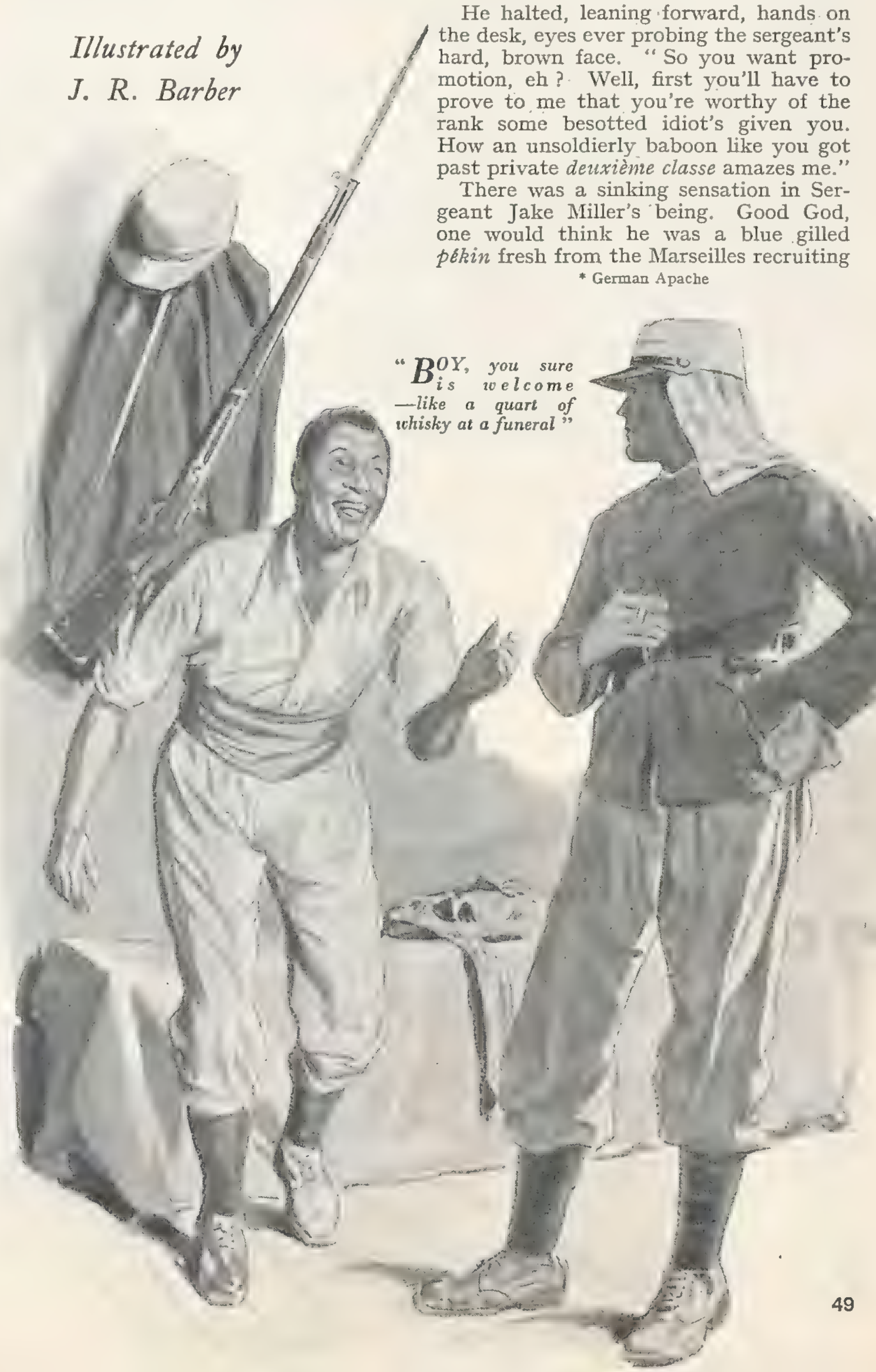
* German Apache

Illustrated by
J. R. Barber



"BOY, you sure is welcome—like a quart of whisky at a funeral"

By Van Wyck Mason

station, instead of a veteran of two campaigns in Indo-China, of the Philippines, and of many small colonial wars.

A red mist commenced to descend over his eyes—it was not right, his *dossier* at Sidi bore nothing but favourable entries, no court-martial, nothing but promotions and citations.

" Don't look so damned sullen," barked the Prussian suddenly. " I'll not have it. Now listen to me, sergeant"—what a world of sarcasm he put in that word—" I have decided to let you keep your rank for twenty-four hours, just so my N.C.O.'s can have a good laugh—it will amuse my rascals to see what scrapings are made sergeants in the valorous *VIième Compagnie*. Stand to attention, you shame of your mother."

The red-haired sergeant's craggy features turned a furious scarlet and his short body contracted, whereupon the Prussian smiled bleakly and his hand wandered towards the pistol on the table. It was that smile which saved the outraged sergeant and made him check himself in time. No use to play the coldly calculating lieutenant's game and get himself shot down like a clay pipe in a gallery. There must be some reason for this inexplicable attitude, and his lips, slightly puckered by a kris scar on the left side, set themselves in a straight, colourless line.

" Thought better of it, eh ? " jeered the lieutenant, and he seemed a little more wary, as though he had learned a little respect for the new sergeant's intelligence. " Too bad, I wouldn't have minded shooting you. I do not like Americans—they are too smart—or think they are." He drew himself up, coldly arrogant. " Now, Sergeant, get back to those abortions you brought along with you, and later I will endeavour to make you learn what's what here in Bunbaki."

MURDER and violent assault were the least of the impulses milling in Jake's brain when he saluted, executed a sharp about face and, inwardly seething, stalked off along the dim whitewashed corridor leading to the courtyard. Ever stronger grew the conviction that there was unmistakably something at the back of the Prussian's deliberate goading of him.

Well, he gained his stripes from using his head for something other than a kepi rack; in fact, he had risen in two short years with the Legion from *soldat deuxième classe* to sergeant, a feat seldom accomplished.

Unreasonable martinet and rogue, the gigantic von Krass might be, but there was nothing slipshod about his soldiery: that Jake appreciated when he emerged once more into the Turkish bath atmosphere of the *poste's* courtyard. With an experienced eye he noted that everything was *klimbim*, from the ill-favoured legionnaire pacing before the great wooden gate to the whitewashed spotlessness of the courtyard wall.

Squatting and lying about in the bluish shade of the courtyard wall, he found his reliable stalwarts of the *VIième Compagnie*, mostly Danes, Germans and a sprinkling of white Russians, sturdy chaps not much given to nerves. And nerves, Jake foresaw, would be at a premium in a fever-ridden pest-hole like this. Good men to rely upon.

" *Alors, mon sergent,* what happened ? " Borst, corporal of the first squad, looked up from digging a jigger from beneath his thumb-nail. He waited, knife-clasp still open, peering up into Jake's red and quivering features. " Oh, he said, " another Sobeloff ? "

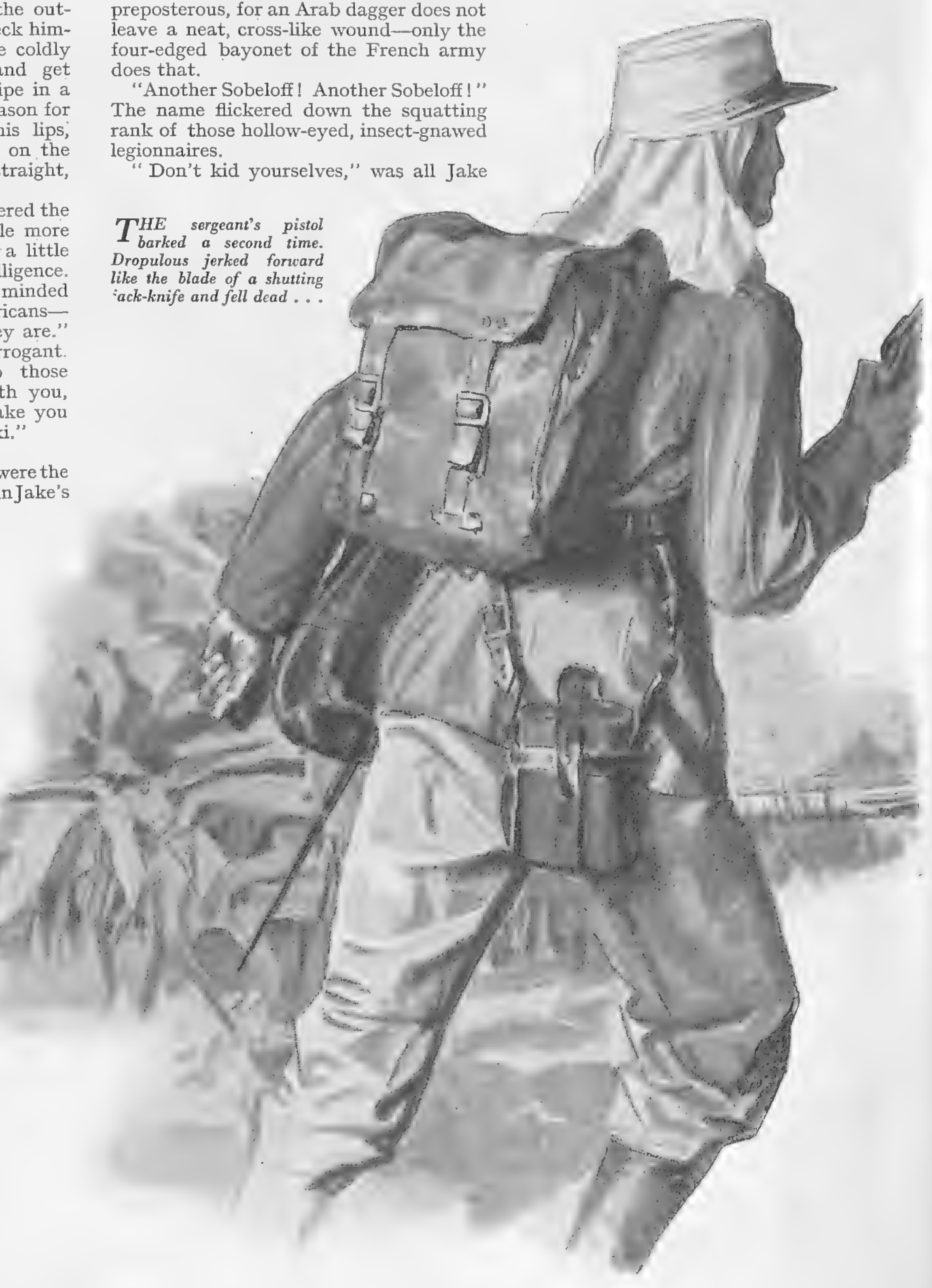
To a man, the reinforcements looked up, for Adjutant Sobeloff was of evil memory and was remembered in the *VIième Compagnie* as a synonym for a devil, a murderer, a martinet and other unpleasant and unprintable things. He was found one morning in a little *poste* outside of Tlemcen with a stab wound in his heart. The men of the garrison said some Touareg had done it, but that was preposterous, for an Arab dagger does not leave a neat, cross-like wound—only the four-edged bayonet of the French army does that.

"Another Sobeloff ! Another Sobeloff ! " The name flickered down the squatting rank of those hollow-eyed, insect-gnawed legionnaires.

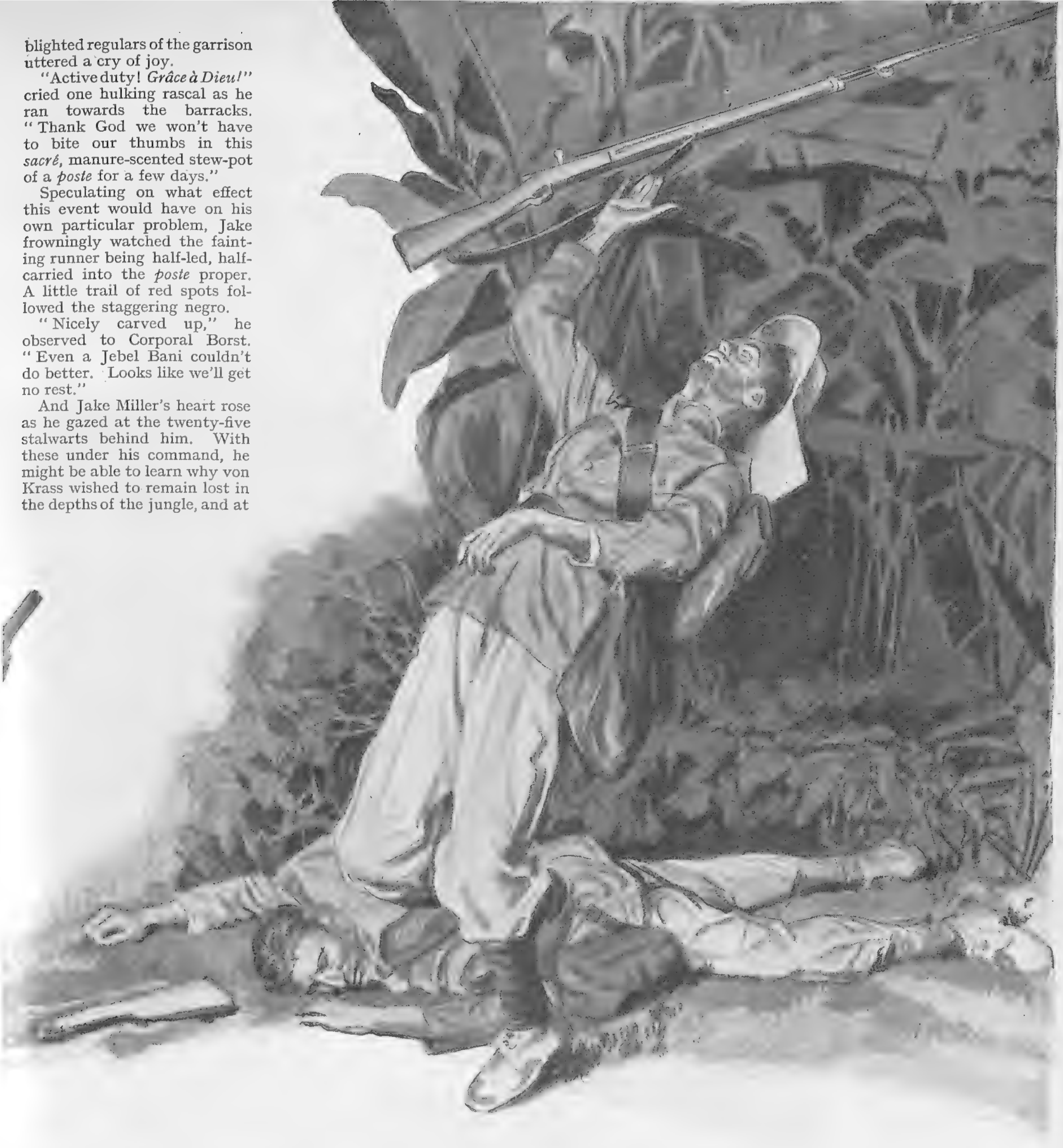
" Don't kid yourselves," was all Jake said. " This square head is a different breed of cats from Sobeloff. He's onery as a rutting moose and a toe-tied Igrote put together ; but unless I miss my guess, he's a wise *hombre*, so don't make any breaks. The rest of the garrison outnumbers us four to one."

Sergeant Miller was at the point of ordering his men into the stifling long barracks of whitewashed, mud-brick oven, when one of those things happened that put truth into the old adage, " What man proposes, God disposes " ; for, staggering up the little hill to the gate of the *poste*, came a top-knotted Zandeh boy. He cried something quite incoherent, which was not strange since the left side of his throat emitted a bloody froth and his brown-black visage was contorted with pain. In short, he personified active duty.

As one man, the reinforcements groaned ; as one man, the hard-featured, malaria-



THE sergeant's pistol barked a second time. Dropulous jerked forward like the blade of a shutting jack-knife and fell dead . . .



blighted regulars of the garrison uttered a cry of joy.

"Active duty! *Grâce à Dieu!*" cried one hulking rascal as he ran towards the barracks. "Thank God we won't have to bite our thumbs in this *sacré*, manure-scented stew-pot of a *poste* for a few days."

Speculating on what effect this event would have on his own particular problem, Jake frowningly watched the fainting runner being half-led, half-carried into the *poste* proper. A little trail of red spots followed the staggering negro.

"Nicely carved up," he observed to Corporal Borst. "Even a Jebel Bani couldn't do better. Looks like we'll get no rest."

And Jake Miller's heart rose as he gazed at the twenty-five stalwarts behind him. With these under his command, he might be able to learn why von Krass wished to remain lost in the depths of the jungle, and at the same time keep his stripes yet. Let that Boche swine assign him any job he wanted done—with these legionnaires he would do it.

"Wait here," he snapped. "I'll find out where you bunk."

Wary eyed, hot and ready for trouble, he strode into the *chambrée* of the N.C.O.'s and, on looking about, found small room for encouragement. Two other sergeants, men he would instinctively not have trusted with a red-hot penny, glowered at him in silence, and a single corporal, black as the ace of spades, went placidly on tattooing a design on his left fore-arm. At length he turned around, scratched the fuzz on his skull, and looked up.

"*Bong jowr avay voo* any Americans in *les* reenforcements?"

A warm trickle entered Jake Miller's heart. In spite of the heavy hobnail shoes, in spite of the thin, putteed shanks, the white canvas trousers and pale-blue belly-band, "Georgia coon" was out all over the speaker.

"Why, yes, Corporal," Jake said in English, "we've got one—I'm it."

DOWN clattered the negro's tattooing needle and he leaped forward, extending out a sable hand that was as big as a ham.

"Fo' de lan's sake," and an ivory expanse loomed in the sable garden of the corporal's face. "Boy, you sure is welcome—like a quart of whisky at a funeral. Put 'er there."

Instantly Sergeant Miller's figure stiffened and for the first time in many years he relapsed into that soft drawl which is spoken in his native Mississippi.

"Who you callin' 'boy'? I'm Sergeant Miller to you."

The negro drew back, a furious scowl on his face and his huge body stiffened. For a moment it appeared that he would risk court-martial by striking a man who still wore the green chevrons of a sergeant. Suddenly:

"Yas, suh, yas suh, it sho' am good to hear one of de quality folk talkin' agin. Excuse me, suh, Corporal Amby Dextrous is sho'ly glad to see some of de real quality agin."

"Glad to hear that, Dextrous."

At once Jake held out his hand and, their basis of (*Continued on page* 104)

HERE ARE THE NEW CAREERS FOR

By Joan Woollcombe

Dorothy Spicer and Pauline Gower run their own air taxi (Fox Photos)

Here is your son, if he Technical Training at Halton,

Advertising is a fine new profession. Here are some of the staff at the London Press Exchange, a production team in action *(Courtesy L.P.E.)*

A CAREER, and not just a job—that is the first vital consideration for the alert and intelligent youngster for whose immediate future, now that he or she has left school, you are responsible.

There are a number of entirely new careers, and some of them have already achieved the status of "profession."

Many of them are open alike to your son or your daughter.

There are, looming high among many others, broadcasting and television; aviation in all its many branches; advertising and publicity; film work in all its branches; "research work," rather vaguely associated with such things as the conquest of cancer and the utilisation of discoveries for one's fellow men; dress designing and interior decoration; architecture, allied to planning for the future.

Then come a whole host of newer, smaller professions: dietetics, chiropody, beauty treatments, massage, and so on. And, in the case of girls, a definite interest in estate management, and the newer openings in electrical housecraft.

Most schools have now expert advice available on the choice of careers. Many advocate a certain degree of specialisation before the boy or girl actually leaves.

An intelligent father or mother will obviously be in possession of every detail regarding training and prospects for their son. But there remains that troublesome doubt—whether Edward really wants to be a practitioner in advertising, whether he is really the right type, and so on. If, in effect, Edward is going to find himself a nicely squared-up peg in an indubitably round hole in a few years' time, with all the money set aside for his education used up.

There exists an excellent and intelligent method of checking up on Edward (and on his sister Susan, too) which, though it claims to be neither infallible nor magic, does give as nearly as possible the child's possibilities.

A series of meticulously careful tests has been evolved by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. These are tests for intelligence—that is, the estimation of your Edward's capabilities and possibilities against the average brightness of children of his age—and "vocational guidance" tests, given generally to children of 16 and over, which will assess Edward's various capabilities and possibilities with a view to giving you advice on the type of career in which

THE SCHOOL-LEAVING GENERATION

joins the R.A.F. School of Bucks. (Chas. E. Brown)

it would be reasonable to assume he might be successful.

There is nothing vaguely classed as "psycho-analytical" about either of these proceedings. They are very carefully arranged tests of a type that your boy and girl rather enjoy, and that are founded on over 25 years of scientific experiment and dogged investigation that has involved thousands of cases. The fee is three guineas.

The modern child grows up radio-minded, and broadcasting, as a profession, has a tremendously wide appeal; add to that the younger development of television, and you have a large slice of the future.

Meanwhile, of course, the normal busy parent knows remarkably little about the possibilities of either as a profession for Edward or Susan. The Corporation—although it stands to us for a vast field of interest—employs relatively few people if you compare it with, say, the Post Office or any one of the larger commercial undertakings—gas or transport, for example.

At the risk of seeming to start with a wet blanket on enthusiasm, I would stress this fact. Then, to balance it, add that we do not realise the amazing variety of specialists that broadcasting and television employ.

Broadcasting : The Effects Studio

There is, first, the creative side: people who arrange and make the actual programmes. There is the secretarial side, the administrative side; and, finally and obviously, the technical side of broadcasting, in addition to the office staff and catering and personal details.

"Every appointment is made on the merits of the case," says an official, and adds that there are, actually, three main ways of getting inside Broadcasting House. Naturally, the jobs that are vacant are filled by promotion from the existing staff whenever practicable.

At the same time people who come along wanting jobs, and who seem as if they might be suitable, are put on the Employment Register. To this the officials refer when they need recruits. Finally, of course, the higher posts, and posts demanding certain qualities or qualifications, are also advertised in the Press.

On the secretarial and administrative sides recruitment is done carefully. The secretarial staff can attain the rank of "Assistant," much as do the creative staff, as witness Talks Assistant, Drama Assistant, and so on.

On the whole the conditions and salaries are fairly good, and the work is really interesting.

But, remember, there are only some 3,000 people actually employed by the Corporation for broadcasting in all its ramifications, and, at Alexandra Palace, where television is starting out, there are about twelve key positions in respect of the creative side, and the same number on the engineering side.

"I want to learn about *broadcasting*," says the intelligent aspirant. Right. There is one school which works with the approval of the B.B.C., although it has no connection at all officially with it. The London School of Broadcasting is, I think, the only one of its kind, and its syllabus includes tuition in every aspect of actual broadcast, from announcing to drama and light entertainment.

Miss Minoprio, youthful head of the first Electrical Domestic Housecraft Institute. Electrical Housecraft is a new and promising profession for your daughter

The studios are a replica of those at Broadcasting House, and the tutors are recognised and famous broadcasters. A trial audition at the school is a good jump-off for a youngster *with ideas* as well as vague aspirations.

Television, of course, appeals to the really technically-minded boy. And in my careful check-up of data for this newest of all modern professions I got a great deal of interesting material from the famous first televisers, the Baird people.

The range of different types of experts required, and increasingly to be needed, should bring hope to the keen youngster. For instance, there is the transmitting end, the camera-man, sound-recording engineer, lighting expert, studio designer, art director, make-up man, projectionist, film editor, photographic experts, and so on.

Note that the boy or girl who is interested in the film industry finds points of contact here.

The television engineer is, of course, an expert apart, as are the research experts constantly employed; and, as the industry develops, the radio manufacturers will need specialists in the receiving side.

In fact, all these technical data I have given you mean that, for the parent with a really gifted son who has an infinite capacity for accurate, tireless work, there is a career ahead, "provided the youth is keen on his work and obtains a sound grounding in technical matters," says the Baird expert.

The two companies most concerned with developments at the moment are those working at (*Continued on page* 75)

BOOKS:

The Tale and The Teller

MISS ROSAMOND LEHMANN, author of "The Weather in the Streets"

Left:
C. S. FORESTER, whose novel, "The General," is probably the best book he has written

NEIL BELL, whose second volume of short stories has recently been published under the title of "Lucky Dip"

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

ONE talks of "the born story-teller"; but what, I wonder, is the precise meaning of that expression? The quality is easy to recognise. Some great novelists possess it, but not quite all of them, and there are even popular writers who seem to be without it. But when one tries to define it, one's thoughts are apt to whimper with indecision. To say that a born story-teller is a writer who holds your interest in spite of yourself, who makes it impossible for you to cease listening until you know the end, who can make any theme interesting—all these descriptions may be true, but they are pretty lame, and as definitions they don't even exist. Perhaps the born story-teller is simply one who knows how to play, without us being aware of it, on one or more of our emotions. I am not very proud of this suggestion, which at best does not take us far. But I cannot put forward a better.

Among the novels mentioned below are two or three which grip the attention by some means unconnected with their theme. *The General*, for instance, by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.). In this book Mr. Forester offers nothing but a powerful and unsympathetic study of the military mind. It ought, then, to be a story of limited appeal, but that safe and sensible remark is made to look silly by the author's inability to write a story of limited appeal. Possibly his latest novel will not have the success of *Brown on Resolution*, but I am sure that no one who reads a few pages of it will be able to put it down unfinished. It has that absorbing quality which I have tried, so unsuccessfully, to define. Mr. Forester, I think, loathes the military mind; but in spite of his temperamental bias, how horribly near the truth is his estimate of it! Does one really forgive all when one understands all? I don't altogether believe that. Yet such is the force of Mr. Forester's portrait that the reader, and perhaps the author, ends by finding a little admiration mixed with his dislike of, and contempt for, the stupid man of iron. In some ways, this is Mr. Forester's best book. His success owes nothing to his theme; it is a personal triumph of skill and imagination.

Or take Miss Rosamond Lehmann. Her new novel, *The Weather in the Streets* (Collins, 8s.), is all about that fair old, rare old ricketty racketty crew of gin-drinking would-be artists who are as boring to read about as to meet. But at Miss Lehmann's whistle the hot and shiny mass sorts itself into some kind of semblance to life. Like Vicki Baum (another born story-teller), she has the knack of arresting immediate attention, and her little scenes are done to perfection. Indeed, the smaller the scene the better Miss Lehmann's handling of it. It is a pity that the accursed fashion of longer and longer novels has led her to attempt a large canvas. The fashion has spoiled many novelists. Some don't matter much; Miss Lehmann does. She is a beautiful writer, and though I think her new novel a strategical error, I find much of it enchanting. It contains one thoroughly satisfactory full-length portrait—that of the heroine, Olivia Curtis, by studying whom even the wisest of men can, I imagine, learn about women.

Lord Berners has an unusual array of gifts. He composes music, paints pictures, and has written a not undistinguished volume of reminiscences. But he lacks the story-teller's gift, and his farcical tale, *The Camel* (Constable, 6s.), is amusing only mildly and in places. He has drawn three illustrations for his pretty little volume, but, like the writing, these do not strike the note that seems to be intended. Miss Norah C. James, on the other hand, though she may have limitations as a novelist, manages to get, more or less, the effect she aims at. Her new book, *Sea View* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), is a simple tale of rivalry between two seaside hotel-keepers. Easy and pleasant to read, it should prove a popular holiday book. It is also, I suppose, opportunely arrived; people seem to like to read about the kind of life they are leading.

HIS second volume of short stories, called *Lucky Dip* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), contains another long autobiographical preface by Mr. Neil Bell. Mr. Somerset Maugham set the fashion, and Mr. Bell has followed him so faithfully that his preface, also, is the best thing in the book, and reaches a level not attained by any of the succeeding tales. His fiction is lively and effective; but though I consider him a better novelist than writer of short stories, I believe his most successful book will be the autobiography which, judging from the two instalments he has given us, he must surely be in process of writing. *Rodeo* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) contains forty-seven stories and sketches by that master of his art the late R. B. Cunninghame Graham. They have been selected by Mr. A. F. Tschiffely. It is practically certain that no lover of Don Roberto's work will entirely approve the choice made by anyone but himself. I look in vain for some of my own favourites, yet I am willing to admit that Mr. Tschiffely has, on the whole, included a large proportion of the sketches which I regard as the best. Some readers may raise an eyebrow on observing that the longest piece in the volume is all about Mr. Tschiffely himself; but it is a good essay, and deserves its place. How strange it seems to have survived into a world empty of Cunninghame Graham! I have heard, I know not with what truth, that he was the hereditary King of Scotland. When he made his rare appearances at literary gatherings, he would enter the room—not arrogantly, but, as it were, in spite of himself—like a king, and something in his bearing made even the most distinguished members of the company look like court followers. Does he ride, now, in the Elysian fields? Only in the intervals, I think, of sitting to Vandyck. I should like to see that picture.

You've Got a Lucky Face

"MEET YOURSELF,"
by *Prince Leopold Loewenstein* and *William Gerhardi.*
(Faber and Faber, 6s.)

THIS fascinating book, which will doubtless prove a blessing to innumerable hostesses of dinner and week-end parties during the autumn, is said to have taken three years to compile; and there is no reason to suspect the truth of the claim. It opens with an elaborate, and sometimes rather intimate, *questionnaire*; thereafter, it branches freely into a number of psychological dissertations, through which the reader threads his way according to the answers he has given to the original questions. Treated first as a type, he will find himself later being regarded as an individual—such, at least, was my experience. It was a surprising experience, because in most books of this kind the classification is so very rough that one seems to belong, piecemeal, to all the categories. In this case, by following the directions, I reached what seems to me a pretty shrewd estimate of my deplorably weak character; and when, going through the process again, I cheated and gave a few doubtful answers, I immediately found myself among analyses which did not apply to me at all. To enjoy this book, you must not cheat, even unintentionally, and for that you will need not only honesty but much care. But with a pencil, a sheet of paper, and an hour and a half's peace, you will learn a good deal about yourself.

Presumably the Prince did the spadework and produced the searching questions on which the investigation rests; for it is not doubtful that Mr. Gerhardi is the author of the little essays which fill the later part of the volume. Page after page is signed all over by him. The task has suited him; he has obviously enjoyed it, and consequently he is at his best, penetrating and witty and not troubled by clemency. After tracing his own insignificant and snakelike nature, the reader will find it well worth his while to examine the other analyses, or some few thousands of them. It will cheer him to note the even greater degradation of his dearest friends. By the way, it is a real pleasure to meet again (p. 177) a very old friend of all readers of novels—the patient, understanding woman who waits, and is proud when her errant lover returns. Where is she living nowadays, this great-hearted woman? I thought she had been dead for years.

WILLIAM GERHARDI

Memoranda

"THE INDIAN STATES AND PRINCES," by *Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B.*
(Jarrolds, 18s.)

IN this timely volume Sir George MacMunn describes the principal States and Princes, with their varied origins. He traces their histories and the part they have played in the history of the British occupation, and proceeds to discussion of the problems before them and the British. There are numerous illustrations.

STANLEY ROGERS

"FREAK SHIPS," by *Stanley Rogers.*
(Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.)

IT is claimed that here "is the most diverting and unorthodox volume that has ever been written on ships," and the claim is surely justified. Mr. Rogers has collected details of all the queerest boatbuilding experiments yet made, and his pages, always interesting and often highly amusing, contain over a hundred explanatory line drawings from his pen.

"R.M.S. QUEEN MARY," Photographed by *Stewart Bale* and others. Described by *George Blake.*
(Batsford, 2s. 6d.)

THE photographs are excellent, and the publishers have been wise, in this case, not to include too many of those "amusing" angle shots beloved of camera-men but not very informative to an inquiring public. Mr. Blake's notes, though painfully arch at times, contain a good deal of information.

"ADVENTURES IN INVESTING," by "*Securitas.*"
(Hogarth Press, 5s.)

A GOOD many readers will be already familiar with the *nom de plume*, if not with the name, of this author. The purpose of his book is the provision of help and advice to the small and uninstructed investor, so important to the big investors, and as a rule so badly treated by them. As far as a small and uninstructed investor can judge, here is a sound, understandable and welcome work.

"THE BALLETOMANE'S SCRAP-BOOK,"
by *Arnold Haskell.*
(Black, 7s. 6d.)

IT is hardly necessary to explain that the ballet which is the cause of Mr. Haskell's mania is the Russian Ballet, of which he here reproduces nearly two hundred of his favourite photographs of favourites. The volume is one which all his fellow-balletomanes will wish to own. Many of the glimpses here given are of extraordinary beauty.

Dora Beddoe, by Winifred Blazey (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.), is a first novel, and a good one. A study of the psychology of a murderer, it is a grim, closely written, not easily forgotten piece of work. There are a few false touches in the portrayal of some of the minor characters, but Dora Beddoe herself seems to me flawless. Miss Blazey, who comes to fiction via the unusual route of child welfare work, is a welcome arrival. Less profound, more intent on the simple thrill, is Mr. Graham Seton's new story of adventure and intrigue, *Scar* 77 (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.). Characterisation is not Mr. Seton's strong point. His Chief of the Imperial General Staff is just a gramophone record, and the voices of the rest of the cast give out an unmistakably metallic ring. However, the story is exciting, and keeps moving all the time. But why does the artist responsible for the dust-cover show a scarred left wrist, when the author particularly explains that it was the right wrist? And why does the other artist responsible for the dust-cover of *Dora Beddoe* draw a head which bears no resemblance to the description of that lady given on the first page of the story? Is there a central factory of dust-covers, where publishers pick any design that will, roughly, do? Or don't artists see the books for which they make designs? Or don't they read them? It is all most mysterious.

IN *The Killing-Bottle Murder* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Louis Anderson Fenn has written an amusing parody—for such I take it to be—of the average detective story. Two amateur investigators take up the case of a young man accused of murder. By making police and lawyers completely immobile and apathetic, Mr. Fenn cleverly lights up the ordinary common sense of his untrained sleuths until it looks like genius. The trick is an old one, but none the worse for being exposed. But perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the book is the conversation. It might seem impossible to exaggerate the bathos of the popular thriller, but Mr. Fenn has succeeded. I particularly liked the *cri de cœur* of the young lady who is passionately in love with the suspected young man. "Oh, dear," she cries, "this is awful! I can't bear to think of Philip with the rope round his neck."

THE FIRST TEN DAYS

HOW is your vitality?

I ask because August is vitality month—being holiday-month. And on your August-stored vitality will greatly depend the success of your year, the power to rise above reverses, to conceive fresh ideas.

Now, this precious resilience is not to be garnered haphazardly. For it so greatly depends on freedom from body poisons, and a happy elimination of all budding ills, before they have been *suppressed* into becoming actual ailments.

So, take stock of yourself before you go away, as you would take stock of your face. You have a free two or three weeks in which to become so *well* that you will return feeling fit to conquer the world.

I ask you only to observe certain rules which, far from turning you into a martyr, will bring greater zest to your enjoyment later.

But be honest with yourself. Are you nervy, anæmic, sleepless? Any twinges of rheumatism, indigestion? Oh, I know the latter can be forgotten by sucking a lozenge or taking a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. But don't be content to *suppress* anything. Strike at the root of your trouble, as you would pluck out an offending eyebrow.

It's the first ten days of vacation that count.

About food. Try to keep to an all-fruit breakfast with weak tea, at the start, however tempting the smell of frizzling eggs and bacon. Oranges and grape-fruit are best.

Have a tomato cocktail (pressed juice of six *fresh* tomatoes) before lunch. And, if lunch could be an all-vegetable meal, preferably a raw and salad meal with grated cheese, it would be vitamin-charged and provide the necessary bulk and roughage for easy digestion and quick elimination. Raw or braised onions should topple over the menu for those who are anæmic or sleepless.

Eat and drink anything you like for dinner. Wines in preference to spirit. And avoid sauces and twice-cooked meats, also pastries, if possible. If you could limit yourself to just one cigarette after meals, so very much the better, and try to make a break of half an hour before you have after-dinner coffee.

This simple attention will give such a rest to your organs that the repair-work will enable you to behave just as you please during meal aftermaths for the rest of the year.

Oh, and make a point of sinking at least a pint of water between breakfast and lunch. You can sip it elegantly through a straw during a sun-bath.

Yes, and I want you to be very strict over the "wash-outs, dry-outs and lie-outs" to follow. Quite as punctilious over them as over fixing your hair.

A wash-out is another name for a colonic douche. Self-administered, easy, comforting. This douche clears the intestinal track of all clinging debris, much in the same way as you would de-fur a kettle.

Once the track is clean, the natural juices of the gut are free to exude and propel evacuation.

These douches positively cure constipation. Free of that, say farewell to other ills. But they require about an hour, half an hour to give and complete, and half an hour to rest afterwards. Of course you can start them before you go on holiday, providing you take one for ten days consecutively. They really will make all the difference to your vitality store-taking.

* * *

A dry-out is a sun-bath. Fit in three the first day in periods of seven minutes each. Keep the head and middle body, from under the chest to the middle thigh, covered. It isn't wise to expose the whole body till the third day.

Gradually work these sun-baths up from seven minutes to periods of an hour each—never more—keeping the body well oiled so as to prevent violent sun-burn.

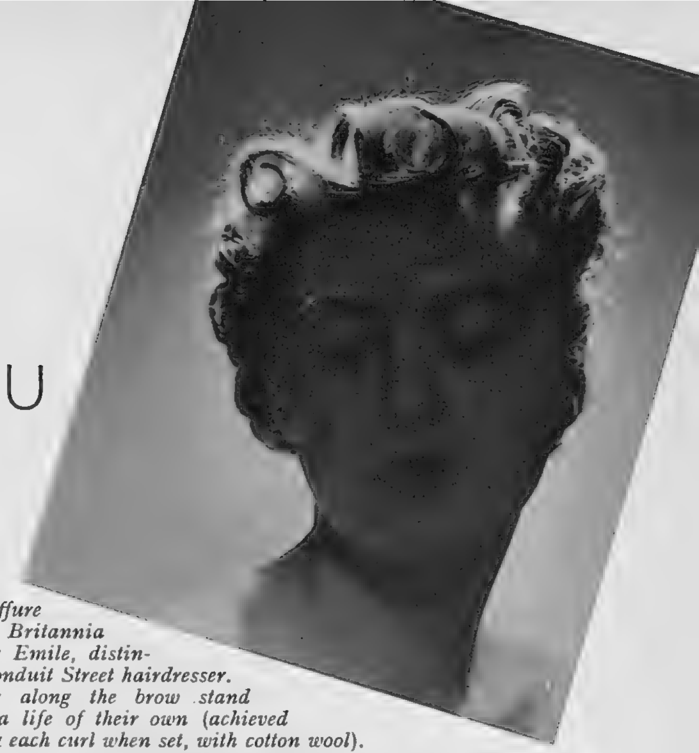
On chilly days, when sun-baths are impossible, the rheumatically-inclined will do well to substitute a sun-period by a warm-water bath in which 4 oz. of borax and 4 oz. boracic acid powder have been dissolved. Or, alternatively, two tablespoons of a strong pine essence called Pinolac.

Such a bath will act as a dry-out. In it they will soak, systematically working each joint of their body, starting from the neck, proceeding to the toes.

Here is a good breathing routine to be taken by the "nervy" during sun-periods. It is the Yogi method of restoring balance to the body. Let the ankles touch, draw the knees slightly up, apart, and pointing out. Now empty lungs, and count six before you breathe in to the same measured six. Hold breath for six and breathe out to the same six. Keep lungs empty for six, as before, and breathe in to rhythm again. Repeat six times at least.

This way of breathing helps to make blood for the anæmic and bring sleep to (*Continued on page* 109)

NEW HAIR BEAUTY FOR YOU



Lovely coiffure created for Britannia & Eve by Emile, distinguished Conduit Street hairdresser. The curls along the brow stand up, with a life of their own (achieved by backing each curl when set, with cotton wool). Flat curls go in twos and threes from temples to nape, showing ears, more curls lie flat along the nape. (*Joy Smith, Carlton.*)

HERE are ways to remove dandruff, to bring lustre to the drab head, to give you new, undreamed-of hair beauty.

You will require at least four hours' retirement. . . . A verandah or garden. . . . Sunshine. . . . Half-a-dozen lemons. . . . Some first-class setting lotion, preferably spirit. . . . One large jar of special gland extract, instead of soap. (This ointment is infallible for removing scurf and straightway restores gloss and flexibility to over-bleached, lifeless and brittle hair.)

Claw a fair handful of ointment and knead it well into and over the scalp. Massage the scalp until the skin is loosened from the skull and can almost be pressed up and away. This will break down and dislodge uric acid crystals and other perspiration poisons.

Now wring out a small bath-towel in boiling water, fold it in three, and wrap it round your head. Try and bear the moisture at great heat for it pulls away scurf and brings circulation to the scalp surface, stimulating a healthy new skin.

Be armed with two towels. Change them every three minutes, and if you suffer from dandruff, continue the treatment for three-quarters of an hour, adding more gland extract from time to time.

Then rub the head well under warm water, when the gland ointment will froth and wash out like soap.

Sit in the sun and dry energetically with a rough towel, brushing the hair up, around, and out from the head with a hard, long-bristled brush. This brushing is important, for the scalp receives all too-little exercise these days when wet hair is continually plastered down for a wave-set.

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

BY CHRYSIS

After an hour's drying and brushing, thoroughly soak the head in strained lemon juice. Follow with at least two water rinses so that no stickiness remains. Then push in the setting combs and pin up the curls, adjust the wave-net and let the sun shine on hair that has been immersed in lemon-acid. (If you can't set your hair yourself, let it dry in the sun, then tuck it under your hat and run along to your hairdresser.)

Find time, if you can, for this shampoo once a week.

If your curls should fuzz after the lemon-wash, and this may easily happen by the sea—a mere moistening of the hand-palms with a glandular oil which is then passed over the head will suffice to keep them smooth and set without ever a hint of grease.

While, if you are a brunette fighting off grey hair—oh, that trying pepper-and-salt period!—there is an old-fashioned, excellent oil, to be worked into the scalp two days before the shampoo, which combines perfectly with the gland-extract to feed the hair follicles and give back original colour.

* * *

Now here is a shampoo for those who lack time or are lazy.

Substitute the gland-extract by a soapless quinine lotion. This lotion is sprayed or shaken on to the head and finger-tipped well into the skin. Then rub the head vigorously under hot water. Give several rinses. Do not dry. Brush for a short while. Cut out the lemon soaking. Set and sit in the sun. (Or, as before, go and be set.)

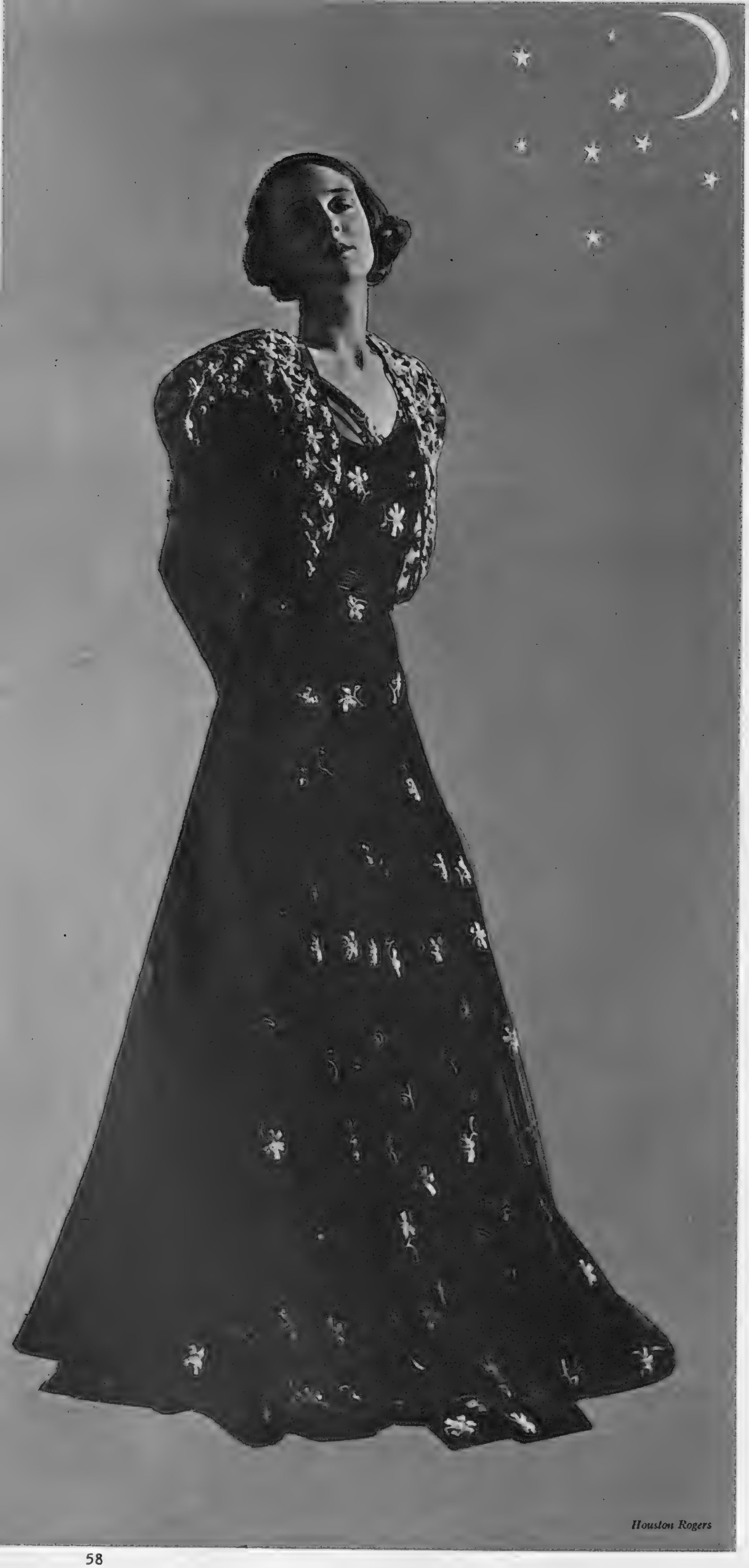
There is no hair-vitaliser to compare with quinine as long as it is only used now and again.

Victims of severe dandruff should call at the hairdresser's for special steam treatment before taking either of these home sun-gold shampoos.

There is a first-rate new oil and heat cure. The oil is in three variations to suit different types of hair and ages.

The head is first placed in a steel-cap steamer, a kind of outsize hood with an inner flange to fit closely round the forehead. The heat in this sucks away at the scalp, giving infinite comfort without causing any feeling of oppression or headache.

Hot oil—brought and kept to a certain heat—is massaged into the scalp as soon as the pores are well-opened. The head is shut back into the steel cap for eight or ten minutes; then hot oil is poured on again, and the process repeated three or four times. (*Continued on page* 94)



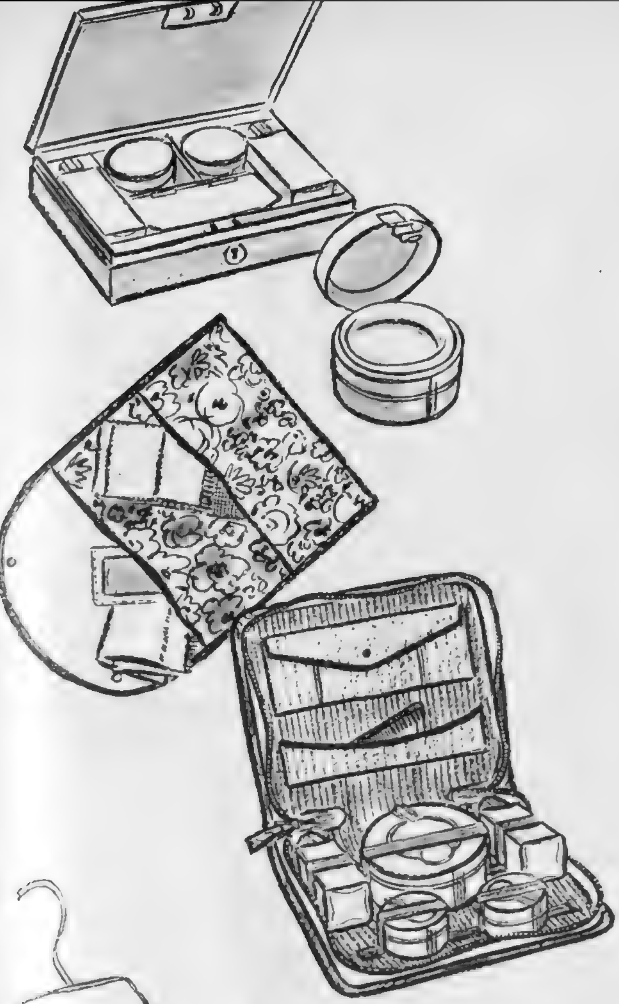
Houston Rogers

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

EDITOR, WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

A new moon (turn your money over and bow three times), a starry sky in the heavens, a heavenly new dress on earth. Black net, glistening with a hundred flowers made out of white spangles, fits at bodice, waist and hips, then swirls into fulness. Over the low-backed dress goes a dear little bolero, with high sleeves. *Debenham and Freebody*, Model Gowns.



GOING AWAY

There is hardly an excuse for not being a good packer to-day, with all the neat little packing tricks you can buy. Modern luggage itself, carefully thought-out, compartmented, adroitly fitted, offers you maximum space, with minimum bulk and weight, makes packing almost a pleasure.

Top of the page is a japanned metal travelling toilet-case, with space for manicure things, two bottles and two jars. 3/11. The metal powder-box to match, has a top tray, preventing spilling. 1/6.

Beneath it is a toilet companion, made of flowered waterproof silk, containing two pockets, face square, small towel and soap. Folds flat into your handbag. 1/11.

Next comes a soft, compact dressing-case, which takes up no space at all. Flower-patterned satin, rubber lined, zip fastens all round, contains two bottles, two jars, powder-jar, two pockets. 10/6.

The set of four gussetted cellophane envelopes, in the nicest pastels, will store separately all your pretties, stockings, handkerchiefs, lingerie, collars, gloves. 4/11.

Best way to pack a crushable dress is lie it flat on a padded silk, cellophane lined dress roller, roll it up, tie it up, and you 'll never have a crease. The dress roller is drawn here, with a dress inside it, ready to put into your bag. 1/6.

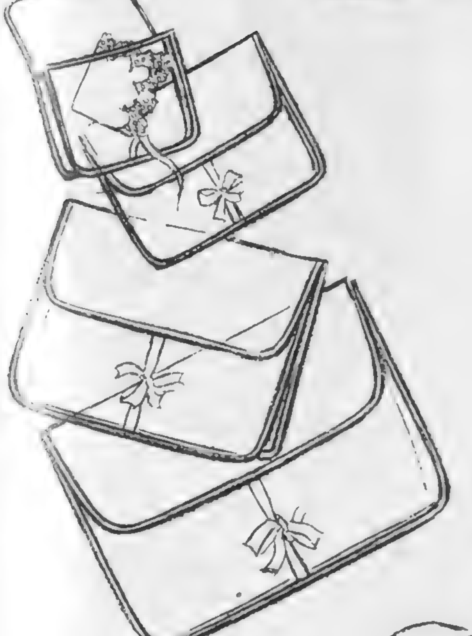
At the bottom left of the page is a round, light-weight case, with flat base for lingerie, a solid dome for hats, compartments for shoes, stockings, etceteras. 35/6.

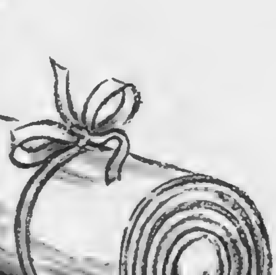
To its right, a roomy travelling handbag in morocco, brown, navy, black, red, green, beige. 21/-.

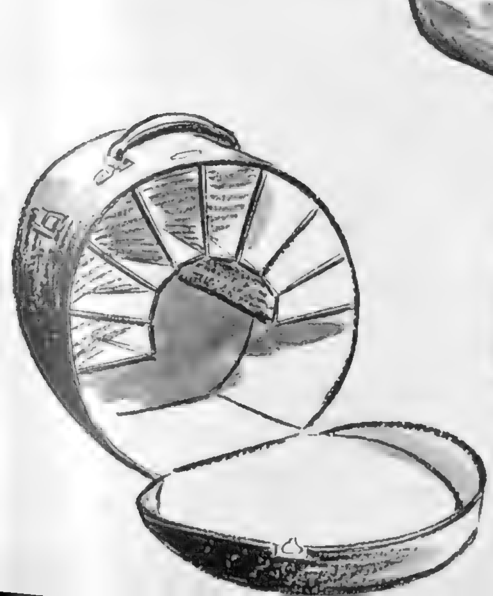
The suitcase below is brown (or blue) " Vulcan " fibre, smooth finished, with vulcanised corners. It expands. 32/6. (There are others from 10/-.)

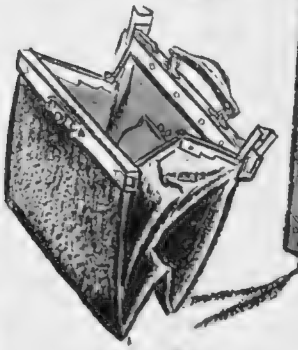
Last, a real travel luxury : a wardrobe suitcase, thirty inches long, with three hangers, room for shoes, underclothes, and all your little things. 84/-.

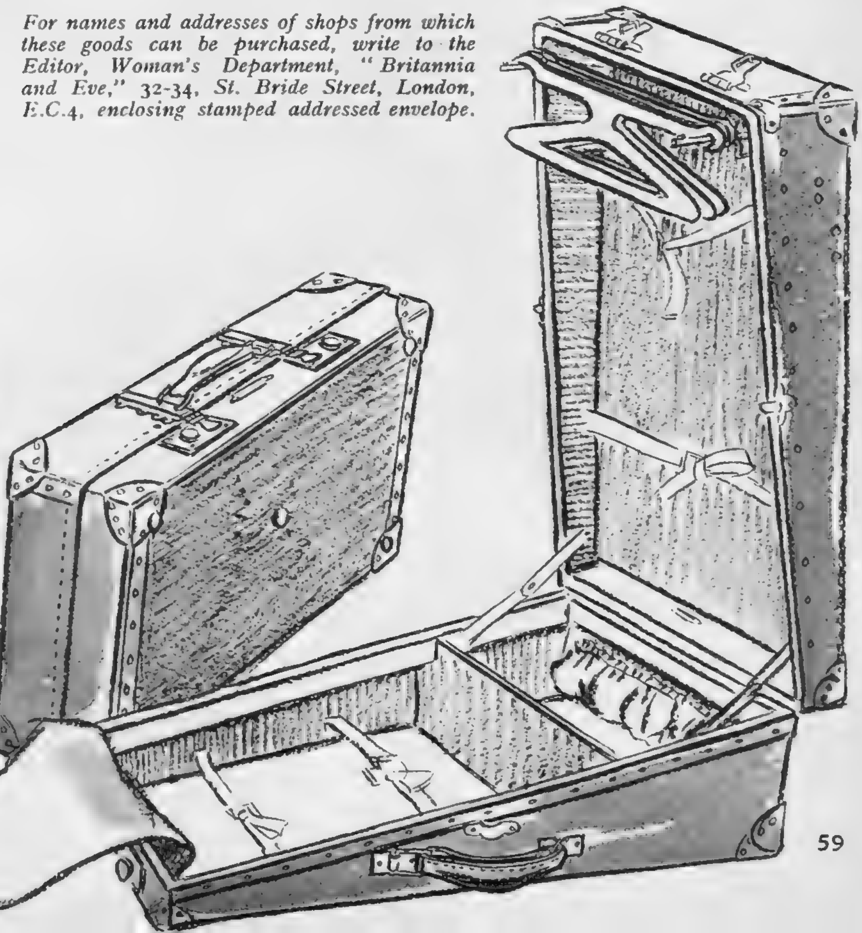
For names and addresses of shops from which these goods can be purchased, write to the Editor, Woman's Department, " Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

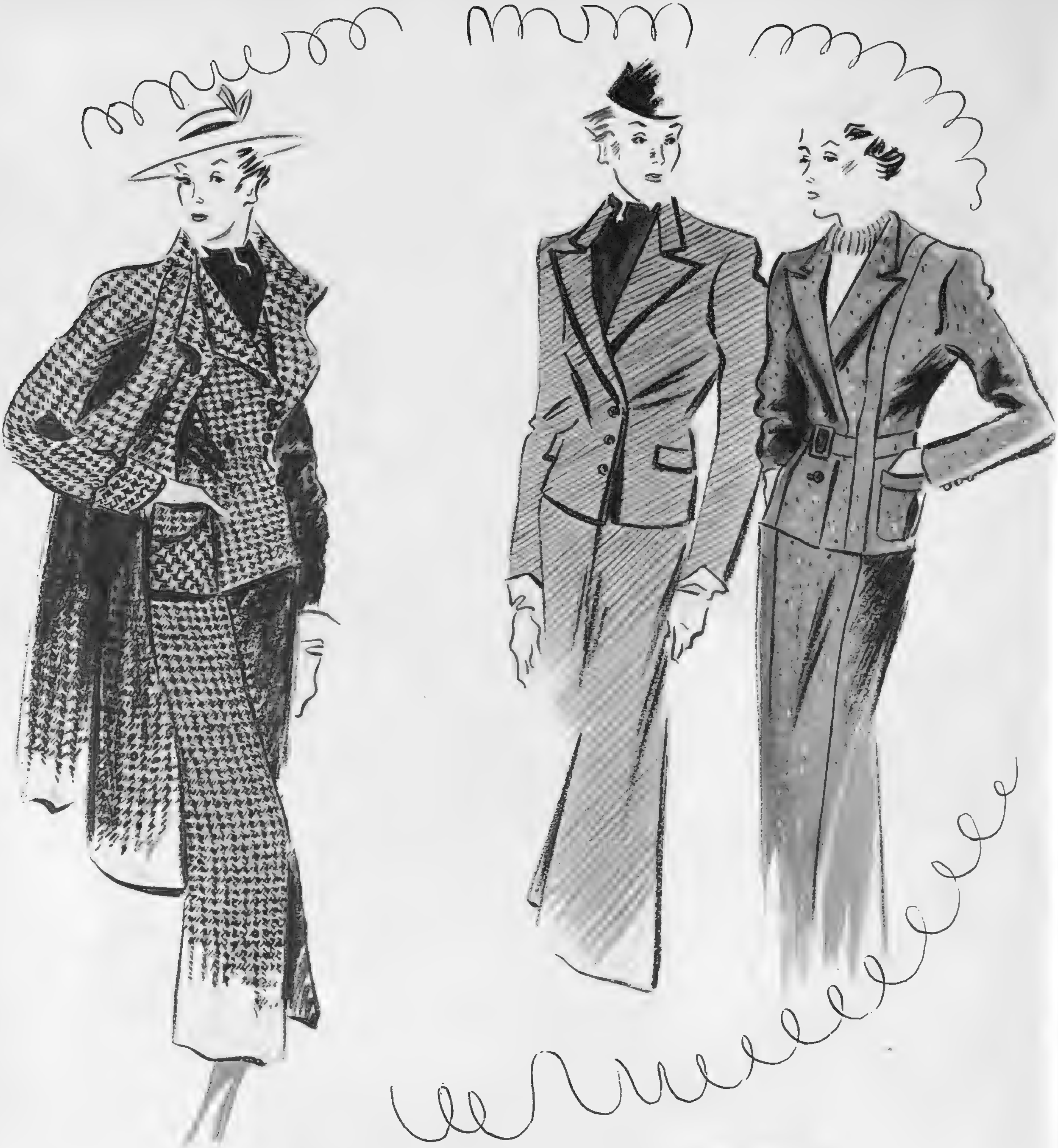












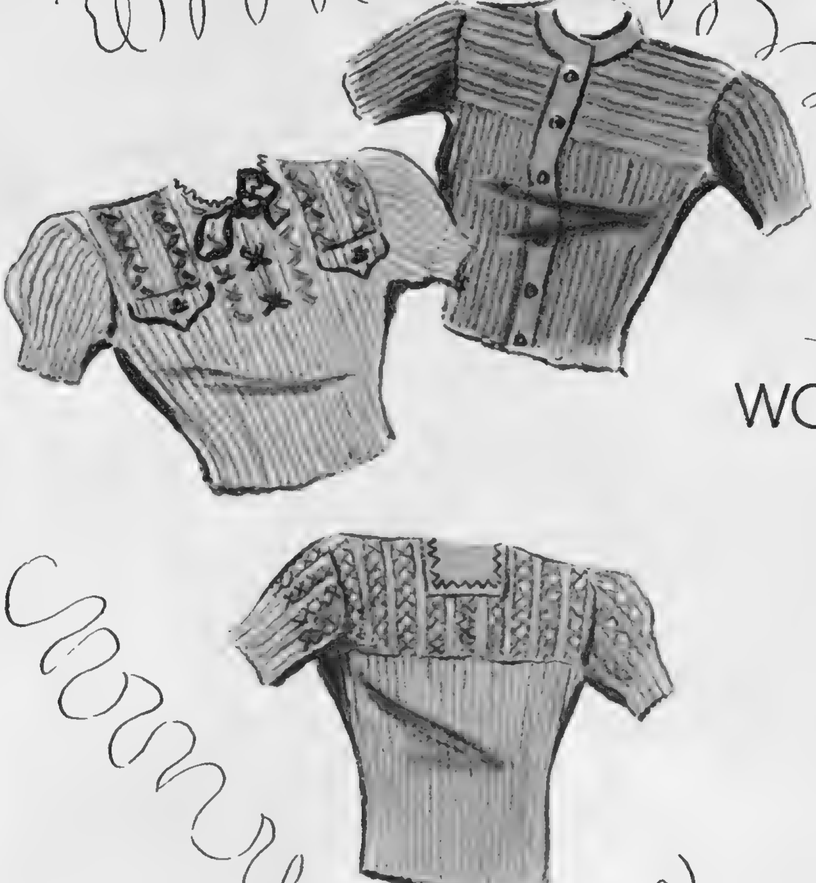
SUITS

The sun still shines, but August means tweeds again, and very glad we are to see them, smell them, wear them.

The first outfit is a three-piece coat and skirt, and over it a three-quarter-length raglan swinging top-coat. It is check tweed, obtainable in wine and beige, bottle and beige, nigger and beige, black and grey, navy and grey. The skirt has an inverted pleat centre front and back. The coat is neatly tailored, double-breasted, with large envelope pockets. Seven and a half guineas. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

Next is a dear little suit, made different by the contrasting binds round collar, revers, fronts, pockets, and scarf. Yorkshire tweed, diagonally striped, wine and grey (other good colours, too) with wine bindings. Inverted pleat back and front of the skirt. Five and a half guineas. *Marshall and Snelgrove.*

If you are a gunning woman, the third suit is meant especially for you, though you don't necessarily have to go shooting in it. The point is it has *chic*, as well as efficiency. It is beige tweed flecked with red, brown and yellow, the coat is cut on Norfolk lines, belted all round. Front and back of the skirt a box-pleated panel gives walking comfort. *Burberry.*



WOOLLIES

The short-sleeved ribbed jacket buttons down the front, and has a yoke, ribbing horizontally. Obtainable in most colours. *Jaeger.*

The middle jumper is not really entitled to be called woollie because it is made in natural linen thread, but we won't fuss about that, it 's so pretty. The sleeves are slightly puffed; the lacings and tie are green, the little pockets fasten with wooden buttons shaped like Tyrolean hats. *The Austrian Shop.*

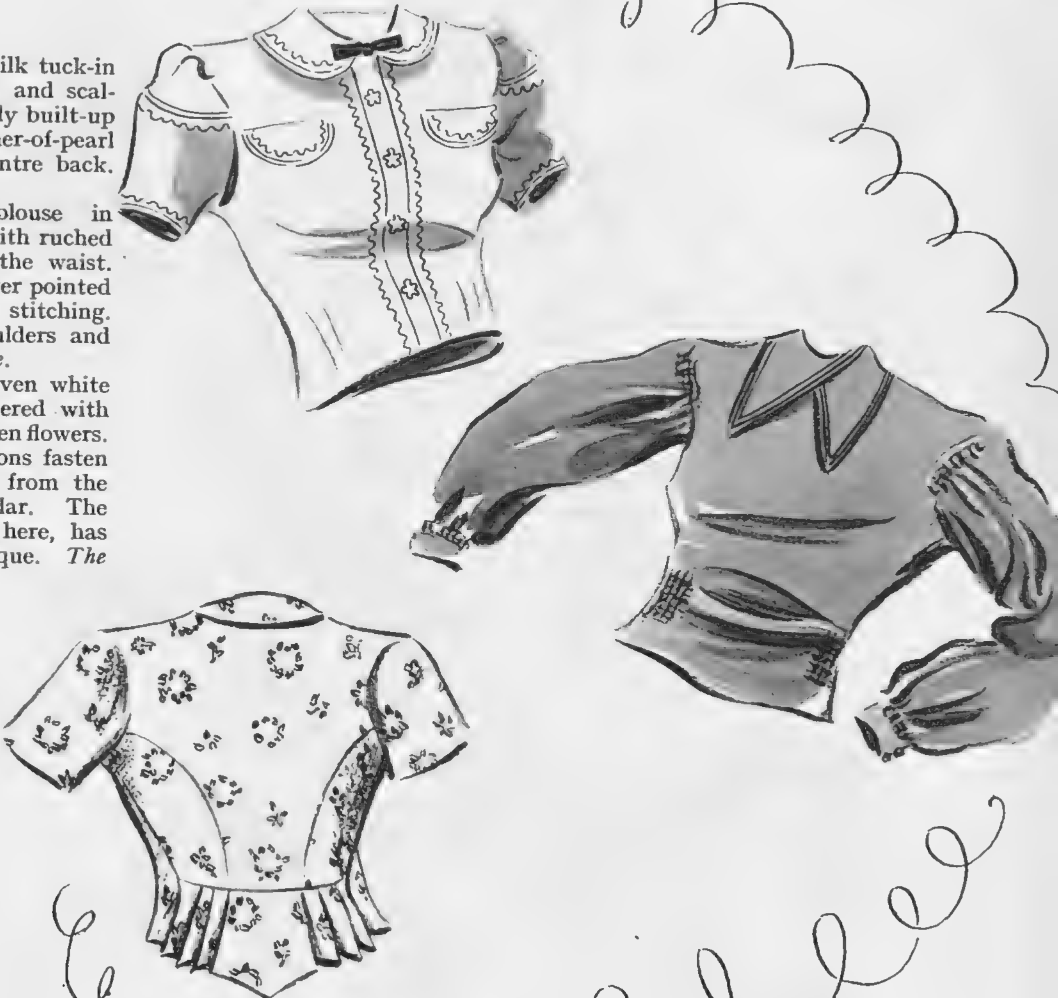
Third, a fine wool jumper with square-neck, ribbed, with fancy yoke. Round the square neck, a tiny white woollen frill. Most colours. *Jaeger*

BLOUSES

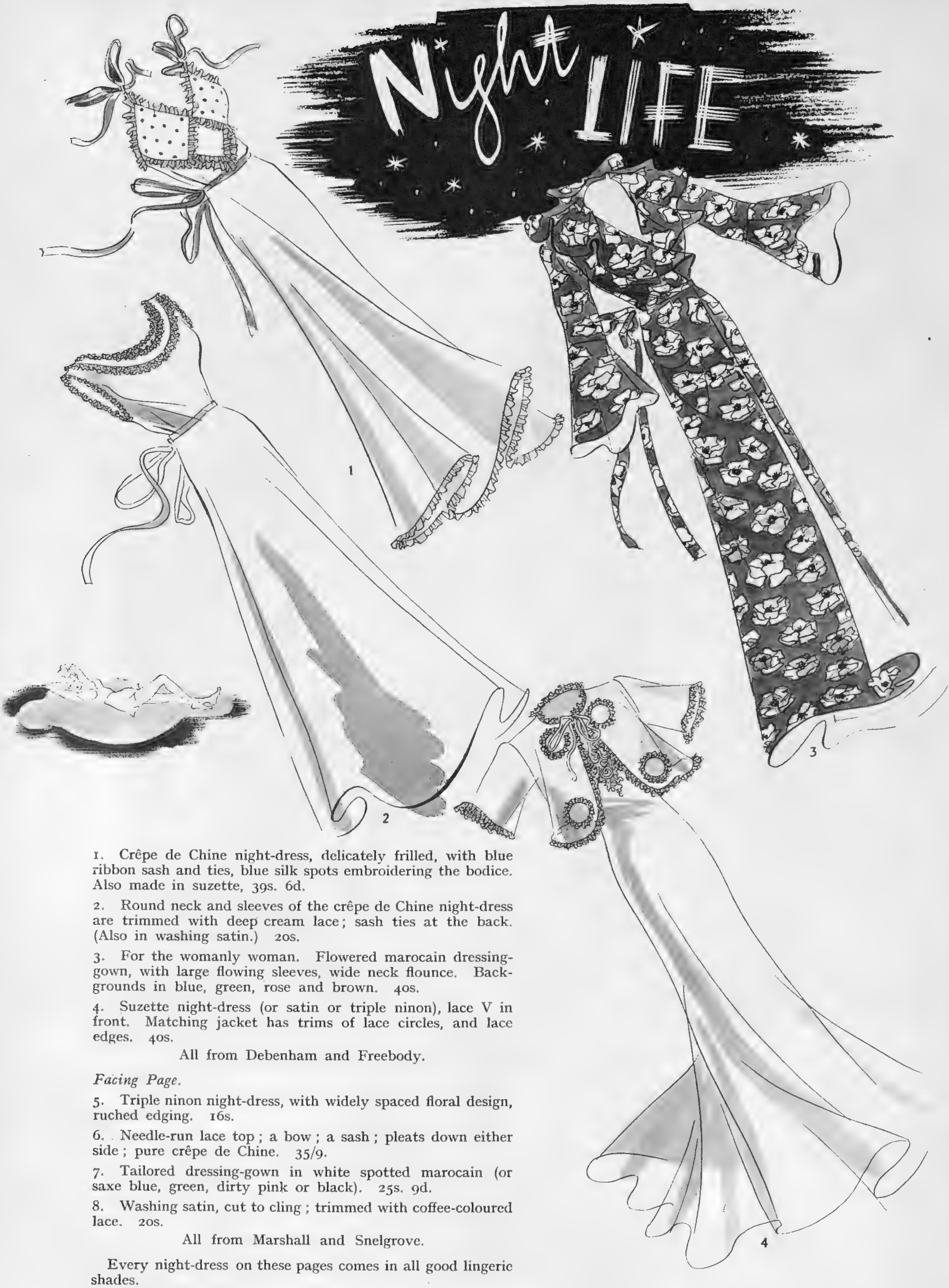
Top. Heavy white silk tuck-in blouse, with stitched and scalloped edgings. Slightly built-up sleeves. Nicked mother-of-pearl buttons. Pleat in centre back. *Lydia Moss.*

Far right. Overblouse in heavy amber crêpe, with ruched panels either side of the waist. High neck has turn-over pointed collar, edged with stitching. More ruching at shoulders and cuffs. *Marjorie Castle.*

Below. Peasant woven white linen jumper embroidered with brightly coloured woollen flowers. Coloured crochet buttons fasten right down the front from the high, turn-down collar. The back, which you see here, has a shaped, pleated basque. *The Austrian Shop.*



Night LIFE



1. Crêpe de Chine night-dress, delicately frilled, with blue ribbon sash and ties, blue silk spots embroidering the bodice. Also made in suzette, 39s. 6d.

2. Round neck and sleeves of the crêpe de Chine night-dress are trimmed with deep cream lace; sash ties at the back. (Also in washing satin.) 20s.

3. For the womanly woman. Flowered marocain dressing-gown, with large flowing sleeves, wide neck flounce. Backgrounds in blue, green, rose and brown. 40s.

4. Suzette night-dress (or satin or triple ninon), lace V in front. Matching jacket has trims of lace circles, and lace edges. 40s.

All from Debenham and Freebody.

Facing Page.

5. Triple ninon night-dress, with widely spaced floral design, ruched edging. 16s.

6. Needle-run lace top; a bow; a sash; pleats down either side; pure crêpe de Chine. 35/9.

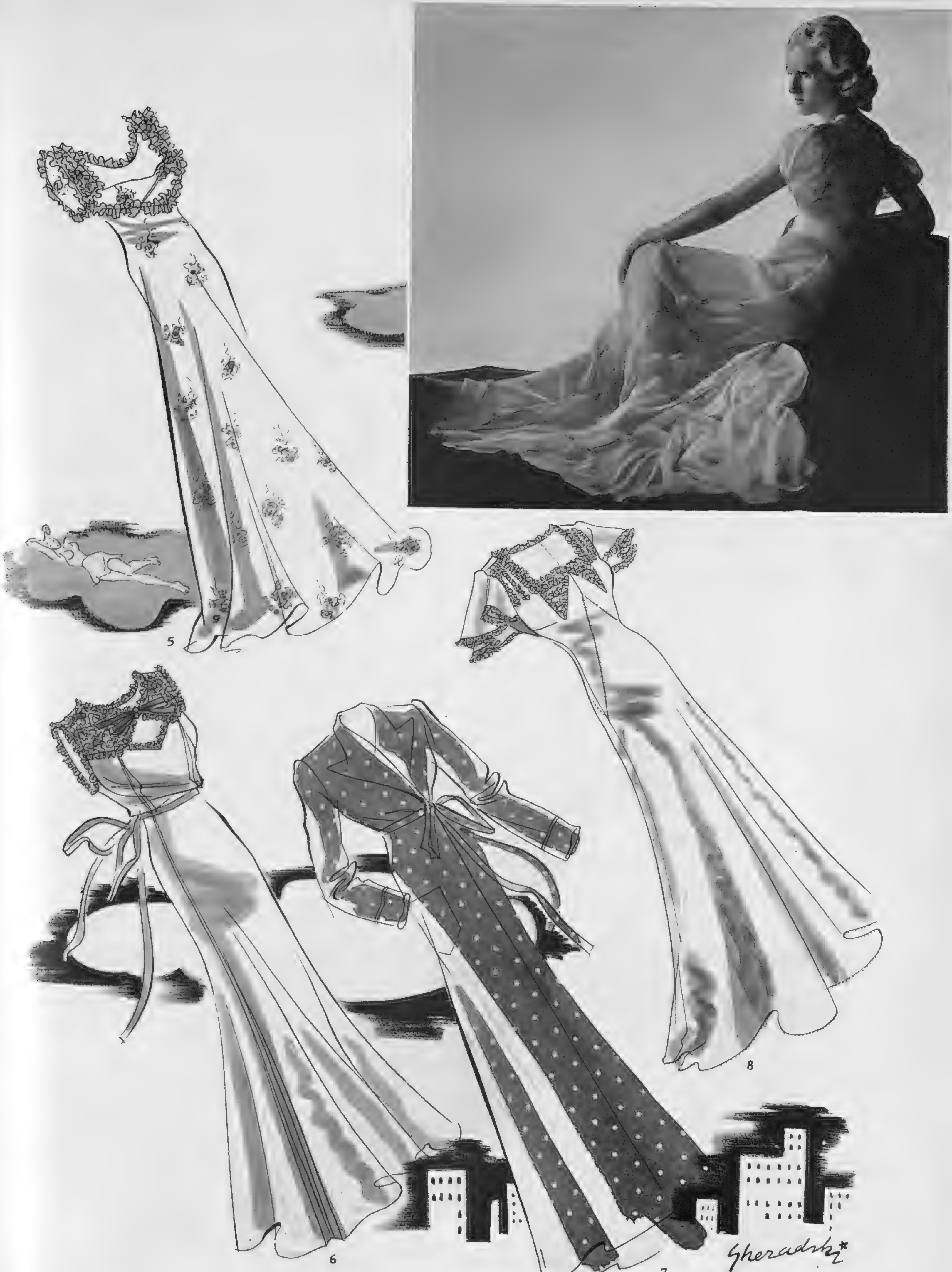
7. Tailored dressing-gown in white spotted marocain (or saxe blue, green, dirty pink or black). 25s. 9d.

8. Washing satin, cut to cling; trimmed with coffee-coloured lace. 20s.

All from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Every night-dress on these pages comes in all good lingerie shades.

The photograph at the top of the right-hand page shows a Schiaparelli night-dress, made of sheer shell chiffon, patterned with flower posies held in paper bouquets.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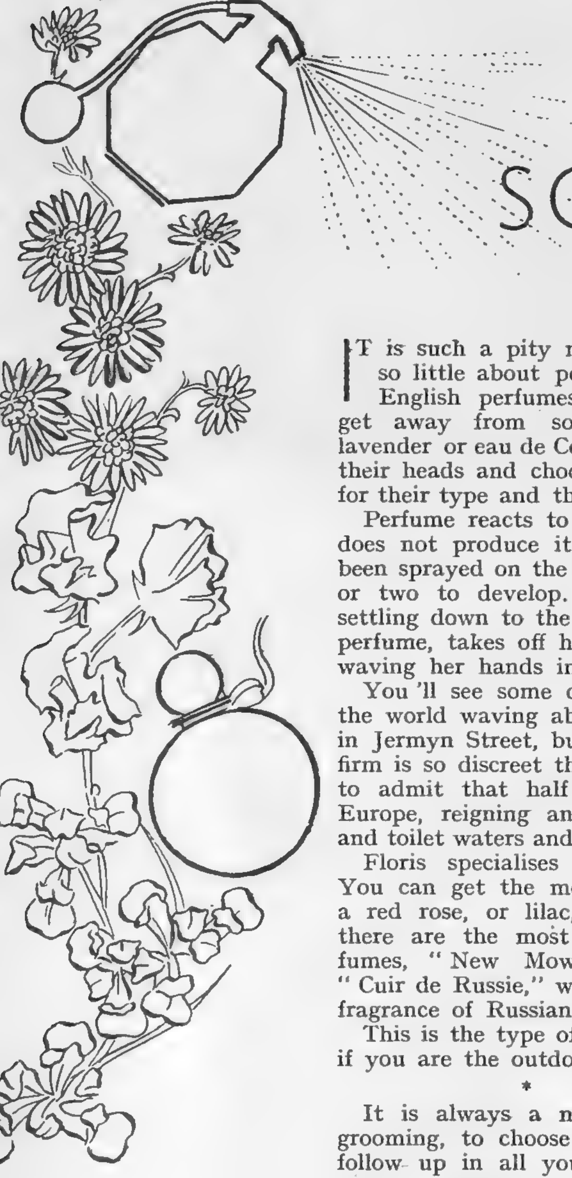
Gheradski

By Vere Denning



SCENT SENSE

It is such a pity most English women know so little about perfume, especially now that English perfumes are so good. Once they get away from something utterly safe, like lavender or eau de Cologne, they are apt to lose their heads and choose exactly the wrong scent for their type and the occasion.

Perfume reacts to the heat of the body, and does not produce its full bouquet until it has been sprayed on the skin and allowed a moment or two to develop. So a knowledgeable girl, settling down to the nice job of choosing a new perfume, takes off her gloves and does a lot of waving her hands in the air.

You 'll see some of the best-known hands in the world waving about if you go into Floris's, in Jermyn Street, but this two-hundred-year-old firm is so discreet that you will never get them to admit that half the kings and queens in Europe, reigning and ex-, buy their perfumes and toilet waters and things there.

Floris specialises in fresh flower perfumes. You can get the most faithful reproduction of a red rose, or lilac, or Roman hyacinth, and there are the most heavenly "country" perfumes, "New Mown Hay," for instance, or "Cuir de Russie," which brings you the mellow fragrance of Russian leather.

This is the type of perfume you should go for if you are the outdoor type.

* * *

It is always a nice idea, making for good grooming, to choose a perfume which you can follow up in all your toilet preparations, such as soap and dusting powder and bath essence.

Floris makes a complete range in all his scents; so does Elizabeth Arden with her new "Jasmine," and with "Blue Grass," which is at once fresh enough for a débutante, and interesting enough for the sophisticated woman.

It is essentially crisp and clean, and just what you want if you decide that your usual winter perfume is far too heavy for summer days and summer frocks.

Cyclax now have their stimulating perfume, launched last Christmas, in toilet water and bath essence as well. "Cinquième Nuit," it is called, and they have just decided to be kind to those who cannot run to 45s. all at once, and bring out a 12s. 6d. size.

This is without doubt the perfume for you if you feel you are rather too grown-up and woman-of-the-world for a simple flower scent, but don't want to trail anything heavy and mysterious and eastern behind you. For the young girl or the woman who spends the summer in cotton frocks for the morning and flowered soft things for the rest of the day, Dubarry have brought out "Rapture," a soft and flowery scent of the gardenia type.

For the evening, their newest suggestion is "Dancing Time," still a fresh bouquet, but this time rather more exotic.

* * *

August is the month which tests out, more than any other, what we politely call "personal daintiness." Feeling and looking cool is a major problem, but it is made far easier if you use eau de Cologne lavishly, in your bath, as a perfume, and as a friction.

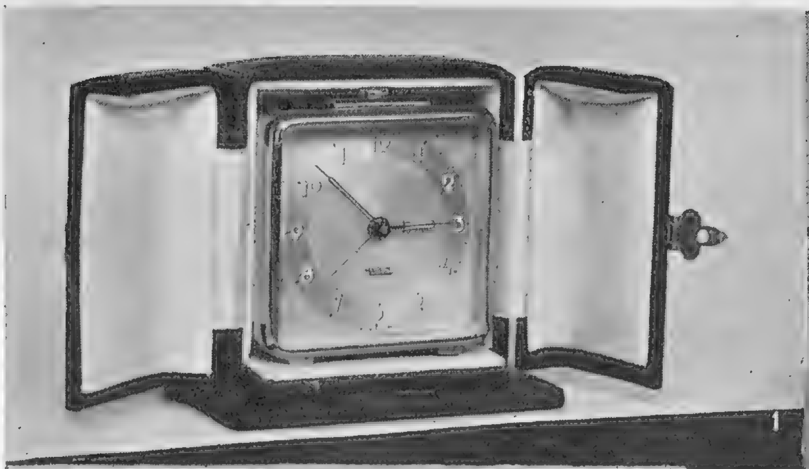
"4711" perfumed eau de Cologne is ideal for this, with its whispery fragrance which remains when the Cologne has vanished. "Rhinegold" is a perfect choice for the summer, light and restrained. You might call it a blonde's perfume. . "Tosca" is more brunette—languorous and exotic, as befits its name, but either helps you to get through the hottest day with the minimum of exhaustion.

You will be doing your men-folk a good turn, too, if you suggest they use it for a bath-freshener or body-friction, and the most ultra-hearty among them couldn't suggest it was unmanly.

Actually, though, men are getting far less hide-bound about this business of smelling nice. Much as we like the traditional Harris-tweed-and-tobacco odour which is supposed to be so dear to a woman's heart, it is pleasant to have a change sometimes. So you will be killing two birds with one stone if you tell them about this Cologne trick, or about Yardley's new "Toilet Water for Men," which is cool and unobtrusive and thoroughly masculine.

BLUE
BLUE GRASS
Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden's "Blue Grass" perfume, fresh enough for the young girl, interesting enough for the sophisticated woman



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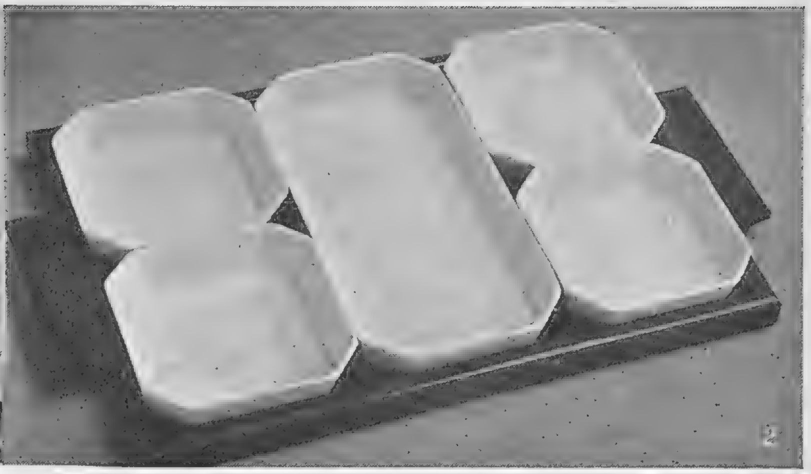

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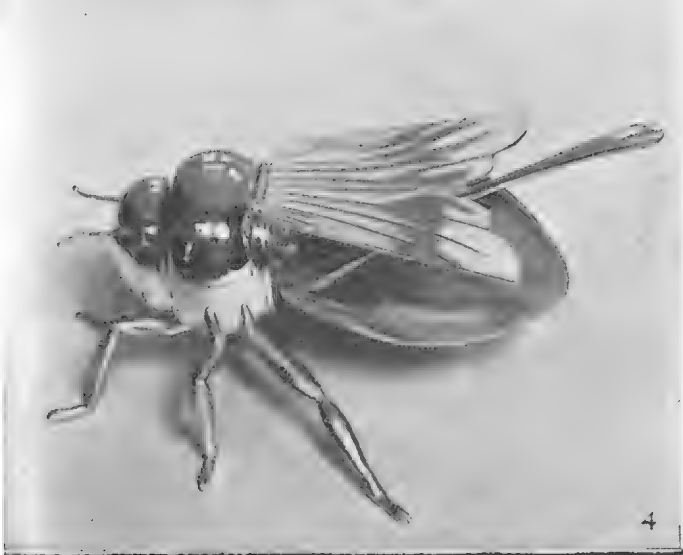

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THIS MONTH'S GOOD BUYS

1. A useful and reliable 30-hour alarm clock of chromium in a blue leatherette case, handy for travelling. Price 25/–. (Postage 6d.)

2. A set of hors-d'œuvre dishes in cream Ribstone ware on a walnut finish glass-topped tray costs 8/9. (Postage 1/–.) The dishes are also available in a delicate dove grey at 9/3.

3. It is more diverting to crack nuts with a mallet than with nut-crackers. This bowl and mallet in walnut and elm (decorative in itself) costs 8/–. (Postage 6d.)

4. This bee, with wings, head and legs of Prince's plate and body of amber glass, makes a novel and good-looking honey pot. Price 32/6. (Postage 9d.)

5. Cretonne-covered tidies for your bedroom. The set of three drawers costs 6/11 (postage 9d.) ; the glove box 1/11 (postage 6d.) ; the stocking box, to hold 12 pairs, with a drawer beneath, 7/11 (postage 9d.) ; the biscuit tin 2/3 (postage 6d.). All are obtainable in a poppy design on a pale green background, or in a foxglove design on a blue background.

6. This workbox occupies little space when closed. Obtainable in blue or pink cellulosed wood, with nickel hinges. Price 8/–. (Postage 6d.)

Write to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy for you, send an *open postal order* (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

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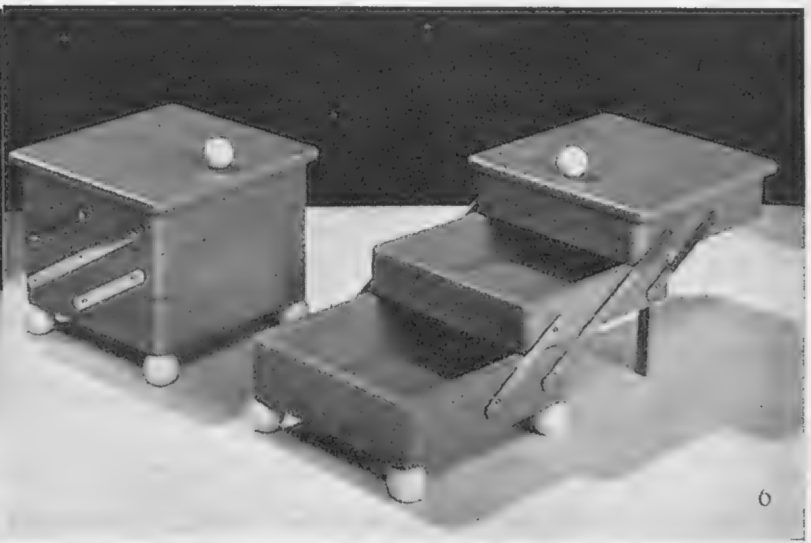

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CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

IF you have any misgiving about your complexion, write to Yardley's for their free booklet, " Beauty Secrets from Bond Street."

Their latest revised edition of this helpful illustrated brochure deals separately with special treatments for different types of skin.

There is also an illustrated page on home massage movements, all of which have been carefully planned to brace and firm the muscles of the face, and a colour chart showing the various shades of powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and nail varnish available.

Cleansing, toning and nourishing are the essentials of the Yardley Home Beauty Treatment. A miniature beauty box containing a complete trial outfit for normal, dry or oily skins costs 5s. 6d.

The Beauty Box which we have illustrated contains generous supplies of Skin Food, Foundation Cream, English Complexion Cream, Toning Lotion, Complexion Milk and Cleansing Tissues, and costs 16s.

NOWADAYS the bathroom has become one of the most important rooms in the house, and bath essences, bath salts and the most deliciously refreshing and delicately perfumed soaps are all there to add to our enjoyment.

To complete the Bath Series they introduced last Christmas, Innoxa have just marketed a new Beauty Bath Soap. It is obtainable in the same perfumes as the Innoxa Bath Salts—lavender, rose, gardenia and eau de Cologne—and costs 4s. for a box containing four generous tablets.

It gives an excellent lather and contains certain antiseptics and balms which soothe the skin and allay irritation.

IN spite of general good health and infinite resistance to common ills, many people have stomachs that very easily go back on them. An attack of violent pain often follows an attack on a delicious lobster salad. Many good picnics are ruined by the inability to digest sandwiches and pasties.

Sufferers will derive infinite benefit from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. A 1s. 3d. bottle packed in a week-end suitcase will save them from sleepless nights in households where the hospitality exceeds the limits of their digestive ability. A 5s. bottle taken on a cruise will earn the gratitude of fellow passengers lacking in such foresight.

L.B.W. stands for Lemon Barley Water, one of the biggest hits of the season.

It is made from the juice of fresh lemons and the finest pearl barley, and is a most refreshing soft drink. It can be the basis of a cocktail with an equal part of gin and a dash of angostura bitters, a hot nightcap with equal portions of whisky or rum diluted with hot water, a highball with an equal measure of gin topped with soda.

Concentrated L.B.W. is ready for instant use, keeps fresh indefinitely, even after opening. It costs 1s. 9d. for a large bottle. In addition to its obvious advantages as a grand thirst quencher, the medical profession recommend it as invaluable in cases of kidney disorders and gastric trouble.

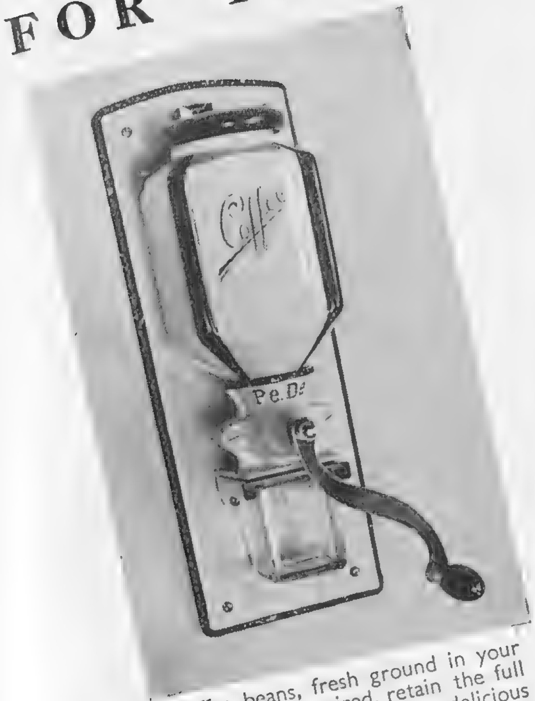
IF you take your gardening seriously you will know something about the pests whose attacks endanger the vitality of your cherished plants. Aphids, red spiders, saw fly, tomato worms, bean beetles and leaf hoppers are only a few, and unless you use a spray to kill them in the early stages of their attack, they will perpetrate endless damage in the garden and orchard.

Let Garden Flit, in its handy sprayer package, be your ally in this insect battle. This new powder spray is a combination of a powerful insecticide and fungicide which kills many plant insects, and protects plants against diseases caused by fungi.

Directly you see the first greenfly attacking your favourite rose, rush out into the garden with your sprayer package of Garden Flit and open fire. A few minutes in the garden once or twice a week with this convenient and ready-to-use powder spray will amply repay you.

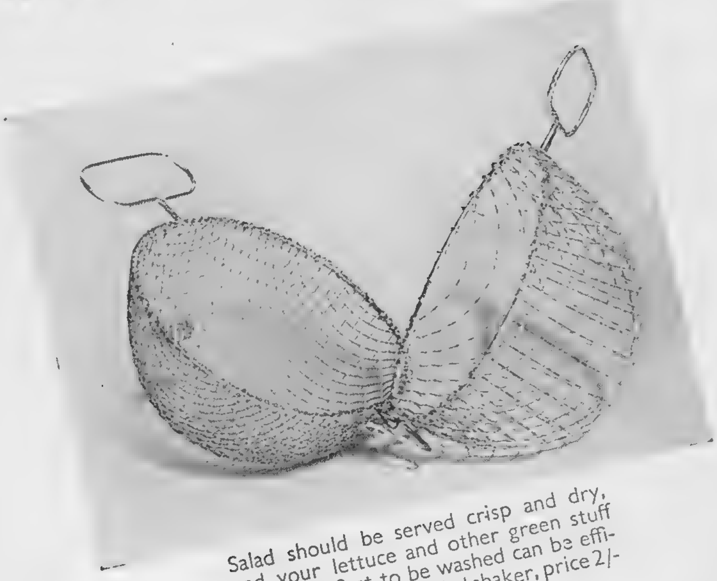
We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised products.

FOR YOUR KITCHEN



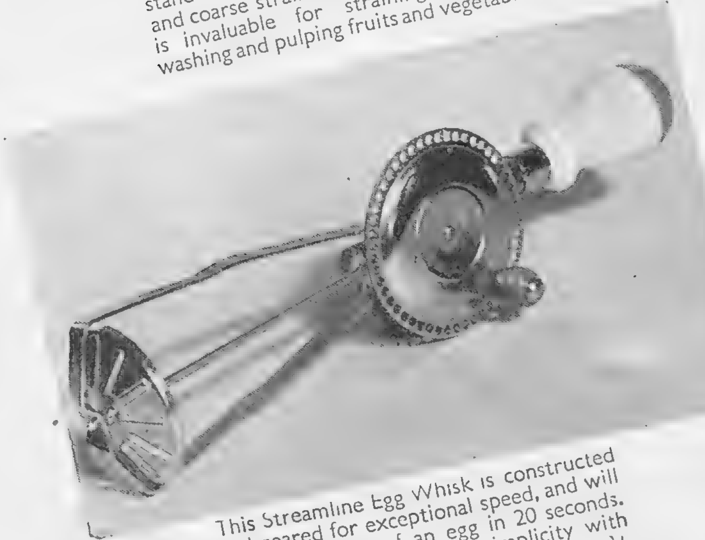
Coffee beans, fresh ground in your own mill as required, retain the full flavour of the bean and make delicious coffee. The Pe De Coffee Grinder has an earthenware container which will hold 12 oz. of beans. Price 11/-

For country cottages or bungalows, in districts where gas or electricity is unavailable or prohibitive in price, the "Hestia" wickless oil cooker is ideal. This one (No. 6) will cook a dinner for 8 or 10 persons, boiling and baking at the same time, on one burner. The whole stove is heated by a No. 6 Primus. Price £8.10.0



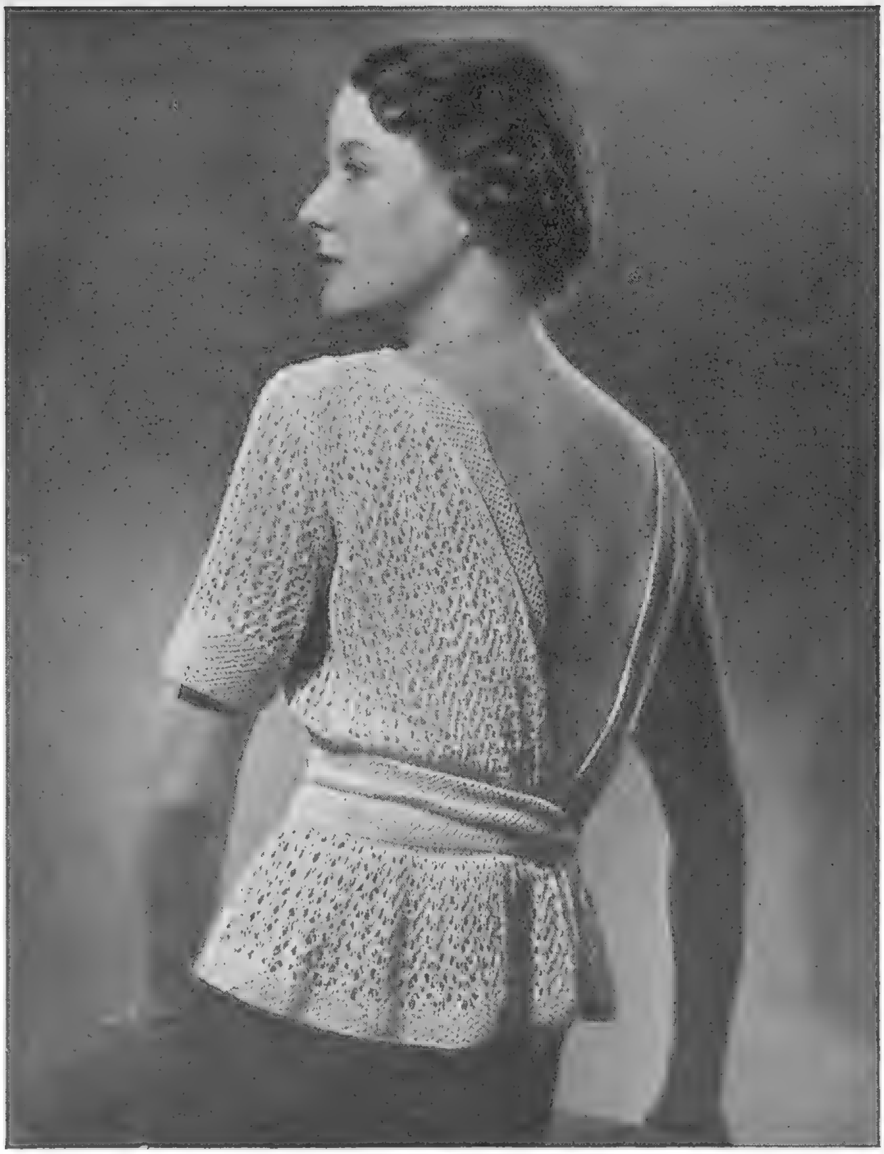
Salad should be served crisp and dry, and your lettuce and other green stuff which has first to be washed can be efficiently dried in this salad shaker, price 2/-

The Roller-Sieve is a real labour-saver; stand and roller, together with medium and coarse strainers, costs only 4/6, and is invaluable for straining, draining, washing and pulping fruits and vegetables



This Streamline Egg Whisk is constructed and geared for exceptional speed, and will beat the white of an egg in 20 seconds. Another advantage is the simplicity with which it can be cleaned. Price 2/-

Further details of anything mentioned on this page on application to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope



KNITTED EVENING BLOUSE

WHY limit your knitting activities to day clothes only ? This basqued blouse, knitted in open stitch, in cotton thread, is good-looking and original with a long skirt for dinner or informal evening wear.

Materials required : 5 balls Miladi Summerstrand ; 1 pair Double Century Pins No. 12 ; 1 pair Double Century Pins No. 10 ; 1 Clip ; 2 Press Studs ; 1 Buckle.

Abbreviations : K. Knit ; P. Purl ; sts., stitches ; pat., pattern ; inc., increase ; dec., decrease ; M. Make ; P.S.S.O., Pass slip stitch over ; beg., beginning ; tog., together ; Knit into the back of all cast-on stitches to give a firm edge.

Measurements : Length from shoulder 22 ins. ; Width across underarm 20 ins. ; Width across widest part of back 10½ ins. ; Sleeve length from shoulder 9½ ins. ; Tension 6 sts. and 8 rows to one inch.

BASQUE :

With No. 10 pins cast on 318 sts. and work 9 rows in moss st. (one plain, one purl, alternating in each row). Now change to the following pat. :—

1st row : Moss st. 10 sts., K. 2, * M. 1, slip 1, K. 1, P.S.S.O., K. 1, K. 2 tog., M. 1, K. 1. Repeat from * to last 10 sts. Moss st. 10.

2nd row : Moss st. 10 sts., P. to last 10 sts. Moss st. 10.

3rd row : Moss st. 10, K. 3, * M. 1, slip 1, K. 2 tog,, P.S.S.O., M. 1, K. 3. Repeat from * to last 12 sts. K. 2, moss st. 10.

4th row : As 2nd. These 4 rows form pat. Continue in pat. for 4¾ ins. Change to No. 12 pins. Work 4 rows in pat. Cast off tightly.

FRONT :

With No. 10 pins cast on 116 sts. K. into back first row. Next row purl. Now work in the " open " pat. for 10 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES :

Cast off 3 at the beg. of every row until 92 sts. remain ; work on these 92 sts. for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER :

1st row : Cast off 6, work in pat. to end.

2nd row : Cast off 6, P. to end.

3rd row : Cast off 6, work in pat. to end.

4th row : Cast off 6, P. to end.

5th row : Cast off 6, moss st. to end.

Repeat 5th row until 44 sts. remain. Cast off.

BACK (MADE IN TWO HALVES) :

With No. 10 pins cast on 66 sts., work in " open " pat., keeping 10 sts. at edge in moss st. Work for 2 ins. Then K. 2 tog. *inside* the border sts. every 6th row until armhole level is reached (10 ins., 55 sts.). You now continue to decrease at border edge and cast off 3 at the beg. of every armhole edge 4 times.

Now continue decreasings at *border* edge every alternate row until 24 sts. remain and shoulder level is reached.

SHAPE SHOULDER :

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row 4 times. Make another half back with moss edge border and decreasings at opposite edges to the other half front.

SLEEVES :

With No. 10 pins cast on 74 sts. and work in moss st. for 20 rows. Change to " open " pat. and work 1 inch. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row following until 80 sts. When sleeve measures 6 ins. from the start, cast off 3 at the beg. of every row, until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

BELT :

With No. 12 pins cast on 25 sts. and work in moss st. for 30 ins., then K. 2 tog. each end of every row until all sts. are gone.

TO MAKE UP :

Press carefully with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams, sew in sleeves, sew basque to blouse, easing it to fullness. Sew buckle to belt, sew 2 press studs to waist. Fix clip at neck.

DIET
DIET
A
papworth

FOOD FALLACIES

BY
ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

FOR a long time now there has been a hue and cry about vitamins. It has been scientifically proved that vitamins are extremely valuable for the well-being of the human body. But the craze to include vitamins in the diet has, like most crazes, been sadly overdone.

Many a conscientious mother searches wildly for the mysterious vitamin, looking to it to work miracles with her family.

Knowledge of this kind was natural and commonplace to a previous generation, but they did not bother about turning the kitchen into a laboratory. A well-balanced and well-cooked meal was found to be sufficient for family needs, and a sturdy race was reared on simple fare which contained the necessary vitamins, without too much fuss being made about them.

As for calories, it is sometimes necessary to work out food in fractions and figures, but this is more a matter for the dietitian and the physician. To see a harassed housewife tackling this mathematical problem is ludicrous. She should far rather be interested in producing delicious, appetising and good-to-look-at meals.

The great high priest of certain cults would condemn meat-eating. Yet it is agreed by all—faddists and others—that protein is most necessary for building up the body. Meat contains this valuable protein, so there is little or no argument against it.

The meat-eater can, therefore, continue to eat his steak with impunity.

There is no greater fallacy than that beeftea is highly nutritious. Modern research has proved that it is a valuable stimulant, especially in cases of illness, but in itself its value as a food is nil.

The same can also be said of soups. There is a strong argument, however, in favour of the more substantial soup, like lentil. Apart from the comfort and warmth it provides on a cold day, it is invaluable both for its protein and roughage.

The roughage idea has also, like vitamins, been carried to excess. People go to extraordinary lengths in their anxiety to obtain a sufficiency of roughage. What might be classed as horse fodder by the casual observer is swallowed in large quantities as a daily ration.

Eat your daily ration of roughage certainly. It's good for teeth, gums and digestion. Have it in your wholemeal bread, in Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, in your fruit and vegetables. But you don't have to go to the extreme of eating platefuls of raw vegetables at a sitting.

The cooked green vegetable is most important, but not, as many think, all-important. Cooked by the conservative method, its properties are practically unimpaired, and it makes a pleasant and valuable accompaniment to most savoury dishes.

Fruit is most beneficial, taken in moderation, but to overdo it may cause serious disorders, especially among children.

Water has taken on a new significance. Water is necessary for the proper digestion of food, but now one school of thought says " No water during meals."

Certainly this is an excellent maxim for children, who are inclined to use it as a substitute for mastication. With adults, however, a saner point of view can be taken. After mastication has been properly done, there is no harm in taking a sip of water, if one is so inclined. It is certainly to be preferred to the habit of gulping down one large drink after the meal is over.

Sugars, starches and fats, which are in a class by themselves, are often badly misused in reducing diets. The physician should modify your diet when you are getting rid of superfluous flesh, and you might do more harm than good by experimenting with the poverty breakfast, the fruit-juice treatment, the deletion of fats, sugars and starches, the non-mixing of proteins and starches. These ideas are all excellent in their own way, but should be carried out under medical supervision.

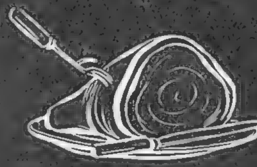
Many people to-day laugh at " old wives' tales," and

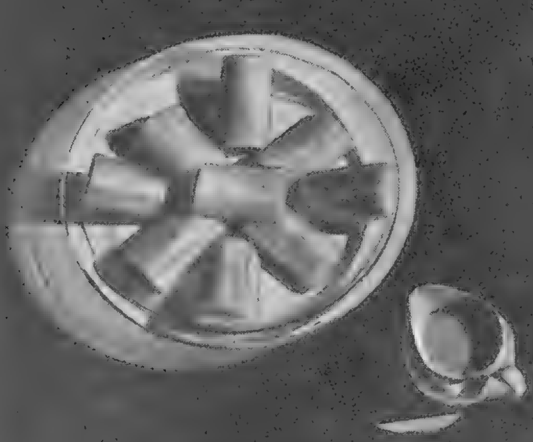
(*Continued on page* 88)

By A. H. ADAIR

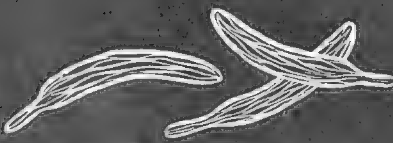
LUCKY DIP PAGE

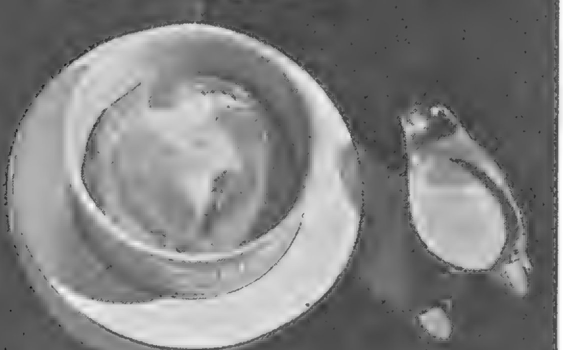
Ham Loaf



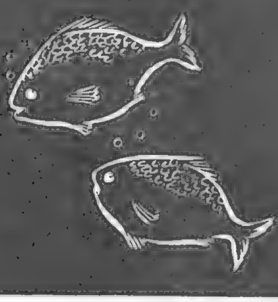


Poached Cucumber





Fish Soufflé



AS August is a month of sometimes haphazard housekeeping—if you are not going away yourselves, somebody else is—when you leave the planning of meals more or less to look after itself, I thought a collection of recipes for miscellaneous dishes, to be used as and when the occasion presents itself, would be helpful.

So I hope that in this lucky dip page you will find something which appeals to you for at least one of the meals of the day.

EGGS IN TOMATO. Take one egg and one tomato for each person, the tomatoes to be large ones and of round, even shape. Cut off about one quarter of the tomatoes, scoop out the insides, carefully removing all the pips, and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Into each of these cases break one egg, add more salt and pepper, chopped parsley and a little piece of butter. Put back the tops on the tomatoes and place these in a buttered fireproof dish to cook in a moderate oven until the whites of the eggs are just set, the yolks remaining soft.

These eggs can be flavoured in various ways by adding, before you put the tomato lids on, any of the following: grated cheese, Yorkshire Relish, mushrooms, previously cooked and finely chopped; chopped ham, and so on.

FISH SOUFFLÉ. Whiting or other cheap white fish can be used, and for an average soufflé for four to six people, six ounces to half a pound would be sufficient. Poach the fish first, and carefully remove skin and bones, after which you mash it and put it in a saucepan with a little butter, salt and pepper.

Now add two tablespoonfuls of Béchamel sauce and stir well, adding the yolks of two eggs. Let the mixture cool while you beat stiffly the whites of three eggs.

Fold these into the mixture, turning it over several times lightly so that all is well mixed, and turn into a buttered soufflé dish.

Bake in a moderate oven for about twelve to fourteen minutes, and do not be afraid, as I have pointed out before, of opening the oven door to see how the soufflé is getting on. If it appears to be rising unevenly, slip a knife round the edge where it is sticking.

Serve with an anchovy sauce.

HAM LOAF. This is a recipe sent to me by Miss Brooks, the cookery expert at Kellogg's, so I will reproduce it exactly as she writes it:

1 lb. smoked ham (ground).
½ lb. lean pork (ground).
½ lb. veal (ground).
2 tablespoonfuls each chopped onions. and green peppers.
½ teaspoonful salt.
2 eggs (beaten slightly).
1 cup milk.
2 cups Kellogg's corn-flake crumbs.

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Fill a long narrow cloth bag with the mixture and boil one hour. (This can be baked in loaf-pan in a moderate oven for one hour.) Yield: 8 servings. Serve this ham loaf cold, too, in thin slices.

HUNGARIAN GOULASCH. Although this is a sort of stew, the *Goulasch* is quite a good dish for hot as well as cold weather because of its spicy nature.

Take about two pounds of stewing beef, trim it well and cut it into pieces (about two inches square). Have ready half a pound of onions chopped, and fry these in a thick saucepan until golden brown, using dripping or butter.

Add the meat and salt and cook together for a few minutes to close it. Add half a teacupful of cold water, cover the saucepan and simmer gently for half an hour, adding more water if it dries up completely.

Now add three-quarters of a pound of potatoes peeled, washed and cut into cubes, a clove of garlic chopped and a heaped tablespoonful (or more or less according to taste) of paprika, also two or three tomatoes peeled and cut up, with the seeds removed. Put in enough water to come just level with the ingredients, bring to the boil, cover the saucepan and simmer until the potatoes are quite soft.

POACHED CUCUMBER. Peel the cucumbers, cut them into pieces about three inches long and poach them in boiling salted water until quite tender. Drain them very thoroughly and serve in any of the following ways: Quite plainly, with melted butter sauce. *Sautés,* that is, tossed for a few minutes in butter. . . *A la crème.* Put a small glass of dry white wine or sherry into a small saucepan and cook until two-thirds have evaporated. Add salt, a pinch of paprika and a cupful of cream. Boil for two or three minutes and shake in, off the fire, a small piece of butter. Arrange the pieces of cucumber in a hot serving dish and pour the sauce over.

SUMMER PUDDING. This can be made with various fruits in season previously stewed and well sweetened. If stoned fruit is used, the stones should be removed after the fruit is cooked.

Choose a mould with a plain, smooth inside and, having removed the crusts from some slices of bread, butter them and cut them to line the mould (there must be no spaces between).

Pour the fruit without most of the juice into the mould, cover well with more buttered bread and put a light weight on it. Leave it standing all night and turn the pudding out of the mould the following morning. Serve with brown sugar and cream.

PARTY FOOD

IF you are going to have a cold dish, let it be really cold, for nothing is more unpleasant than a dish which should be really iced or ice-cold arriving tepid and without any character.

As most people now have refrigerators, it is really quite a simple matter, but even if you have to rely on old-fashioned methods it is quite easy to get in a little extra supply of ice to do the thing properly.

EGGS IN JELLY. Nothing could be better as a first course for luncheon or supper than these eggs served really cold. Start making the jelly first, as follows :—

Put in a bowl a carrot, an onion, one or two tomatoes all cut up, and a bunch of parsley, and, if possible, a sprig of tarragon and some chervil.

Add the whites of two eggs and beat together until frothy, when you put the mixture in a saucepan, adding a pint of clear stock, preferably chicken or veal. Season well with salt and pepper, bring to the boil and simmer for about fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile poach the eggs in boiling salted water with a few drops of vinegar in it. Remove them, dry them on a cloth and put the eggs in small ramekin dishes, one egg in each dish.

You now place on each egg some kind of garnish, a slice of truffle, a cross made with fresh leaves of tarragon, a few pieces of lean ham cut into strips like matches, etc. You can also make the dish more substantial by putting a round of lean ham at the bottom of each ramekin before putting in the eggs.

Having prepared the eggs, fill up the dishes with the jelly, which you pass through a fine linen cloth, rinsed in cold water and wrung out. Let this set and put the little dishes on ice or in the refrigerator until really cold.

TROUT IN JELLY. Put in a saucepan a carrot, an onion, cut up, also a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf tied together. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar and sufficient cold water to allow you to cook the required number of trout, also salt and pepper. Bring to the boil and simmer for about twenty minutes. Put in the trout and let them just poach about ten to twelve minutes.

Be very careful that the liquid does not actually boil, otherwise the trout will break and be ruined. It should just keep on the verge of boiling point.

Remove the trout carefully, drain and remove the skins while they are hot, leaving, of course, the heads and tails. Arrange the fish on a long serving dish (preferably a silver one) and proceed to make a jelly as described in the preceding recipe, but using the stock in which the trout were cooked, and adding a glass of port.

There are many ways of garnishing the trout, of which the following are examples: Halved tomatoes, scooped out and filled with Russian salad ; hard-boiled eggs cut in two, the yolks removed and the whites filled with sardine butter or caviar ; pieces of poached cucumber, artichoke bottoms.

For a very grand party you could have some of all these garnishings, arranging them alternately round the dish.

Pour the jelly over the trout a little at a time, allowing it to cool, and almost set, between each application, until the fish are nicely coated. Mask the garnishing with a little jelly and put the dish in the refrigerator to get really cold. Serve with mayonnaise sauce, handed separately.

This is not absolutely necessary, and personally I would not take it, but some people think the dish incomplete without mayonnaise.

PARFAIT GLACÉ. Put a tablespoonful of soft sugar in a small, thick saucepan, add a little cold water and boil until you have a syrup without letting it get brown.

Break three yolks of eggs into a bowl, add four ounces of castor sugar and stand the bowl in boiling water, whipping all the time until you have a very smooth, thick cream.

Now whip, in separate bowls and until very stiff, the whites of three eggs and half a pint of cream. Add to the whites of egg, mixing it in slowly and well, the sugar syrup, which you have allowed to become tepid. Add this to the yolk of egg mixture, then the cream and a flavouring of a liqueur like Cointreau, also a few *glacé* cherries.

Mix well together and put into a pretty mould or a silver *timbale* dish, and pack in ice for about two and a half hours. Serve in the mould.

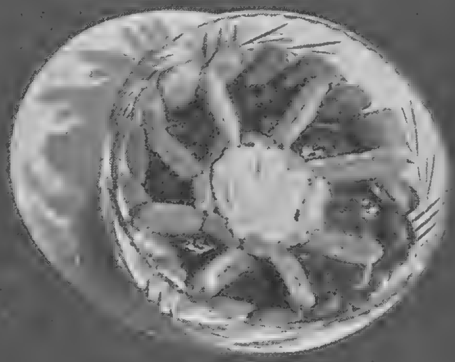
CHARLOTTE VIENNOISE. Put a pint of milk in a saucepan with sugar to taste and two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee. Bring to the boil and cook for a few minutes. Have ready the yolks of four eggs in another thick saucepan, and pour over the flavoured milk through a strainer lined with muslin, stirring all the time.

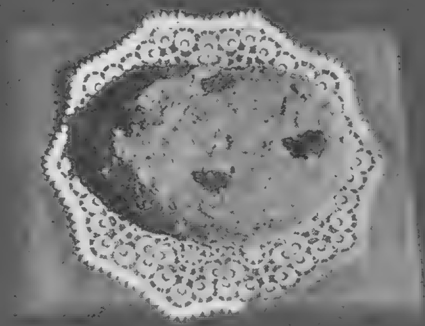
Stand this saucepan in another containing boiling water and cook until this mixture thickens, after which you remove it and add some pistachio nuts, finely chopped.

Have ready a mould lined with sponge fingers, and pour in the custard. Let it cool and then cover with more sponge fingers and put a plate on top. Pack the mould in ice or put it in the refrigerator until icy cold, and serve in the mould, not turned out.

FROMAGE GLACÉ. A very unusual and pleasant way of serving cheese. Take Rocquefort cheese and butter in equal proportions, mix and pound them well together, add a few chopped walnuts and a dash of Yorkshire relish. Give the cheese a good shape, round or oval, and put it on ice until really hard and cold.

Trout in Jelly


Charlotte Viennoise


Fromage Glacé

Eggs in Jelly

Hollywood Boulevard

(Continuea from page 27)

was just one example of the sort of treatment that I had been receiving for the last few weeks.

" ' But there's one thing about it,' said Benjamin, looking at me very sharply, ' for the purposes of the script, it's got to be a red-haired Irishman.'

" ' Fine,' I said. ' I'll get hold of Reisenstein and get him to make me a wig up.'

" ' I shouldn't trouble to do that, if I were you,' said Benjamin. ' I don't like wigs. I got the idea that they always show on the screen, don't you think so ? '

" ' No,' I said. As if that little Jew could teach me anything about wigs when I'd been in fit-ups when he was in his perambulator. ' You can't come that on me.'

" ' Oh, yes I can,' said Benjamin. ' You'll have to have your hair dyed red, and the right sort of red, too.'

" I won't tell you what it was I said to Benjamin.

" He looked at me sharply again.

" ' Of course, if you feel that way about it, Mr. O'Donahue,' he said quite politely, ' we had better terminate our agreement as is laid down in Article 23.'

" The contract was open in front of him and he laid his finger on the clause. He was quite right. I don't know if you've ever seen an agreement between a studio and a star, but it covers pretty nearly every emergency that could possibly arise, from the star's losing his front teeth to the studio's migrating to Nijni-Novgorod. And it certainly compelled me to make any changes in my appearance called for by the script.

" ' I think,' says Benjamin, looking at me very narrowly, ' that a fine head of flaming red hair ought to suit you. And I think we'd better have a moustache at the same time. Can you grow a moustache ? '

" ' I can,' I said. Benjamin was always very careful to say these things to me when he had an enormous desk—you know the sort of big desk these executives have—between him and me and a bodyguard of two or three assistants round him to back him up.

" ' That's all right, then,' said Benjamin. ' We won't have an artificial moustache. It always looks so very artificial, don't you think, Mr. O'Donahue ? '

" Well, I did what they said. It pretty nearly killed me, but I did it. I dyed my hair red and I grew a long walrus moustache, and then when I'd done that I went back and did my little tiny part in the new film. I don't know if you can picture me, sir, with red hair and a long red walrus moustache ? "

Mr. O'Donahue looked at me inquiringly. I noticed his incisive Celtic face and his black eyes.

" I can't exactly picture you," I said, " like that. It must have been painful for you."

" Painful ? " exploded Mr. O'Donahue, pounding with his large white hands on the counter. " Painful ? It was one of the humiliations of my life. My friends thought I was going mad. I thought I was going mad myself. But I wasn't going to be beaten by Benjamin. I went through with it, as I said. And I went through all the other petty trials and humiliations that went with it. People in studios—some of them anyway, I won't say all of them—take their tone from the people up above. The cameramen and the stage hands could see the way Benjamin was treating me. On location and in the studio, they did their best to follow Benjamin's example.

" WELL, I lived through it. It takes more than that to kill an Irishman, especially an Irishman with his toes dug well in. When the picture was finished I waited for Benjamin to pull his next stunt. He was ingenious, I'll grant him that.

" ' Oh, Mr. O'Donahue,' he said to me. ' We're going to put you in our next Spanish picture.'

" The Ess-Zee had a small line of Spanish pictures for the Spanish-American market.

" ' Fine,' I said, smiling—for the surest way to rile Benjamin was to smile just when he thought he had hurt you worst. ' I hope it's all right with you though, for I can't speak a word of Spanish.'

" ' Oh, but you will, though,' said Benjamin. ' We've arranged for you to be tutored in Spanish. I've just finished settling it. And as we shall want you on the lot at 9 a.m. each morning, I have arranged with the tutor to come and teach you Spanish for one hour each morning, starting at 7.30.'

" He touched me on a tender spot, there, all right. It just shows what a clever devil Benjamin was. He must have guessed how much I like to stay in bed mornings.

" That poor devil of a Spanish tutor had a pretty thin time of it. He didn't manage to teach me any Spanish, but that wasn't what he was paid for. He got his salary for worrying me, and I'll say he earned it. The studio must have got it very thoroughly into his head that his job depended on his not allowing me to sleep a wink after 7.30. Right on the dot, he would come ringing the bell at my apartment, and he would shout and wail on the threshold like a lost soul until he was let in and then he would come and fidget about in my bedroom, trying to talk Spanish to me. As I said, he didn't teach me any Spanish, but he got on my nerves frightfully. He'd sit beside me all through breakfast, still talking Spanish. He was pretty near the end of his life over and over again, but he was a harmless little soul really, and I didn't want to make him pay for Benjamin's sins.

" I kept myself pretty well in hand during all this time. It wasn't so much the money, it was the desire to beat Benjamin at his own game. When I met him on the lot I used to grin as widely as I could—and if you look, sir, you will see that I have a mouth that is made for grinning in a peculiarly irritating way—and I would say something about : ' There's a good market in Spanish this morning, Mr. Benjamin.' Or, ' This early rising is taking years off my age ; you ought to try it yourself.'

" But they got me in the end. I'm not ashamed to confess it, but to this day I'm still doubtful as to whether Benjamin planned it on purpose or not. I came on the lot one morning, and right up hanging from the roof, about forty feet above the ground, there was a trapeze. Benjamin was there, too, with the script in his hand.

" ' We've got a fine job for you this morning, Mr. O'Donahue,' he said. ' Do you see that trapeze up there ? ' I looked up at the trapeze. It seemed higher than a church steeple to me. Just for once, in a way, I hadn't a word to say to Benjamin, but just let him go on speaking.

" ' We shall want you up there, this morning,' he said. ' You'll have to hang by your toes.'

" I looked up at the trapeze again. There were forty clear feet between it and the concrete floor beneath.

" ' We'd like to put a net under it for you,' said Benjamin, ' but I'm very sorry that we can't, because I want this bit of floor space for the hacienda sequence.'

I STILL hadn't got a word to say. I could only look up at the trapeze and then down at Benjamin, and I expect my mouth opened a bit, and I must have looked as if I were beaten. Even now I can't say how it would have ended. Do you know, I think that even then I should have gone through with it and hung by my toes from that damn trapeze. I expect I should have broken my neck, but even that would have been better than giving in to Benjamin. But Benjamin lost the chance. He couldn't help grinning when he saw my face, and the assistant directors all around me began to snicker. Benjamin pushed out his chest and began to swagger a little, and it was that which made me forget myself. There wasn't a desk between him and me, either. I just took one step forward and I got in one punch. Into that punch I put all the insults and irritation I had received in the last three months, all the Spanish lessons and the red hair, and the minor parts and everything. Benjamin was lucky. He ducked just enough for my fist to land on his cheekbone instead of on his jaw. I think it would have killed him if I'd hit him where I meant to. As it was, his feet left the floor and he went through the air backwards among his assistants and landed with a crash on the concrete. Well, that settled Benjamin for the moment. You know what it's like really to let yourself go after months of irritation. I started on the assistants then. I dropped one of them pretty clean before he even knew that I'd hit Benjamin, and I got another before he could run.

" All the same, I couldn't fight the whole studio. Stage hands and electricians all came and joined in, and, in the end, the fire brigade finished me off. If the fire brigade hadn't been Irish, I don't think even they would have managed it. There were six of them sitting on me in the end, and the set looked as if a hurricane had been through it. Then up came Benjamin. He was game enough, I'll say that for him, because his left eye was swollen up to a level with the tip of his nose—and it wasn't a small nose, either. He'd got half a dozen policemen with him.

" ' Officer,' he said, ' arrest that man. I won't rest until he's behind bars.'

" So they took me off to clink. I won't bother you much with the end of the story, but there was a paragraph in my agreement —Clause 19—which covered the situation of my being sent to jail. That clause went into every actor's agreement at the time of Roscoe Arbuckle in the silent days. When the case was finished my contract was at an end, and I was able to say to myself that I could clear out of this cursed town to-morrow."

" And did you leave to-morrow ? " I asked sympathetically.

" No," said Mr. O'Donahue, crashing his fist on the counter. " Do you think anyone can leave this town once he's started working in it ? "

He flung himself out of the chair and strode across the tile floor to the glass door opening on the street.

" Look," he said, gesticulating through the glass at the long line of flickering lights that marks the length of Hollywood Boulevard. " You wouldn't think that there was any attraction there for a man of sense. But it gets you, sir ; it gets you. Nine years I've walked up and down that blasted boulevard, trying to get back into the game I was glad to leave. Nine years, sir, and I fear it'll be another twenty-nine before I make up my mind to go."

END.

A New Road Guide

It is not very easy nowadays to produce a new road guide which is genuinely *new*. The Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., in the intervals of supplying us with its excellent products—Esso petrol and Essolube oil—has succeeded wonderfully well in doing so. It is difficult to imagine a more attractive volume of its sort than the newly-published " Pictorial Britain."

The maps, which are drawn to a large scale, are real works of art. Points of interest are shown pictorially, but without loss of clearness and accuracy. One can browse over such maps by the hour.

In addition, there is a paragraph of descriptive matter concerning each town and village, with special reference to its attractions for the motoring visitor. As a holiday guide, and as a permanently interesting book of reference, this is a publication which no motorist can well afford to be without.

It is priced at 8/6 and can be obtained from most booksellers or direct from The Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

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MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Here are the New Careers for the School-leaving Generation

(*Continued from page* 53)

Alexandra Palace: The Baird Television Company and the Marconi-E.M.I. Company.

After radio, perhaps the career that most seizes the imagination is aviation, in all its innumerable recent developments. But here Edward is rather more concerned than is Susan, unless she is, potentially, one of the relatively few women who make a profession and business of flying, or of the women experts employed (also in relatively small numbers) by aircraft companies.

But for Edward there seems a career whichever way you look at it.

Perhaps some of the most helpful information in respect of his chances in aviation can be obtained from an excellent pamphlet issued by the Royal Aeronautical Society. This stresses what Edward himself would do well to realise at once, that aviation has two sides to it: the technical and the non-technical. One might call the latter the business side. It goes almost without saying that if Edward is air-minded, it is the technical side he wants to enter.

Of course, one of the best ways to learn all about flying is to join the Royal Air Force. If Edward can, he would do well to try for the General Duties Branch as an embryo officer, either as a Permanent Officer or as a Short Service Officer. In the first case he can start away directly he is 17½, provided he can pass the necessary examination, and fulfil the necessary qualifications. He goes direct to Cranwell to the R.A.F. College and, supposing he is the right type, he has a fine career ahead of him.

A Short Service Officer has four years, followed by six on the Reserve, and he will find it a tremendous asset to him when he starts to find a civil job after his four years' first-class training and experience. He can start this at 17¾ if he is fortunate enough to be accepted.

In addition to this, the R.A.F. takes aircraft apprentices with the right qualifications between 15 and 17, for 12 years' service from 18 to 30; apprentice clerks; and boy entrants, who can join as early as 15¾.

The Air Ministry issue very clearly written little pamphlets about all this.

Meanwhile, there is commercial aviation, with its tremendous expansion.

British Airways tell me that on the general administrative side of these expanding companies and factories there are openings for young people in the usual business departments; and, on the technical side, for pilots, wireless operators, second pilots and, on some airlines, stewards and hostesses; as well as varied types of engineers, mechanics, their helpers engaged on engine maintenance and overhaul, and so on.

Now, how does Edward get in on any of this, if he has decided not to enter via the R.A.F.? For aircraft and engine design he must have training as an engineer, through one of the universities or recognised schools. The examinations of the Royal Aeronautical Society are recognised as qualifications for posts in the industry. A qualified man then usually begins as junior draftsman, with an appropriate firm.

There are now many suitable places for training; a list of these is contained in an excellent pamphlet of practical advice obtainable from the Royal Aeronautical Society.

For instance, there is the modern and efficient De Havilland Technical School at Hatfield; here Edward can take a four-year, three-year, or two-year course and obtain the best possible training in all branches of aeronautics. He will have a chance during this careful training to find out and aim at the particular branch best suited to him.

Among other training centres there is, for instance, the well-known College of Aeronautical Engineering in Chelsea, with its air-headquarters at Brooklands. Edward can obtain a useful diploma in a minimum of 2¾ years here.

Hull University has instituted a diploma course in aeronautics, too. Their students are at work with the famous Blackburn Aeroplane people.

"Advertising sounds fun," says an eager young girl to me, as she visualises the thousands of (mythical) pounds made by "advertising and publicity experts."

Then I explained that advertising is a profession — with its, rightly, carefully guarded entrances, its high standard of practice and its Registers of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising and its examinations for Associates and Fellows.

The Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising will tell you all about the matter; they are to advertising what the General Medical Council is to medicine.

Advertising concerns are increasingly extending the scope of their work: one of the most famous, and the largest in Europe, has under its control the most astonishing variety of departments, all employed in co-ordinating work.

This ranges from research in market statistics undertaken by economists and highly trained investigators, to expert advice on actual details of wrapping, packing and marketing, via a vast accounts department, statistics department and highly organised teams of artists, writers, experts who produce the actual advertisements.

In addition, printing, photography, cinema-photography and radio work all come within the scope of what is one of the most powerful professions of the present day.

In this profession there is room both for Susan and her brother. Men and women work with equal chance of success and for equal remuneration here; and the profession is still young enough for the young man or young woman who will train hard, and who has a flair for the work, to rise far and fairly fast.

Experts agree that, as a general rule, the boy or girl should, to start, take a post, *however junior*, in one of the recognised firms of practitioners of advertising, or the advertising department of a commercial firm or of a newspaper, and study at the same time for the examinations of the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising or, possibly, of the Advertising Association.

It is of little use for youngsters to apply direct to any one of the firms of practitioners in advertising. The Institute (which exists to maintain the standards of the new profession, and therefore is anxious to supply and put the serious beginner on the right road) keeps a register of appointments and will enter Edward's name or Susan's at the discretion of their secretary.

The Advertising Association, also a non-commercial body existing in the interests of the profession, holds its examinations in London and the provinces. This body, like the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners, will give information regarding training centres recommended to the student.

Then, because it is increasingly recognised as of vital interest to the health and happiness of the nation, we come to the particular genius of Susan's younger sister, Anne.

Anne is a born housewife with a flair for mechanics, and she is combining them both in one of the newest professions especially interesting to women, electrical housecraft.

Here, with the spread of electrical power and equipment, is a whole new field for demonstrators, teachers, cooks of all types, travelling lecturers.

Women have all their own way in this new and hopeful field. The Women's Electrical Association have their own examinations and qualifications. No household expert, especially if she is a practical expert in cooking, need wait long for a job, recognition and status, if she is suitably trained.

The London School of Electrical Domestic Science can train Anne and turn her out a very well-equipped young professional woman.

Not far off is the new profession of dietician. The increasing employment of trained experts in hospitals, in private practice in canteens and institutions, has led to accepted training and status.

For the scientifically minded girl there is a fine opening here. And indeed some such training as that given by the London School of Dietetics, or King's College of Domestic and Social Science, London, may well be added to the Electrical Domestic Science Diploma, to make Anne's future even more assured.

Estate management is another profession of increasing importance. Planning, too, is a modern subject and one that has come to tardy recognition, but for young architects with social sense and an eye to the future, the Institute of Planning and Research for National Development, in Bedford Square, offers a fascinating and increasingly important, training.

There are also out-of-door jobs—scientific angles on farming; landscape gardening. A dozen other ideas spring to the mind when it is a case of, say, Edward's brother Dick, who is unlike the rest of them, hates office work, and wants and needs fresh air.

The vital point in all their cases is to select a profession that will make happy workers of them. And that is not always the work that you would have chosen for them or, strangely, they for themselves.

END.

Double Decker Furniture

(*Continued from page* 30)

or second table-top, really takes the place of a side table, and can be used for plates, dishes, cold sweets and anything not in immediate use.

It is a frequent practice to protect the tops of finely figured hardwood furniture, such as sideboards and dressing-tables, with sheets of plate glass, but where space is valuable it is a good idea if the plate glass, instead of being fitted flush, is raised about five or six inches.

This again gives you two surfaces instead of one, so that a small sideboard or dressing-table seems virtually twice as big.

The plate glass, of course, will get the major share of use and, in the case of a sideboard, will always be used for things which might splash, stain or otherwise damage the timber. But the lower surface is available for bowls, dishes and everything innocuous and decorative.

With a writing-table, too, it is useful to have an open shelf or deep recess just under the writing-top. In effect, this shelf is the equivalent of an extra drawer; if documents, correspondence files or magazines are kept there, they are handier and more accessible, because a long drawer can only be got at after moving one's chair away from the writing-table.

The efficiency of much occasional furniture is also often due to a more or less unconscious application of the many-decker principle.

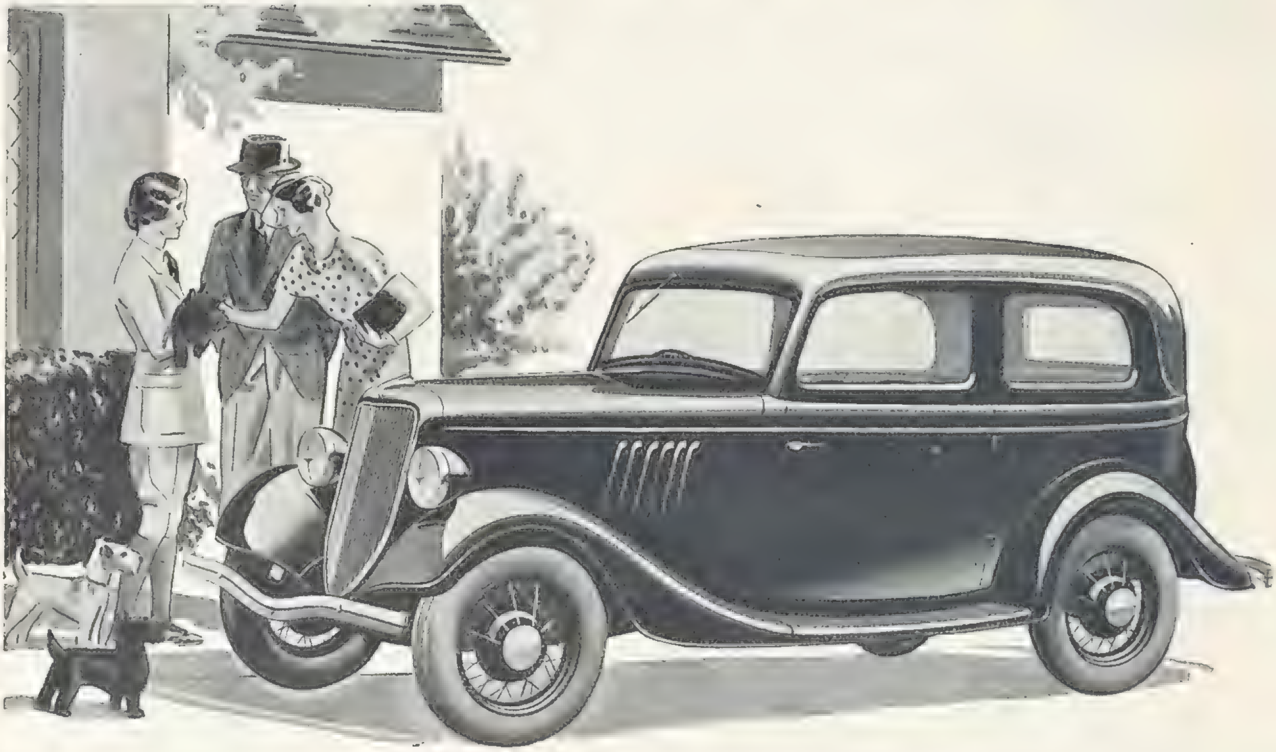
Occasional tables frequently have two surfaces, one above the other, and many of the most successful of them, from a space-saving standpoint, have anything from three to six or eight surfaces grouped and combined with wonderful ingenuity.

Another development of this principle is represented by multiple or two-in-one furniture, one piece being combined on top of the other. Even in the eighteenth century there was the secretaire-bookcase—really a chest of drawers, bureau and bookcase standing upon the ground area occupied by the chest of drawers.

Among modern-style furniture the simplest illustration of the idea is the cupboard or cabinet with bookshelves on top, while the most elaborate are built-in fitments or unit pieces ranged flush from floor to ceiling.

Women who know are making a dead set at The £100 FORD SALOON

(£6 TAX IN GREAT BRITAIN)



Saloon, **£100.** Double-Entrance Saloon, **£112.10s.** Hide upholstery and sliding roof, £10 Extra, when required. All Prices at Works.

As an all-purpose, general-service car, comfortable, amply-powered, completely-equipped and very nicely finished (inside and out), for recreative service, yet lightly handled, compact in overall dimensions for traffic-work and easy parking, during workaday use, shopping, station-work, school-journeys and the like.

Britain's first £100 four seated saloon, it is an unchallenged value-proposition; but it is also a very nice car, with nothing cheap about it but that figure of £100—*really* completely equipped, let us repeat!

Literature on Request: Dealers Everywhere, All Prepared to Deliver the £100 Ford Saloon, Insured and Taxed, on an Initial Payment of £25.

Come to Dagenham any Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday, to see Ford cars, Fordson vans, trucks, and tractors produced, from iron ore to finished vehicles. The Local Ford Dealer, or Visits Dept., Ford Motor Company Limited, Dagenham, Essex, will gladly arrange your visit, individually or in parties.

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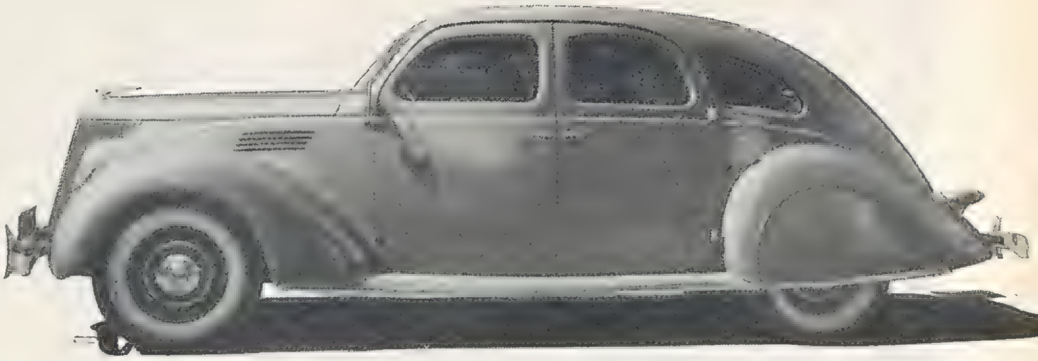
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

A 12-Cylinder Car *of* Advanced Design

The New Lincoln "Zephyr"



THE "Zephyr" is undoubtedly a car of very striking appearance. So long as we insist on the engine being carried in front, there will probably never be a normal saloon car of better stream-line form than this

WHATEVER may be said of the new Lincoln "Zephyr"—and it is a car which challenges discussion—there is no doubt that we must give the designer credit for bold originality. Taking for granted the two points: (*a*) that the public believes in stream-lining, and (*b*) that the public insists on a car carrying its engine in front of it, he has evolved a design which whole-heartedly accepts these two conditions and develops them to their logical conclusion.

Personally, I consider the "Zephyr" a decidedly good-looking car. I would suggest that the correctly stream-lined form is always beautiful. It is bogus stream-lining that offends the eye. Inasmuch, then, as the "Zephyr" comes near to being correctly stream-lined, so it acquires genuine beauty, irrespective of the passing fashion of the moment.

Turning to strictly practical considerations, it is at once apparent that the car's unusual design should be welcomed by the passengers who will ride in it. The amount of body space is very generous—far more so than with most cars of equivalent wheel-base. Three passengers can sit comfortably abreast both in front and at the back—enabling six people in all to be carried.

Moreover, all the passengers sit within the wheel-base. There is a real advantage in this, for it means that all enjoy the best results from the suspension. There are no running-boards—and this, with a low-built car, makes it a good deal easier to get in and out. The surplus space at the back is by no means wasted, being used for a luggage locker of substantial size.

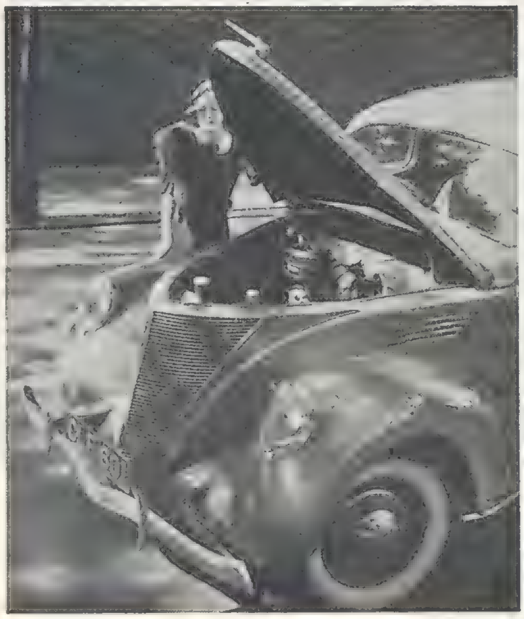
As for performance, one expects something out of the ordinary from a 12-cylinder engine—and in this case one certainly is not disappointed. The horse-power is 36·3, and the cylinders are arranged in "V" formation, so that the engine as a whole is remarkably compact. Its high efficiency is evident from the first moment of touching the accelerator.

The rate of acceleration is really impressive, being at least equal to that of any sports car. Indeed, I would back the "Zephyr" to defeat the majority of sports cars in a "sprint" race from a standing start. Tremendous power is developed in second gear, and this ratio gives also a wonderful range of speed, from practically zero to a good 65 m.p.h.

In top gear the car is very flexible, so that one changes "down" from inclination and very seldom from necessity. It is possible to potter along at a walking pace in "top," and then to accelerate without hesitation right up to the maximum speed, which is in the region of 90 m.p.h.

With so high a maximum, the "Zephyr" will naturally cruise quite comfortably at 60 or even 70 m.p.h. It is thus a car which can practically never, on ordinary roads, be driven "flat out." Most of the time, the engine is turning over at quite a "leisurely" rate of revolutions. This is a very pleasant feature, and gives a real sense of easy and effortless travelling.

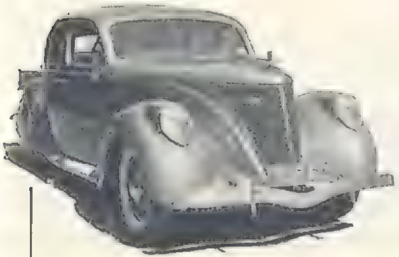
I should have mentioned that, whatever the speed, this 12-cylinder engine is also extremely silent. When "ticking over" it is very nearly inaudible. Second and top gears are of the synchro-mesh type, so that noisy, uncertain gear changes are also eliminated. First gear, so far as one can judge, is never likely to be (*Continued on page 118*)



THE bonnet opens in an unusual way. The "mascot" acts as a handle and, when it is turned, the top of the bonnet hinges up as shown, revealing the very compact power unit

THE single front seat stretches the full width of the car, and will accommodate three people easily. The hand brake is well out of the way, and the curved gear lever does not form an obstruction

THE back seat is likewise wide enough for three people to sit comfortably abreast. Owing to the forward position of the engine, all passengers are located well within the wheelbase



The Lincoln "Zephyr" in Brief

Engine: "*V*" *type, 12 cylinders with side valves. 36·3 h.p.*

Transmission: Three-speed gear-box, third and top ratios synchro-mesh.

Performance: Second gear, 65 m.p.h.; top gear, about 90 m.p.h.

Springing: Transverse type, comfortable.

Steering: Light, good lock; geared rather low.

Brakes: Powerful Servo type.

Coachwork: extremely roomy; will seat six.

Price: With saloon body, £480.

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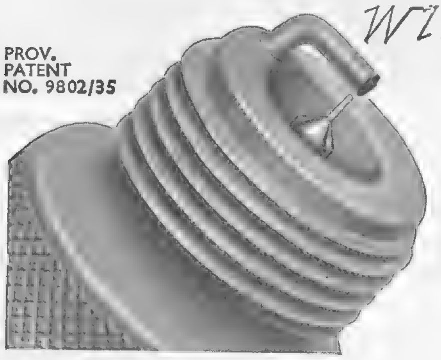

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It is a complete break-away from orthodox design but fifteen months testing and thousands of miles in all kinds of engines have shewn that it gives a real improvement in starting, slow running and length of life. At first sight it might be expected to cause pre-ignition — but it does not. **K·L·G** P.K.I. (18 m/m) P.L.K.I. (14 m/m) at **6/6**

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ON the road. This type of caravan—an Eccles—can be towed with ease by a car of quite modest power. There is no excessive strain on the chassis, and no difficulty will be encountered by any driver of ordinary competence

A New Sort of Motoring Holiday

Touring with a Trailer Caravan

By The Earl of Cardigan

AT this time of year one sees a great many trailer caravans on the road; but, in comparison with the number of cars, it cannot be said that the car-caravan combination is anything like as numerous as it might be. There are still, I fancy, a lot of motorists who have scarcely considered the opportunities that are afforded by caravanning in the modern style.

The photographs shown on this page may perhaps, in this connection, prove more eloquent than words. When one sees a caravan installed in some beautiful lake-side location, one cannot but reflect how delightful it must be to camp out among such surroundings, in preference to seeking the very dubious alternative comforts of the local inn. The latter, in summer, is apt to be stuffy and over-crowded, and to charge a disagreeably high price for its accommodation.

It may be, however, that some motorists are sceptical as to the degree of comfort to which the caravanner may look forward. Externally, the trailer caravan does not seem very large, and it may be imagined that the interior is correspondingly "poky," and perpetually "cluttered up" with the necessary camping equipment.

This is an idea which can be easily exploded, provided the sceptic will take a look for himself—or herself—into the interior of a well-planned and well-kept caravan. I remember the first occasion when, through the courtesy of Messrs. Eccles, I was able to make such an inspection. I was literally astonished to see the amount of interior space, and to note the complete absence of anything which could possibly be construed as a "clutter."

Indeed, the caravan builder displays real genius in the matter of neat and compact arrangement. A large amount of equipment must naturally be carried, but this is so well concealed that its presence is scarcely suspected until some item of it is actually required. If there is a caravanner who lives in a state of confusion and muddle, or has his "home" littered with pots and pans and such-like, we may be quite sure that the fault is his own, and certainly not that of the designer.

All articles of furniture are so planned that they can be folded or slid out of the way when they are not in use. There is ample accommodation for stowing away personal belongings. No space is wasted—and yet one never lacks the needful "room to turn round in."

There may be a notion also that a trailer-caravan imposes a great strain on the car which tows it, or on the driver who is responsible for it. I do not believe that, in actual practice, either of these fears is justified. Obviously, it would hardly do to ask a "baby" car to tow a full-scale caravan. On the other hand, if the car is of medium size and power, it will not only do the job, but may be trusted to do it without any fuss or bother.

The only effect which the trailer is likely to have upon the performance of the car is to make it necessary to change gear a little more freely. A few hills which were formerly taken in top gear may require "third" in order to prevent the engine from labouring. There is no need to suppose that any unreasonable strain is thereby imposed upon any part of the chassis.

As for the driving problems which are involved, there is no need for these to be taken too seriously. In normal running, one merely has to remember to take corners a little more widely, so as to allow for the trailer wheels following a course slightly "inside" that of the car wheels. There is little or no additional side-sway, and road-holding is scarcely affected.

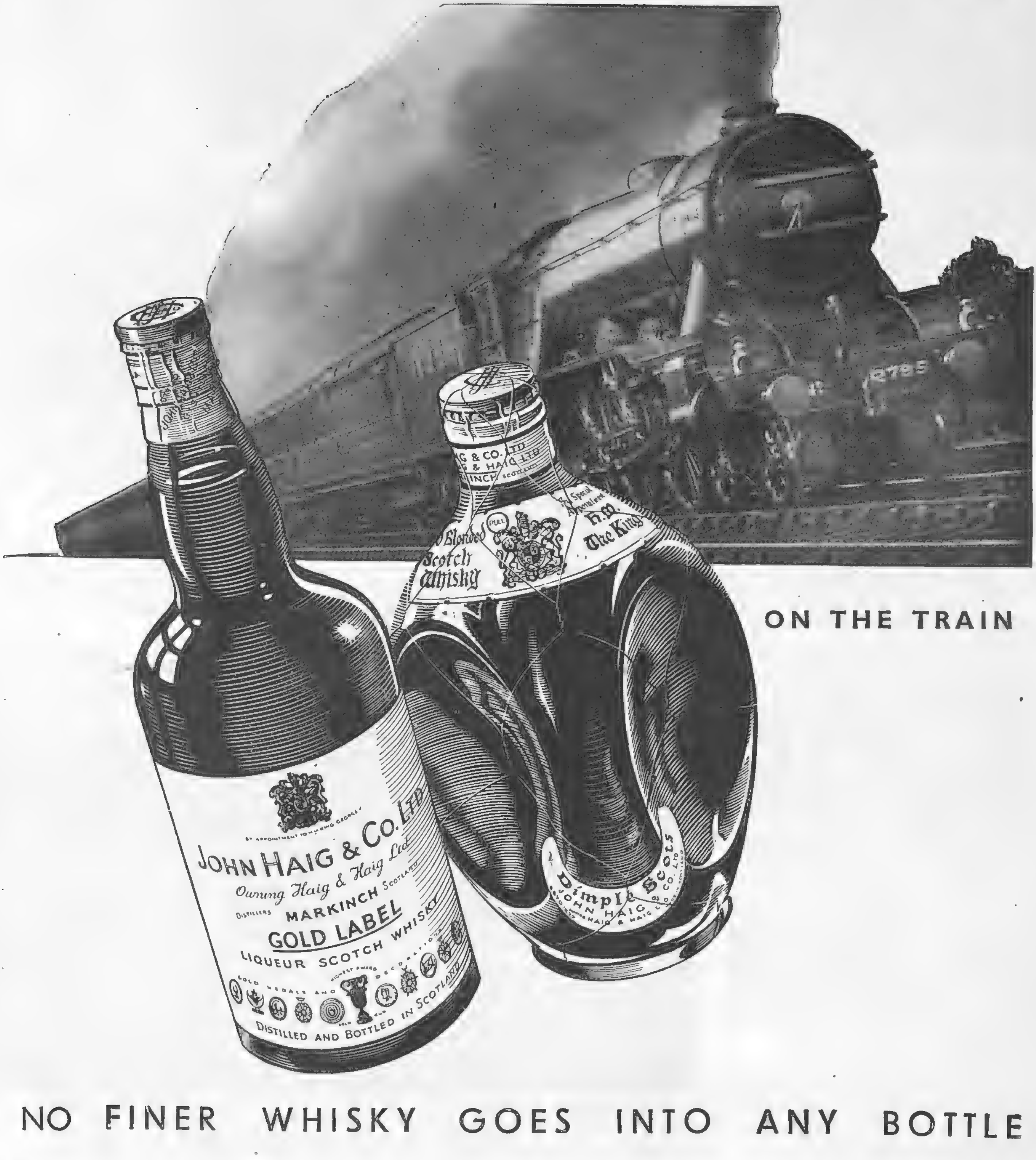
Reversing, when necessary, certainly presents some extra difficulty. How often, however, in a day's run is it absolutely essential to reverse? One nearly always has the alternative of driving round a block, or adopting some other expedient. Nine times out of ten one reverses by choice, and not from necessity.

Now, as to the cost of becoming a caravan owner—this is certainly not excessive when one considers both the amount of skilled workmanship which goes to the building of a caravan and also

(Continued on page 119)

AN ideal camping site. In summer weather, it is a delightful prospect to be able to live in the open air amid such idyllic surroundings. And, in the morning, no hotel bill!

DON'T BE VAGUE—
ASK FOR Haig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ON THE TRAIN

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

THE "Light Straight-Eight" Daimler is not really of such modest size as the name might indicate. It is a big car, carrying extremely comfortable coachwork. The horse-power is 25·7. The car, in a sense, has a "dual personality." It is a very dignified saloon for town occasions, but can "walk away from" a good many sports cars when it gets on to an open stretch of road

The "Light Straight-Eight" Daimler in Brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in line, with overhead valves; 25·7 h.p.

Transmission: Daimler fluid fly-wheel, with four-speed pre-selective gear-box.

Performance: Third gear, over 60 m.p.h.; top gear, 85 m.p.h.

Steering: Accurate; radius rods to front axle.

Springing: Semi-elliptic; controlled shock absorbers.

Brakes: Highly efficient vacuum Servo.

Coachwork: Luxurious, and extremely roomy.

Price: Saloon model, £995.

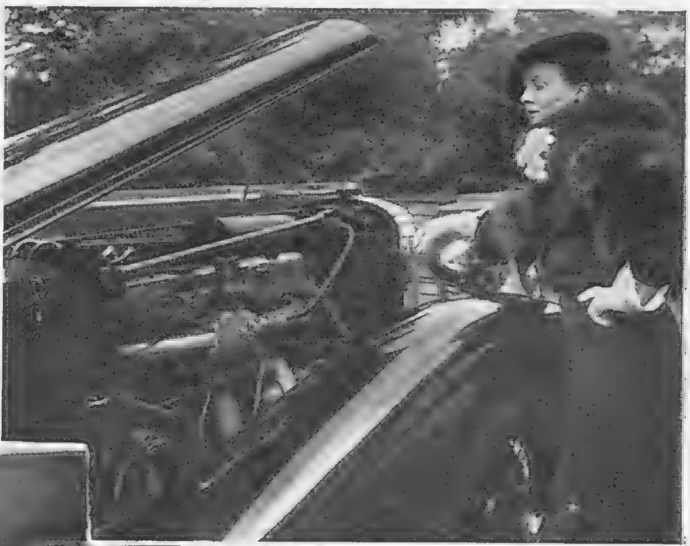
A New Daimler *with a fine* Performance

The "Light Straight Eight"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT will no longer come as anything of a surprise to the well-informed motorist to hear of a new Daimler having a really impressive road performance. Although, to a large extent, the Daimler is known for its virtues as a town carriage, it is also very widely recognised as having what may be termed a "dual personality." When the occasion arises, we know that it is well able to show a clean pair of heels to many another car of equivalent size and power.

The new "Light Straight Eight," however, is perhaps the finest of all Daimler models (at least within my experience) when it is a matter of putting up high average speeds on the open road. For town work it is everything that a Daimler is traditionally expected to be. It is silent, smooth and infinitely flexible. At the same time I can safely say that I have seldom made better going than I did when recently I took this car for a 120-mile run around the country.



THE engine, with its eight cylinders in line, has a really fine performance. It transmits its power through a fluid fly-wheel, thus giving infinite flexibility

THE amount of space at the back is truly generous. The central arm-rest can be raised, in which event there is sufficient width for three people easily to sit abreast

THERE are no projecting levers to obstruct the front compartment, so that the driver can get in and out on either side. Note the "pull-up" brake lever, and the gear control on the steering control

The engine is of a size very popular now—26 h.p.—having, as the name implies, eight cylinders in line. It would, I think, run with extreme smoothness in any event; but, with the fluid flywheel to assist it, it can move the car at a literal 1 m.p.h. in top gear, or even start it in this ratio from a standstill. There is no hesitation at ultra-low speeds; nor is there any noise or vibration at the other end of the scale, when the car is racing along at 80 m.p.h. or so.

Most people are now familiar with the Daimler transmission system, which combines the fluid flywheel with a four-speed pre-selective gearbox. To summarise the various advantages, one may say that it is quite impossible for the driver ever to stall his engine. He can never put his foot on the accelerator without getting some degree of response. He can never attempt a change of gear without achieving prompt and silent engagement of the desired ratio.

All this makes the car very simple for the novice; but it makes it also very efficient, even when an experienced driver is at the wheel. We should remember that many racing experts do not despise such mechanical aids.

A usefully high third gear is employed, giving the car a speed in this ratio of over 60 m.p.h. In top gear the maximum is around 85 m.p.h., and as much as 90 m.p.h. has been recorded in some instances. We must, therefore, rate this Straight-Eight (*Continued on page* 118)

The Gold Bug

(Continued from page 9)

and a contraction of enterprise and human activity. There has been a time lag, ranging from seven years to a century; but it always happens. Give that thought, and trace the phenomenon along the golden path cut across the centuries by Alexandrian stater and Roman aureus, Byzantine solidus and the dinar of Haroun al-Raschid, Florentine ducat, Spanish doubloon, the louis d'or of the French kings, yellow sovereigns, and the 80-lb. bars shipped about a post-world from which gold coins have disappeared—and you find it all patterns into a tale as bizarre as the yarn of the Wild Ass's Skin that took shape in the smoke of one of Balzac's "enchanted cigarettes."

Here is another puckish story from the Arabian Nights tale of gold—a story which may be duplicated any time now that the search for new gold deposits is more intense, widespread, and scientific than ever before. It is dated in the middle seventies of last century.

Two men stood on a kopje marking the northern boundary of a little farm on a windy upland in southern Africa. "Two hundred pound?" The visitor looked away from the small cultivated patch, noted the scarcity of trees. "No. Might talk business at a hundred."

"No. Guess I'll keep her."

The visitor shook hands, and rode away. He left £100,000,000 behind him. Under the patch of ground he had been standing on lay one of the richest veins of the mighty Witwatersrand. From that mine, the Modderfontein, men have taken to date over £63,000,000 of gold, and there is as much more left. The mine has paid over £18,000,000 in dividends.

He missed something, that casual visitor who saw only a skin of poor earth. But he was only one of many who walked or rode over that 80-mile stretch of bare upland under which lies the biggest gold-reef ever known, a rock conglomerate streaked with gold estimated to be worth £5,000,000,000, of which about half has already been extracted during the last 45 years and added to world stocks.

Any one of those wanderers, up to half a century ago, could have bought the entire stretch, with its vast hidden treasure of gold, for under a thousand pounds.

TO-DAY tens of thousands of men are busy, from the Tropical line to the Polar Circle, hunting a new Witwatersrand. The incentive is the same as that which is causing all gold output records to be broken—a jump in the price of gold from 85s. to 140s. an ounce. But, so far, no new discovery has been made which has had any substantial effect on the gold supply.

Minor discoveries there have been. A worth-while deposit has been found in the mountain ranges of New Guiana, at a spot so inaccessible that—as in the new Canadian workings near the Bear and Slave Lakes, close to the Polar Circle—they have to use airplanes to transport equipment, men, and metal.

A new goldfield is being developed in the north-eastern uplands of Kenya Colony. It was found by accident in 1932, when two settlers trekked up to the Kakamega district to look into the possibilities of reclaiming an old coffee proposition that had reverted to jungle, and, stopping to drink at a stream in a small ravine between forest banks, saw a yellow eye winking at them from the sandy bed—gold, an 8-ounce nugget. The gold rush that ensued soon gutted the alluvial gold, found by panning in streams, and the outcrops. Serious mining work, big-money development, is now bringing the reef into production.

There have been new strikes in Canada, Russia, Labrador, South America, the Philippines, New Zealand, North Africa; and, with a rustle of dry bones in sand and scrub and jungle, old mines, whose former owners had gone broke or abandoned what they thought was an exhausted vein, have been resuscitated.

The extension of the Rand main reef at deep level must also be recorded as a new discovery. But this new ore, estimated to contain a thousand tons of gold, lies at 10,000 feet. Technical advances permit mining at this great depth, but production will be slow.

The post-war average of 16–20,000,000 ounces a year was brought up to 31,000,000 ounces in 1935 (the fifth consecutive year in which output has broken the former highest of 22,000,000 ounces recorded in 1915). The Rand men think world output may peak in 1940 at the hitherto unheard-of figure of 40,000,000 ounces, say 1,280 tons: that is, provided Russian production is maintained at the promised 1936 figure of 11,000,000 ounces, which equals 1935 Rand production (the latter is expected to rise to 15,000,000 ounces by 1940; it might be nearing that now, only the mine owners are cannily working low-grade ore while costs are low and the sterling price of gold is high).

The big increase in output is due to more intensive working of known Russian deposits. The Kremlin oligarchs have 800,000 men employed in the goldfields. Giant dredges installed in the Siberian placer areas, where formerly men worked laboriously with pans, has enormously increased gold recovery, and put Russia second on the list of world producers, the Rand being first with 40 per cent. of world production (60 per cent. of all new gold comes from within the British Empire area now; it used to be three-fourths until the Russian dredges began to thump and thud).

But the Russians are secretive about their gold. Even the mining engineers don't know how much of it there is. Just when they begin to get acquainted with one area, their masters move them on to another. It may be that Russia will prove to be another Klondyke, another Australia. The Klondyke reached its peak in four years, with a take of 850,000 ounces, and soon after was an empty shell; and although Australian gold mining is booming owing to new strikes and resuscitation of old mines, the 1935 output was under 1,000,000 ounces, which is not much more than a fourth of the record Australian gold output of 3,830,000 ounces reached in 1903.

So, after all, the great gold boom has only notched output of new gold up from the average 600 tons of the old post-war gold-standard world to a current 990 tons, with a promise of 1,280 tons by 1940; a figure which may never be exceeded, unless a new Rand is uncovered somewhere. At the current rate of extraction, the known deposits of gold will be exhausted within thirty years. What the world gold stock will be worth in terms of pounds, dollars, francs, lira, roubles, rupees, yen, zloty, pesos, lei, etcetera, when all the metal is extracted, is anybody's guess.

In the old gold-standard world, gold was worth 84s. an ounce. That was the fixed, official price. The price has not yet been officially changed. Gold taken into the Bank of England vaults is still officially valued at 84s. an ounce, and the gold stock appears in the weekly Bank return valued at £212,000,000, when actually, if turned out into the market to-morrow, that 1,600 tons of yellow metal would fetch nearer £370,000,000, for gold sells in the open market around £7 an ounce now.

The price is determined daily at a meeting of half a dozen men, representatives of the bullion brokers and gold refiners, in the Rothschild office in New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, in the heart of the City. These men disclose to one another their buying and selling orders. They know what the demand for gold is that day, and the supply available to meet the demand. Orders come to them from all over the world, for London is the only free and trusted market for gold.

They have two yardsticks which enable them quickly to arrive at that day's price—news of which will then flash over the world and determine the price factor in transactions in all the chief centres. One is supply-and-demand. The other is the sterling exchange in the two "gold" centres, Paris and New York, where the respective national currencies are still fixed in gold terms. For instance, if you know that the dollar-pound exchange rate is five dollars for one pound, you can easily arrive at the sterling price of gold that day, because the dollar price of gold is fixed—it is 35 dollars for an ounce of gold, and, unlike the sterling price for gold, that dollar price never varies.

A little back history on that is illuminating. In the Geological Museum in London there assembled—it seems so long ago now that almost one prefaces the sentence with "Once upon a time"—the World Economic Conference. It had a long agenda. But really the only real task confronting the delegates of sixty nations, whose parley was opened in person by King George V, was to agree on a new world price for gold.

They failed because the British Empire men had one idea; the European nations, headed by gold-gorged France, had another idea; and the mighty North American republic had a third idea. While they were all arguing, the new American President discharged a torpedo. It sped across the Atlantic and hit the conference amidships. The conference sank, practically without trace. Few people now bother to remember that it ever assembled.

The truth was, Roosevelt had decided that in order to maintain his political balance he must manipulate prices upwards. His brain trusters told him to use the gold jack. Nero had done it with the Roman aureus. He had debased the standard gold coin in order to lighten the load of debt. But Roosevelt's brain trusters did not remind him that he was only following in Nero's footsteps. They just told him that if he cut the gold content of the dollar, prices would rise. The farmers, obliged, owing to the calamitous fall in prices, to grow two bushels of wheat or raise a brace of pigs in order to get each dollar needed to pay mortgage interest, would only have to grow one bushel of wheat, or raise one pig, to get that dollar. And so on all along the line. The name of Roosevelt would be blessed—and he would be sure of a second term.

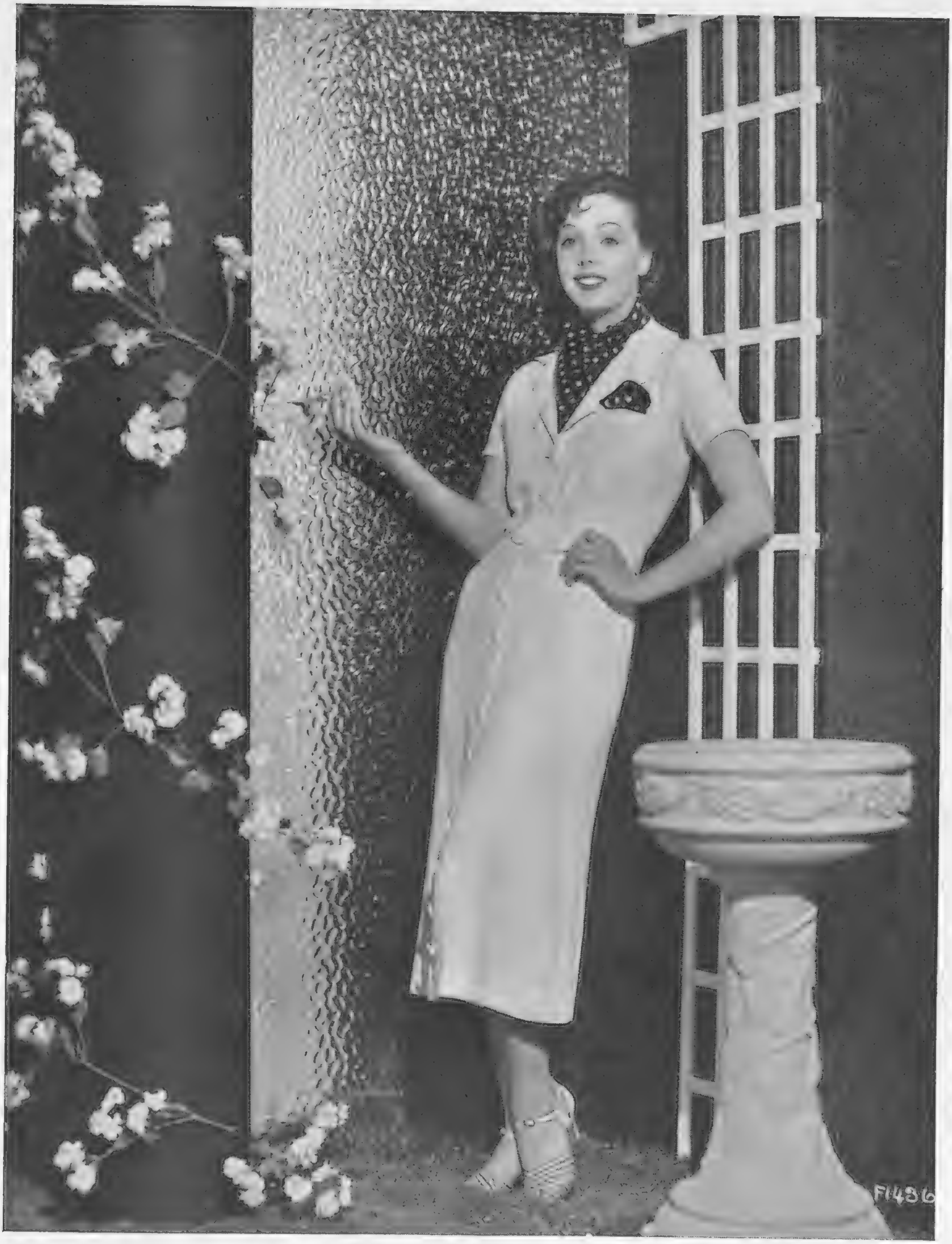
The dollar was then exchangeable at the rate of $20.40 for one ounce of gold. Congress at Roosevelt's demand, gave him power to cut the gold content of the dollar 50 per cent. He exercised his right up to 41 per cent., keeping a 9 per cent. reserve. He decreed that henceforth the dollar should exchange for gold at the rate of 35 for one ounce. And around the hub of this fixed price for gold at the United States treasury the world price of gold has gyrated ever since.

In other words, the enigma of gold is a political enigma. Gold is shot through with politics—or, rather, the ultimate monetary value of gold is. I have discussed gold with gold-mining magnates and mining engineers, with sociologists and stockbrokers, with bankers and economists, with Treasury officials and with one City veteran who almost recalls the Californian gold rush of '48. But the only clear thing that emerges is that gold is never likely to be worth less than £7 an ounce—but this will not necessarily further stimulate the production of gold, because profit margins of gold production in the long run are bound to rise along with everything else, from wages and water rates to copper and cucumbers. It always has been so on great increases in the gold supply, and it will be so again.

Already, in terms of pounds sterling exchanging at the rate of seven for an ounce of gold, the monetary stock of gold in the world is twice what it was in 1929; and the stock in 1929 was sufficient to sustain a price level far above the existing one, and a volume of trade which was an all-time record, running around one-third higher than the present volume of world trade.

John Bull, with his customary luck, has managed to turn the gold muddle to good account. As a

(Continued on page 84)



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world trader, he has been damaged by the collapse of the gold standard. His traders and manufacturers find it difficult to do business across frontiers, or to plan ahead, when the various national currencies are all over the place—worth so much to-day, in terms of sterling and gold, and heaven-knows-what to-morrow. But it is an ill wind that blows him no good.

He owns the world's greatest goldfields, and supplies 60 per cent. of the world demand, selling gold on a commodity basis to anybody willing to pay the sterling price. Gold brings grist to his ships, insurance companies, refineries, factories, engineering works, airplane services, and investors. His imperial capital remains, oddly enough—seeing that his own money is off gold—the great world market for the yellow metal. Last year, the port, market, and refineries of London handled an intake of £227,000,000 of gold, of which £160,000,000 was shipped out again. Gold has made South Africa prosperous, and much of that prosperity has been translated into terms of orders for the home island workshops.

Some theorists have suggested that man can solve his economic problems—escape from the economics of scarcity—by abolishing gold. Similar illusions have been entertained in regard to sex, crime, alcoholic beverages, tobacco, and the necessity for men to work in order to live. The gold bug has bitten men; and as far ahead as anyone can see the hypnotic effect of its serum upon the human imagination will remain. Gold will never disappear from a world where scarcity breeds value, paper is flimsy and perishable, and political promises prove as unsubstantial as dawn mists on a summer's morn.

The enslavement of man to gold is not the fault of the yellow metal. It is due to the inability of peoples and their leaders to discover how to solve the problem of co-operating to preserve a proper balance between the nations inside the framework of an international economic order created by science, the machine, and human energy and enterprise.

As a result of their trial-and-error experiments since the old fixed-parities gold standard collapsed, men may have learnt how to control gold and make it dance to the tune of their life, instead of having to dance to the tune called by the state of the gold supply, and the distribution of stocks about the various national centres.

Or they may not.

Blue-print plans by the score exist for the restoration of world monetary unit on a gold basis. Eventually, one will be adopted by the monetary engineers. But whichever one it is, it is certain that if our civilisation is going to survive it must eventually move on the tide of new gold into the biggest expansion era in human history so far. The wealth is frozen away in vaults for us to use if we can find out how to reconcile rival national-bloc commercial and monetary policies sufficiently to thaw it out.

The extraction of new gold from the earth's hoards at a record rate must bring this expansion era about, or the whole business will be seen by future historians as something as futile as the attempt to fill with a pan a water-butt full of holes.

Meantime gold, having been with us for 2,500 years, looks like staying. The treasure of Captain Kidd is still worth hunting. The buried hoards of Haroun al-Raschid and Alexander, the lost cachés of Darius and Montezuma, can still be turned into palaces and power—if you can discover them.

For if there is anything that one learns from examining the phenomena of a paper-money world, it is that the more men are obliged to use paper, the more they prize gold. It may even be that we shall end the reign of monetary chaos by reverting to a gold coinage. The Regents of the Bank of France have publicly advocated the step. The gold-mining men are for it. There is enough gold in the Bank of England vaults now—including the gold held on Exchange Equalisation Fund account—to cover pound for pound the note issue of £465,000,000. The United States has $6,000,000,000 of currency — and $10,000,000,000 of gold. France, despite huge gold losses, could put out a gold issue twice the size of her present note issue.

Given equable distribution of gold stocks, the whole Western world could go on a gold coinage basis to-day. Back to Crœsus! It would be the last ironic commentary on our civilisation.

The Wizard of Crime Detection

(*Continued from page 11*)

peasants to say where their hoards were. Some died under the fearful suffering inflicted with this rosary, for the devils used to beat the old people on the soles of their bare feet till they died of shock. The four men were guillotined. President Fallières reprieved the woman."

So this lurid hour proceeded, the past colliding with the present. One whole wall was covered with scores of pistols, each representing an exceptional crime. Some went crudely back a hundred years, others were the very latest shotguns. Another wall was given over to celebrated knives and daggers. Then a picture of a monkey in the midst of the silver he used to purloin while his master, who had trained him as thief, would play his barrel-organ innocently outside the selected house. That monkey was caught by his not-so-human finger-prints and is the only simian in a Police Museum—Edgar Allen Poe's creature of the imagination, of the Rue Morgue, not having gained that permanence.

Dr. Locard is particularly proud of his *moulage* results, and here were several notable exhibits of his success in taking incriminating mouldings of footprints, etc., on the scene of a crime. In one case a disciple of Charles Peace had fallen in the mud while making a getaway. His right knee struck in addition to both palms of the hands, while a button of his waistcoat likewise became pressed into the soil. The whole picture now stood in relief on a one-square-yard white cement slab, but it was the button identification that set the guillotine in motion.

Again, I glanced down at the *moulage* of some crows' claws that had sent a second assassin to Cayenne. These claws fixed the day and the hour of a murder, vital point that was to refute an alibi. A body was found after it had lain out for days through freezing and thaw and then again through freezing. The carrion crows' imprint, right underneath and frozen over, showed that there had been pecking at the corpse three full days before its discovery.

Another *moulage* showed the imprint of a big dog beside that of a woman. This was how a female maniac who had terrorised a whole countryside by firing farmhouses in the night, came to be identified. Every dog in the neighbourhood had his paw-prints taken till the culpable canine was identified as the property of so-and-so.

And then I was shown exhibits telling how a man had been identified by imprints coming even through gloves; how burnt paper can be read; how tooth indentations in a cake can be associated with specific sets of teeth; how damning evidence can emanate from the closest attention being paid to traces left by the pores of the skin. Dr. Locard is the inventor of this new skin game: the poroscope. Wonder after wonder—in the profane outsider's eyes! A drop of wax fallen from a candle sent a local apache to a long term. He had "put his signature to his crime" by merely allowing a drop of liquid wax to pass over his finger on the way to the ground.

Finally (for the visit was curtailed by a summons to the sanctum within) I studied exhibits which won Dr. Locard renown in two latter-day mysteries. You may have read, summer after summer, how immense tracts of forest on the Riviera are burnt down "through smokers' negligence." Nothing of the kind. Dr. Locard went fully into the problem and found traces showing how shepherds concoct delay-action fires from wet moss and pieces of chiffon, the object being to secure pasture ground for their flocks.

The second case concerned "poor Angèle Lavad," a demented young maid who for years cascaded shocking anonymous letters on her native town of Tulle, implicating all and sundry. It was Dr. Locard who ended that blight and sent Angèle to the home where she still is—though not before engendering several separations and a suicide.

Edmond Locard, wizard of French crime detection, received me with hand outstretched across a large table cluttered with books, papers, telephones, and a diversity of objects that can only have been the relics of *causes célèbres*, or gifts from indebted and thankful clients. He was not a bit as I had expected: the taciturn, aloof expert, only too obviously itching to reclose the door on his inquisitive caller. Dr. Locard may be sixty, indeed, he must be, since he worked under both Lombroso and Bertillon, each of whom is dead these thirty years, but his alert figure and keen glance belie the fact, as does his mischievous hair *en brosse*. Your immediate impression is that of a man thoroughly happy in his work—not the first time one has noticed that dealers in the macabre are apt to be gay mortals.

In the early 'nineties Edmond Locard was a young medical student, in Lyons, who accompanied everywhere Professor Lacassagne, destined to bequeath so much valuable information on criminals. Then the Dreyfus storm broke, and Bertillon made his tragic error of wrongly identifying some writing on a blotting-pad as that of the accused Jewish staff officer. About the same time Lacassagne gave his protégé a brochure on the budding study of finger-prints, and this was to fix the young man's destiny. Locard set off for the various capitals to study the methods of Reiss in Lausanne, Galton in London, Gillet in Brussels, Ottolenghi in Rome, of Ruby in Paris, and Lombroso in Turin. In passing, it is erroneous to attribute the finger-print system to Bertillon. He did what Marconi did for wireless: perfected but did not discover it. On the contrary, in these early years Bertillon openly doubted the proof-positive to be adduced from the new and revolutionary method.

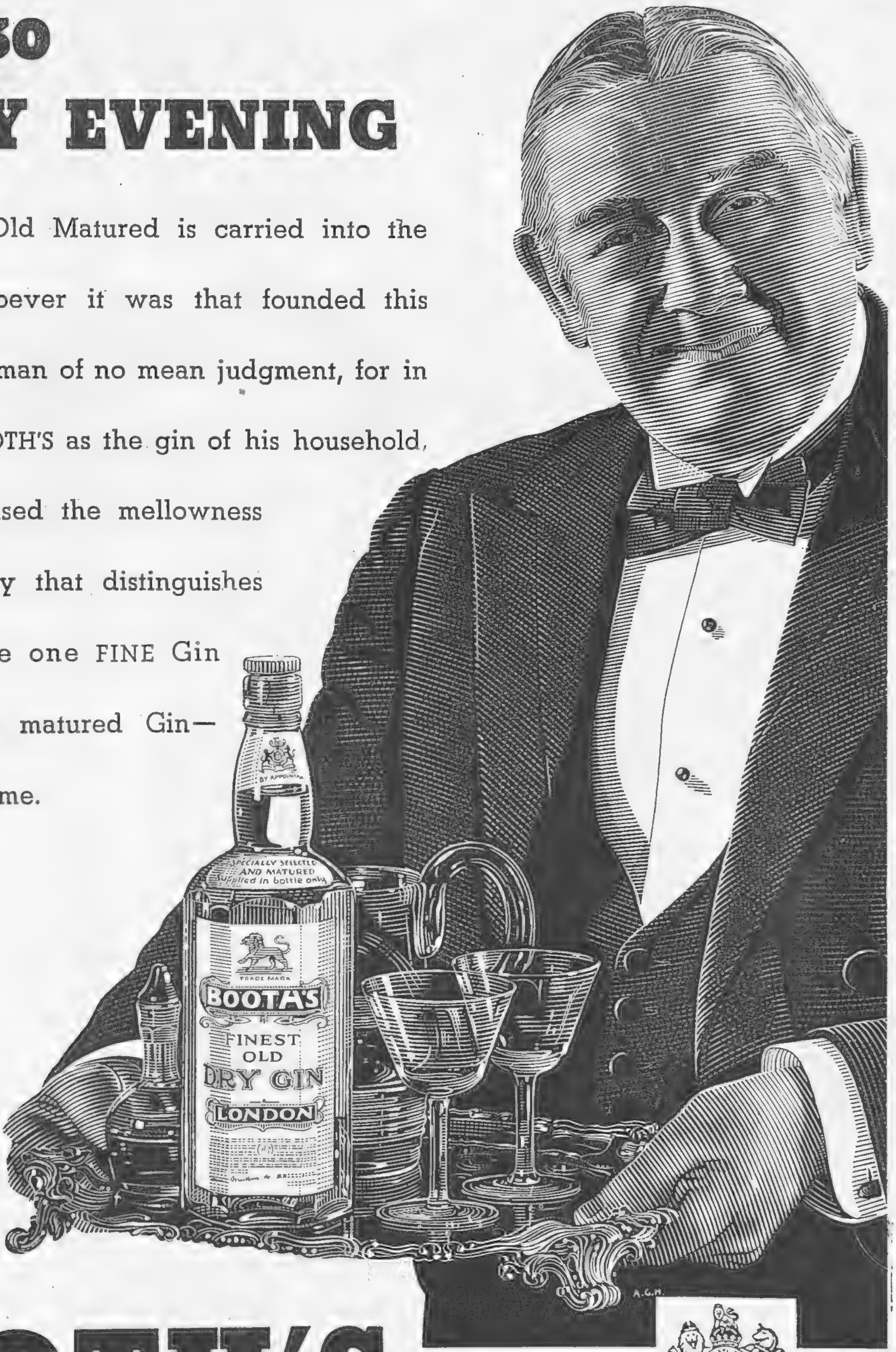
To-day, Professor Locard is himself the magnetic hub, attracting disciples from the ends of the earth as he sits in his Sûreté penthouse. How he finds time for all his activities, it is hard to tell; for, in addition to conducting his branch and being ready to proceed on an enquiry any minute, he has those pupils and a spate of callers the most difficult of whom are private clients who make him the repository of astonishing secrets. He travels on lecture tours and on special enquiries in foreign countries, writes papers for the serious reviews and thrillers in his spare time, and is just now bringing to a close a mammoth study on the growth of crime detection, running into seven fat volumes. And I have said nothing of the time our "sorcerer" devotes to the most precious task of all—steadily forging ahead along fresh paths of discovery, perfecting himself in his never-marking-time line of work. It was this aspect that he principally discussed, at my request. I had pointed out how we were having rather too many unsolved murders in England of late, and was it by chance that the criminals were drawing a trifle ahead of our experts, or just bad luck? I also mentioned that Scotland Yard was about to have its first mobile dark-room and finger-print van, so that vital time may be saved at the opening of an enquiry, and the value of traces left by the criminal be subjected to immediate checking.

As for the van, it brought the glitter of professional enthusiasm to his eyes. Yes, that was the right sort of advance!

(*Continued on page 86*)

AT 6.30 EVERY EVENING

. . . BOOTH'S Old Matured is carried into the Library. Whosoever it was that founded this tradition was a man of no mean judgment, for in establishing BOOTH'S as the gin of his household, he had recognised the mellowness born of maturity that distinguishes BOOTH'S as the one FINE Gin . . . as the one matured Gin—mellowed by time.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"Let us put it this way. Justice has to rely on five different sources for proof. Vocal or the confession. Literal or written. Presumpton. The testimony of witnesses. And circumstantial evidence, with which is linked technical proof. It is in this fifth domain—in traces left behind, above all—that the greatest progress will come. The only witnesses that are never mistaken and never lie are the silent ones—provided that they can be properly interpreted! Remember that there exist other trace-clues at the scene of a crime besides foot and finger-prints! Let me instance just a few of these others.

"If papillary craters (finger-impressions) exist only in certain limited regions, on the other hand pores are all over the body, so much so that each time the naked skin comes in contact with a flat surface, it leaves an individual impress that can be identified. Here, in Lyons, we not long ago captured a master-cracksman through his leaning, bare-armed, on a marble-topped table while he was picking a lock.

"Then take the ridiculously neglected traces apt to be left by lips. Criminals habitually drink on the scene of their exploits, either to give themselves courage or in post-celebration. Their lips will not be clean, and they leave impressions on glasses and cups, yet I do not know of a single case where such a labial clue has been followed up. So I have one of my assistants, Monsieur Claps, working on the problem. He reports that results are not a bit easy to obtain except where the make-up of women has been communicated to an object such as a cigarette stub. I repeat, then, that here is a realm in which nearly all remains yet to be done.

"Consider, again, animal traces. How pitifully we are behind our primitive ancestors who could tell the impress of the male from the female and even when an animal was carrying young! I have known expert *policiers* mistake the scratchings of a cat for the human variety, while we know little so far concerning the papillary craters possessed by dogs. It is a *terra incognita* that opens here.

"Greater attention will also be paid to bites. These will have to be carefully catalogued over a long period, of course. At present we have no means of telling, at sight of bite marks on a body, what animal has bitten and what its size may be. Yet the specific nature of an animal at the scene of a crime can be of paramount importance. I have had a case in which a dog clue led to the knowledge that a body had been carried into a house after death.

"As for dusts," proceeded Locard, "the field is simply illimitable." He was on his very own ground, as honoured pioneer. "Whole lives of experts require to be devoted to the study of dusts about which we to-day still have only fragmentary and vague knowledge. This particularly refers to vegetable *débris*. Yet only recently we secured a murderer simply through a certain type of pollen being found on his garments: it had been blown there in a field where the victim had been found. That was the start of the main evidence against the man, I should say. He later confessed when gradually told what had happened in the field. Much progress is possible in the art of extracting admissions. To be able to read a man, and to let him know you can do so, I find of highest value."

Locard's system, when he wishes to remove dust specimens from a garment, is to place this in a stout paper bag, and to beat the bag lightly with flat paddles: the dust settles at the bottom and is then carefully removed. Or else, the Doctor may pass the Södermann vacuum appliance over the clothes. He also scrapes the interior of pockets and once found some of the characteristically decomposed skin tissues resulting from eczema in the pocket of a suspect. Someone with eczema had been strangled and particles had adhered to the criminal's fingernails.

Still, it all can be so important.. Counterfeiting is very prevalent in France just now. Locard is called in over a specially bad case. He finds through his paper bag, some truly remarkable dust on the coats of three apprehended men—tin, antimony and lead. The very metals used in the spurious money being made.

The varieties of dust are as numerous as all the different materials in the world. Rice dust does not resemble barley dust, and the dust of a butterfly's wing differs totally from that of a rose petal. The important thing about dust is its tenacity in clinging to our clothes and body.

"*Brush him!*" the expert is already ordering, in the very first case.

Even after a careful toilet we carry on our persons a tell-tale record of our recent doings and whereabouts. Our nostrils, ears, fingernails and pockets show specific dust traces. Even the soles of our boots can be made to tell their tale. Dr. Locard was able to show, by scraping dust from the sole of a man's shoe, that he had not come by a road he had said, but by a second one where he had to cross a brief tract of roadway that was under repair with red brick. What did that prove, one might ask? It showed, anyway, that the suspect had for some reason embarked on a lying game.

It may be that the Americans are in the lead with regard to securing evidence from human hair. One learnt that a young Californian scientist has succeeded in isolating over 20,000 different varieties. Hair is often clutched by a victim in the death throes; there was a notable case in the South of France some time ago in which the most powerful microscope showed without chance of error that several strands had been wrenched from the chin of a red-bearded prisoner in the dock. More recently, in the United States, an ordinary traffic cop brought a much-wanted "hit-and-run" driver to book by skilfully removing a tiny adherence of silk and skin from the running-board of a parked car. Under the marvellous modern microscope—which makes the tip of one's finger "read" like the mountains of the moon—these particles were proved to concern a girl typist who had been knocked down and killed. Indeed, the Americans are fairly ploughing ahead in the matter of "traces" left behind. A damning piece of evidence against Hauptmann reposed on the exact similarity of a grain in some wood found in his carpenter's shed, and the grain in the ladder left against the Lindbergh baby's window. More recently, Mrs. Titterton's murderer was first suspected by the finding in his pocket of a piece of cord with daubs of green paint upon it.

IN their elaborate drive against crime the Americans are pouring money into laboratories jammed with batteries of weird and sensitive instruments, and they are making useful advances as a result. Thus, they have determined a method of telling whether a person, fatally shot, has been killed by a murderer's bullet or committed suicide. When we fire a pistol, tiny particles of nitrate are forcibly blown into the skin of our firing hand by the "invisible backfire" of the cartridge. On the proper chemical reagent being applied, these nitrate particles show up as dark bluish specks. They are absent if the hand has pulled no trigger. Such a test could "definitely" have decided whether Stavinsky shot himself or was "removed" by the police, with a view to ensuring his silence.

I found the wizard of Lyons well up in American advance. "But they are such enthusiastic ones, they will overdo it, I fear! They must always romance so much. *Tiens*, what were the stories that preceded me when I crossed? That I was the *intime* of a princely family, that princesses delighted in my unravellings, that I played the violin, was a sort of dilettante who pursued crime as a hobby. You will, of course, note the Holmes touch! Everywhere I go in America I am interviewed about my princesses and my violin. Yet why all that? Why not say plainly the fact that I have been a hardworking professional at this game for over forty years?"

"Now I must close," decided "the sorcerer," of a sudden. "I keep waiting too long one of my private clients. Oh, yes, it is sometimes a cross between a confessional and a clinic here! I think I know the deepest secrets of the Lyonnais country! They come to me with such strange family tales, and not always do they wish proceedings to be taken. Altogether, I have five hundred cases of investigation or consultation every year. A large number have to do with fraud, and we are now able to say, by what I call *anonymographie*, whether the hand of a dying person has been forced or merely guided.

"I amuse myself by publishing some of the more fantastic tales in the form of short stories—of course, with persons and places well hidden!

"But I was discussing *traces* with you, which is much more important. There are two more traces to mention: bloodstains and tobacco ash. Criminals can scrub and scrub away at their guilty stains in the future, but it will be of no avail. Invisible bloodstains can be brought out by applying benzidine and hydrogen peroxide, a blue colour within a few seconds resulting. This chemical combination is so sensitive that dried blood many years old will react to it. It is more difficult, as yet, to distinguish between old, "invisible" animal blood and human ditto.

"How vital this matter can be, you only have to consider one of our cases here, to understand. A man was found murdered beneath a factory window. The factory had been broken into. The burglar had evidently struck down a witness of his escape. A young suspect was arrested. The murder was not mentioned to him, but he confessed to the burglary. Then, when told of the crime committed below the very window through which he had escaped, and at approximately the same time, the fellow had the effrontery to deny and deny that he had seen or struck anybody. Of course nobody believed him. He certainly would have been for the penal colonies, if not the guillotine, had not a tramp been rounded up a night or two later and brought to me, as so many are, just on chance that they may have some 'trace' about their persons, showing they have been law-breaking. Well, this tramp had a sleeve showing recently scrubbed human blood. He fumbled over his explanations. I looked into him and knew he had slain that man below the factory window. And he had. They had both got drunk and fought."

Dr. Locard hardly holds with some new methods being resorted to to make suspects "talk." As is known, the Americans have the blood-pressure "lie-detector," and have lately begun playing about with a so-called "truth-serum," which is nothing less than dope calculated "to submerge certain areas of the brain that are chiefly used in fabricating self-protective stories." Dr. Locard pins his faith to the penetrating intellect of the expert himself.

"The laboratory is the ante-chamber to the tribunal," was the parting shot of this remarkable man among whose lesser tasks are penetrating new "invisible" inks, cryptology, and unravelling criminal slang. Just now French crime slang has reverted to the Javanese influence that used to be fashionable with the courtesans of the Second Empire. A "di" is inserted between each syllable. It may sound simple but can be rather startling. "Ondi madi poidissidi madi toquanditedi" just means "they've pinched my watch."

As I came away, a professional *sortie* by the staff was being enacted.

"We are very well organised here," came in familiar tone from one who seemed to penetrate your every thought. "Think of it, when a crime occurs, what does a Lyonnais family do? If it can afford to, it leaves the home and goes to sleep at an hotel, so that no finger-prints or other traces may suffer! And we, of this branch, what do we do? We mobilise by telephone and swiftly descend on the scene, each with his special apparatus: the camera, the Garnier measuring gear, the powders and other tricks for finger-prints, the dust-collector, the wax for moulding traces of the crime, diamonds for cutting glass.

"A busy hour or two, and it must all be done at once, that is the essential!"

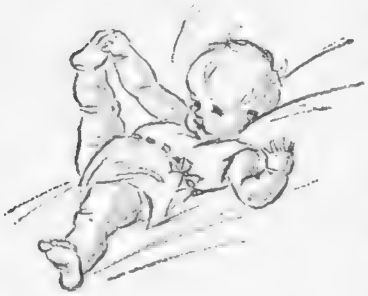
END

Wasn't he worth it?

He's the whole world to his mother, just as your baby is to you. In fact there's not a thing she wouldn't do for his health and happiness. But—there's just one thing she *couldn't* do and that was to feed him herself. But her doctor, who had advised her all the way through, told her that Allenburys is nearest to the natural milk. You see, the three foods in the Allenburys System are graduated, just as nature does it, to meet baby's growing needs, and they have all the newest improvements that science has revealed.

Mother did wonder whether these advantages might prove expensive, but a trial of Allenburys soon dispelled her doubts. She discovered that Allenburys goes much further, weight for weight, than some foods that are apparently cheaper.

Isn't she happy now in the knowledge that she's giving her baby the best! Allenburys is easy for him to digest—never makes him cross or 'fretty'—and contains ample Vitamin D (to build strong bones and teeth). The quality never varies because she gets it from her chemist in 'factory fresh' hermetically sealed tins. She knows, too, that any problems on baby-care will be fully answered by the Woman Doctor at Allenburys Wise Mothercraft Bureau.



She's going to give him Allenburys Rusks when he starts teething. They exercise his gums just enough to help teeth through without trouble and they, also, contain that important Vitamin D.

These advantages are available for you, too. Ask your chemist about it or, if you would like to know more, just fill in the coupon below.

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Allenburys No. 1. From birth to three months. Sufficient for approximately 18 feeds, 2/-. Double quantity 3/9. Four times quantity 7/-.

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Fill in your baby's birthday, or expected birthday, write your name and address clearly in the white margin below and post to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

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England's Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 23)

production side of film-making. I have known accountants to give their opinion on the value of certain themes proposed for production, accountants saying that the dialogue of this script is rotten and the sequences in that one not so bad (accountants are never enthusiastic, in my experience). A remembered example is of an accountant dogmatising at length, in the course of a story conference, about love and its effects on a certain type of person. When boy meets girl, said this unusually cadaverous-looking gentleman in the horn-rimmed glasses and stuck all over with fountain-pens, boy does *not* behave like boy in script—boy wouldn't *dream* of being so rude.

All of which demonstrates two things: that the film business is fundamentally incapable of keeping itself straight and therefore has to hire outsiders to wet-nurse it as a result; and, of greater interest to the film-goer, that the boring lack of originality in screen stories is not so often the writer's fault as it is the producer's, acting under orders from the accountants. The accountancy mind is necessarily and naturally concerned only with the box-office. It says, naturally but most unfortunately, that such and such a picture, being a money-maker, the same formula, with very few concessions to originality, must be used again. This passion for repeating a success formula is essentially an accountant's emotion.

EVERYONE knows that film companies spend money, those that can lay hands on it, like water. But a superstition persists that the British film industry has not, at least in this one respect, taken a leaf from Hollywood's book. England learn from Hollywood? The slogan almost certainly is that England will not rest until Hollywood has been licked at least in this department. A sidelight on the situation was given me by a friend who yielded not long ago to the fascination of the motion-picture business to the extent of going into it with £100,000 of his own money. He is a man of many interests and, indeed, of heavy responsibilities, public as well as private. When I last saw him he was feeling too oppressed to eat any lunch. Asked by me what it was all about, he complained with some bitterness that the film business was monopolising far too much of his time and energy. "If only I could be sure how they would spend the money," he said, "I could attend to all the other things I'm supposed to be looking after. But I can't be sure—I have to watch 'em every minute of the day!"

Are you being asked to believe, then, that the British film industry is—well, let us say, hardly a safe bet for the future? Indeed, you are not. The jumps ahead which the industry has made in the last two years is some assurance of its vitality and its potentialities in general. There is a British film industry. Everyone knows that it is largely not British. Elstree is regarded as the British equivalent of Hollywood, and there we have Mr. John Maxwell and Mr. Herbert Wilcox valiantly keeping the old flag flying, though too seldom startling us by their efforts at doing so. At Shepherd's Bush there is Gaumont-British, whose most characteristic production is Mr. Alfred Hitchcock himself, our one native genius—I like that word to be used discreetly—on the directing side of the industry. Good pictures have come out of Shepherd's Bush, but they are not all, or even mostly, a resounding credit to this country. Two of the best have been identified with Hitchcock, and he remains our sixteen-stone, whimsical white hope as far as Gaumont-British is concerned.

At the present time too many producers are so busy trying to beat Hollywood at its own game that what should be the spirit of English picture-making is being completely overlooked. It should be apparent now, surely, that we cannot beat Hollywood at anything except making our own films. This is a truism which the majority of Britain's film leaders will not believe even though it is megaphoned right into their ears. As a result, there is only one important producer in England who sees this country in terms of empire and not of island—and he, if you please, is a foreigner, although he hopes to have become technically one of us before this article is in print. Alexander Korda is the one outstanding figure in British films to-day to whom we can confidently look for something like a consummation of our hopes for the British film industry in the future. His achievement in building the film centre at Denham is greater than most people know. Denham was until a few months ago a peaceful Buckinghamshire village, lying beyond Greenford and Ruislip, half an hour by train from Paddington. Now it means not a forgotten corner of England at all, but the greatest film centre, two hundred acres of it, outside America. And it has come out of an Hungarian brain, backed, it is true, by British insurance finance.

Whether it should be a matter of grave concern that the makers of Britain's films are, numbers of them, foreign by birth or instinct, I question. What is infinitely more important is the quality of the product. It is possible, some say probable, that English brains cannot of themselves build up a film industry, that the making of films demands, anyhow, a concentration of minds and experience drawn from many sources. Considering the international appeal and character of films, the point seems a feasible one. Our weakness at present is that so chaotic are our efforts at production, so amateurish our approach, in many instances, to the whole business, that the best brains, instead of being attracted to it are repelled. This applies as forcibly to the best financial brains as to those in the field of creative art. It is only lately that "the City" has had any truck with the film business, and its attitude to that business is still mainly tentative. That is why at this juncture one welcomes the advent into the business of men of standing like Captain Cunningham-Reid, M.P., who has just become head of Criterion Films, Limited, of Lord Portal, who is associated with Capitol Films, Limited; and of Lord Ponsonby, who has become a director of the new company formed here by Mr. Lothar Mendes, the well-known German producer, who wants to play a part in putting British films where he considers they should be—on top. These men, with others of their stature, can do a tremendous amount in the way of stabilising an industry which has badly needed underpinning in the public mind.

AND if anyone should deduce from this that I am asking for a public-school or—shall I say?—Fascist film industry he or she would be mightily wrong. I want to see the British industry attracting a superior type of mind all round. "Purge" is a popular word in politics just now: let us introduce it into our film vocabulary and ask for its meaning to be applied to the film situation in Great Britain.

The British film industry is labouring under difficulties all right. Its personnel does not as yet arouse the full measure of all-round confidence that any industry must have if it is to go forward to real triumphs and lasting prosperity. A few of the men at the top are sound as well as shrewd. Some are only shrewd. There must be much less contempt among them for the public that pays the piper but only occasionally gets the tunes it would like. Over and over again I have heard it said by producers and directors, when attention has been called to some manifest discrepancy in the picture on the floor: "Oh, hell, *they'll* never spot it." *They*, ladies and gentlemen, means you.

Another and vital difficulty we have to solve arises out of the Quota Act, shortly coming up for review by Parliament. Because of our inferior position and, let it be said, our inferior talent at the time, we had some years ago to formulate a method of protection for our brand of pictures. It has been of great use, and there is not much doubt of its continuance for a new period by official decree. But the Quota Act is really only breathing time—valuable, but not a final solvent of the problem of keeping the British film industry alive and kicking. As a result of it we have made better British pictures. Also as a result of it we have had American companies coming over here, making their own British quota films on the spot, and hitting us below the belt that way. Nor is that the only indignity put upon us by these very live competitors. There are American-controlled cinemas in this country in which, fulfilling the quota conditions, the worst possible British films are selected and shown—by way of demonstrating to audiences the superiority of the American products in the programmes.

Quota or no Quota, the only way that British films will reach the dominance to which they aspire is by getting better all the time. When we are in a position to make films as good as Hollywood makes them we shall be able to dispense with the Quota Act; our films will be able to hold the market. But we shall not get there by imitating the Americans. We can only do it by being ourselves. Our first paramount need is a shake-out of the industry. It is crammed with mediocrity. New brains must come in. Old opportunists must get out.

END

Food Fallacies

(*Continued from page* 69)

call them fallacies, but some of them have a sound basis of truth.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away" is a bold maxim, but the apple has laxative properties which help to keep the body carefully regulated, a condition which makes your outlook on life very rosy. And there is no more valuable tooth-cleanser than a piece of raw apple eaten after a meal, even the last thing at night.

In our youth we were taught that "an apple at night was lead." Evidently this was confounded with eating a whole apple immediately after the evening meal, which certainly is the wrong time for practically any food.

This must also account for the old adage that "cheese digests everything but itself." Cheese is very often eaten at the end of a substantial meal, and it therefore does not get a fair chance.

Another wise saying is that "Fish is good for the brain."

Contrary to general belief, however, it is not because of the phosphorus it contains. Fish is easily digested and it is consequently very suitable to those of sedentary habits, who are generally considered the brain workers.

It is highly probable that "lettuce sends you to sleep." The juice of the lettuce contains a narcotic which makes a useful sedative.

The onion family was highly esteemed by the older generation. It was used for many ailments, the chief of these being the common cold. You know the old adage "An onion cures a cold." The onion is very nutritious and certainly has most soothing properties.

These and many other wise old maxims are well worth considering.

Proper nutrition is essential to everyone, but a reasonable outlook should be cultivated, whether you are working on the traditions of a former generation or the findings of modern research.

Which way do *you* dress salads?

METHOD 1: Take one ambitious, but not very experienced housewife . . . add the desire to make a really divine salad . . . buy the expensive ingredients necessary for making a good salad dressing. Waste half an hour or so trying to mix them together—fail—and then waste the ingredients themselves. Serve with a sense of irritation.

OR.

METHOD 2: Take one clever little housewife, cute enough always to have a bottle of Heinz Salad Cream in the cupboard. Add the honest truth—that this delicious dressing is made of the freshest of fresh eggs, real English cream, and pure olive oil — blended and seasoned by Heinz famous chefs. Place before delighted guests—and serve with a sense of triumph.

HEINZ *Salad Cream*

BUT JOKING APART, THIS IS SIMPLY DELICIOUS!

Chicken and Vegetable Salad.—Dice two cupfuls of cold chicken and mix with half a cupful of cooked carrots, peas, new potatoes, and beetroot. Blend the whole with plenty of Heinz Salad Cream. Arrange a circle of lettuce leaves on individual plates and place a helping of the mixture in the centre of each. Add a little more Heinz Salad Cream.

57
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An Old Story

(*Continued from page 21*)

afternoon in Kensington Gardens their companionship was even lovelier than before. Not that they were ever serious for long—how was it possible ever to be serious with Andrew as a companion ?—but the fact of their love was there all the time like a rose-coloured background to everything. Love—sometimes she had wondered what it could be like, this mysterious thing of which you heard and read. Sometimes, in the old days, she had even speculated upon its nature with Ivy. But now she knew the secret. Love—why love was just Andrew, Andrew with his adoring eyes and dear, irresponsible ways Andrew looking at her unexpectedly in the street or across the table at a restaurant and sighing :

" Oh, Joanna Griddle, Joanna Griddle. Why do I love you so, elfin child ? "

" I'm rather attached to you, Andrew Melton, if it comes to that."

" Bless you. Darling, I have an irresistible impulse to kiss the tip of your ear. Keep perfectly still for a moment."

" Oh, yes," thought Joanna, staring reflectively into the mirror, " I was soft about him all right. Perfectly soft."

As she sat there brooding, it seemed almost as though her own middle-aged image melted, and in its place there looked back a slim, eager child, radiant in the first flush of love.

" You'd better get a move on," said Gwennie. " Time's getting on."

" O.K.," said Joanna.

IF those enchanted London days could have endured for ever ! If a ruthless medical board had not examined Andrew and pronounced him fit to return to duty after three weeks' leave ! Or, again, if Joanna had never accepted that week-end invitation to Porch House ! If her romance had been broken off sharply and finally with Andrew's departure from London, her memories would have remained sweet. There would have been the thought of a perfect dream to look back on—instead of fiasco.

Andrew gave her the invitation in his impulsive way on their last afternoon together in London. They had spent those last few hours by mutual consent in Kensington Gardens, that haunt of blessed memories. When it was time for Andrew to go, they had said goodbye in the monstrous shadow of the Albert Memorial.

" The end of our time, Andrew," she had said. " Oh, darling, I am going to miss you! Don't let it be long before I see you."

He had thrown back his head and laughed and said : " I should say not. Look here, darling, you must come down to Porch House."

He had spoken to her before of Porch House, the house in Sussex where he lived with his mother and sister, since his father was dead. She had visualised it often from his description. Her imaginings made Ladysmith Crescent seem dingier than ever.

" May I really come, Andrew ? "

" Darling child, let's fix it now."

They fixed up the week-end then and there, as they had arranged all their meetings. The prospect of it was some consolation to disconsolate Joanna riding home alone through the pale-gold evening.

And so upon the appointed day Joanna set out for Sussex with beating heart and a special supply of clothes from her friend Mrs. Bullock, for which Dad—bless him !—had forked out handsomely.

Porch House certainly made a charming picture that late afternoon of her arrival. The house itself, old, grey, creeper-covered, seemed to dream in the sun. Only a lazy drift of smoke, ascending from one of its chimneys, indicated that it was not a painting or a stage scene. The garden, too, so different in its spacious placidity from the sooty undersized back-gardens of Ladysmith Crescent, seemed to dream. From the elms in the lane up which she and Andrew had driven came the chorus of rooks cawing. In that peaceful scene the clanging streets of North London seemed like an evil dream.

Andrew's mother and sister were waiting in the drawing-room. Mrs. Melton was a tall, vague, elderly lady, suggestive, thought Joanna, of a stately bird ; Daphne, who wore the uniform of a land-girl, resembled Andrew, though she seemed to lack his happy-go-lucky charm.

" How do you do?" said the Melton ladies.

" How do you do?" said Joanna.

Her week-end visit had begun in earnest. Almost at once, as she sat there in the charming Porch House drawing-room, Joanna felt a certain unaccountable chill descend upon her spirit. Some instinct perhaps whispered to her at the outset that these two, the vague elderly woman, the girl in the land-worker's uniform, were her enemies, and meant to fight her for the possession of Andrew. The impression deepened as time went by. Her heart sank a little—she had not expected this.

" Was your train very crowded ? " asked Daphne in her distinctively upper-middle-class voice.

" Oh, no."

" Often towards the end of the week," murmured Mrs. Melton, " so very full."

And Joanna thought " They're against me, both of them. I believe they think I'm a common little adventuress after Andrew's money and position." The idea would have been funny if the position were not so desperately important. That she should want anything from Andrew but his love, his dear ways !

" Oh, God," she thought, " don't let them make any difference between me and Andrew. I love him so, I love him so."

" I expect you would like to see your room," said Mrs. Melton.

That first evening slipped quietly away, and with its smooth passing Joanna's sense of discomfort increased. Dinner in the Porch House dining-room. She recalled that perfectly. Silver on the polished table, silent neat-handed maids, the dusk gathering in the garden outside and the disquieting sensation that grew on her that Mrs. Melton and Daphne were watching her. In particular she felt uncomfortably sure that from behind her curtain of kindly vagueness Mrs. Melton was watching and waiting. What was it that she waited for ? The answer suggested itself immediately. She was waiting with patient certainty for her unwelcome guest to make a false move, to betray herself irremediably in Andrew's eyes for what she was, one unused to Porch House ways, one who was unaccustomed to the ministrations of neat-handed maids, but to wait on herself and to wash up her own plates afterwards. Nothing, of course, was said or done openly, and that in itself was sinister. It was as though Mrs. Melton did not even bother to fight her since she was so sure that in time Porch House would show her up. This watchful patience seemed to Joanna very ominous.

" Let me see, Miss Griddle," she said, " didn't Andrew tell me that you were on the stage ? "

" Yes, Mrs. Melton."

" What fun ! " said Daphne in that rather finnicky upper-middle-class voice.

" I wonder," said Mrs. Melton, " if I have seen any of the pieces in which you have played. Which was the last ? "

Andrew and she had roared with laughter in London at the idea of a play being called " The Girl in Pyjamas." Here in this sober dining-room the name did not seem funny at all. Andrew did not laugh. He frowned and fiddled with his tie. Andrew mysteriously had lost his sense of humour. That was the most ominous sign of all.

After dinner in the drawing-room the atmosphere of tensity increased. Mrs. Melton and Daphne seemed unaware of it, but Andrew was clearly on edge. He was restless, jumped up to turn on the gramophone ; almost immediately muttered disapproval of the record and turned it off.

" How restless you are, darling boy !" said Mrs. Melton.

" I'm sorry, Mother. It's so hot to-night."

He sat down. Moodily lit another cigarette. What was wrong ? thought Joanna. She had never seen him like this before.

And then she was forced to face the unwelcome truth which all along she had refused to admit to herself. Andrew was changed. He was no longer the old Andrew of Kensington Gardens and the Elysium. She had known it from the moment he had met her at the station. What had these two women said or done to Andrew to make him different ?

For the first time fear of the Melton ladies, of Porch House itself, descended upon her in earnest. They did not want her here. Even the room seemed in some mysterious way to be against her ; its creamy walls seemed to reject her as an outcast. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of Andrew's grandmother. Against a sombre background the old woman sat in a high carved chair, her hands folded before her upon an ebony stick. From out the old face with its deep network of lines looked two penetrating eyes. They seemed to Joanna, a prey now to nervous imaginings, to be fixed upon her with a look of implacable hostility. " What are you doing here ? " the eyes seemed to say. " A common little dancing girl whose father keeps a shop. Do you really think that you can ever mean anything to Andrew ? "

" I can see it all now," thought Joanna. " The four of us there in the drawing-room. Andrew in his dinner-jacket as I saw him just now, restless and unhappy, Mrs. Melton and Daphne pretending they noticed nothing, but bent on driving Andrew and me apart. Me sitting there meekly with a hump growing bigger every minute. And that old woman in the portrait just hating me with her eyes."

THE eagerly awaited visit went from bad to worse. Upon the following day she and Andrew quarrelled violently for the first time in their lives.

Daphne—thank goodness !—had gone about her duties as a landworker, leaving Andrew and herself to pass the morning alone together. Andrew proposed a stroll into the village and they walked through the garden and out into the lane, where the rooks cawed in the elms. She and Andrew together again and the sun shining. Except that Andrew was unfamiliarly dressed in flannels, it was like old times. She slipped her arm into his.

" It's nice like this, isn't it, Andrew ? "

" Rather, darling."

" Have you missed me ? "

" All the time."

His words were reassuring, but his voice and manner were not. Most disturbingly they were not. He was different. The whole atmosphere between them was different. She knew all over again a twinge of that panic she had known last night. They walked on in a silence which grew increasingly painful.

" Andrew," she said at last, when the silence became unendurable, " What's the matter ? "

" Matter, darling ? Why ? "

" Between us—it's all different."

" There's no difference." But he spoke lamely and without conviction. His pretence maddened her. Joanna had always had an unexpected flare of temper. Now suddenly it flared up out of her control.

" What is the good of saying things aren't different ? " she burst out. " You know you're not a bit pleased to see me. And I've been counting the hours till I saw you again."

" So have I."

" Oh, don't act, Andrew."

" Joanna ! "

Her rage had her now completely in its possession. She swept on, hardly knowing what she said.

" You know quite well you don't want me here. I'm not good enough for Porch House and your family. They've shown me that, and you're ashamed of me because I'm only a second-rate actress and my dad keeps a shop. I don't believe I've

(*Continued on page 93*)

SCHWEPPES TON
BY APPOINTMENT
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Armchair Ammunition

A thirsty day of watching for very small birds against a very large sky! And now to re-live it — in a deep, soft chair — over the brisk, winking bubbles of Tonic by

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By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

SINCE THAT *First Night* I'VE FOLLOWED THIS BEAUTY CARE

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"How well I remember saying that to a friend on the day I received an invitation to a 'first night' at a famous West End theatre.

"My friend was older and wiser than I. She took me along to a chemist's and bought me two large jars of Pond's Creams. 'Cleanse your skin with the Cold Cream,' she advised. 'And use the Vanishing Cream in the daytime.' I obeyed. And thank goodness I did! By the time the night arrived I know my skin was as soft and smooth as the velvet of my new cloak. I have never forgotten the beauty lesson I learnt for that 'first night'."

See how lovely *you* will be when you follow Lady Moore's advice. This is how Pond's Creams work on your skin to make it so beautiful:

The beauty of your skin depends upon the *under-skin* beneath—a network of glands, muscles and nerves. That under-skin must be active with the blood flowing briskly, or glands and muscles fail to work properly. Then dullness, lines, blackheads and enlarged pores appear.

Treat your under-skin *and end skin faults*

Even before you are 20 your under-skin begins to get sluggish. But when you pat in Pond's Cold Cream, its fine oils *cleanse* out the pores and *stimulate* your under-skin. The nourishing blood flows faster. Your skin becomes clear and radiant. Blackheads are softened—you can press them out easily. Enlarged pores close and your skin is fine-textured again. *Every night* cleanse your face with Pond's Cold Cream.

In the daytime and always before you powder use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes your powder go on beautifully and holds it on for hours. Also it puts into your skin one substance which softens instantly and another which nourishes, keeping your skin without a line. Start using Pond's Creams tomorrow—see the wonderful difference they make—even the very first time.

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POND'S

ever told you that. You see, I'm even worse than you thought."

"Look here, Joanna——"

"You're a wretched little snob, Andrew!"

"Thank you. If that's what you think——"

They stood facing one another in the lane, white-faced and with jangling nerves, while above their heads the rooks cawed. It was not real, thought Joanna, even while she threw the hurtful words at him and watched him wince. It was all a nightmare.

"I won't walk with you," she declared. "We might meet some of your friends and I don't want you to be ashamed."

She turned and left him standing in the lane. Before she reached the corner, she had begun to feel remorse. Andrew and she hurting each other like that. Oh, if they could only slip away together, away from this wretched house, be alone together as they had been in London! She was tempted to turn back, but pride drove her on. What right had those Porch House people to despise her and her Mum and Dad? She passed out of sight without looking back.

They made it up that evening, but not before Joanna had passed a wretched day. She and Andrew had been apart, speaking to each other scarcely at all. To Joanna it seemed that Mrs. Melton, tactfully pretending to notice nothing, watched and rejoiced. It was as though behind her polite vagueness she was saying:

"Leave my boy alone. You will only make him unhappy. Leave him alone and go back where you belong!"

Porch House itself, so thought miserable Joanna, watched and rejoiced. The little dancing-girl was being defeated.

She found Andrew alone in the garden just before dinner. She slipped up to him at once.

"Sorry, Andrew."

"It's all right, darling."

She was as full now of self-abasement as she had previously been of anger.

"I was a pig. I don't know why I said all those rotten things. Andrew, you do love me still, don't you?"

"You know I do."

Was he speaking the truth? She wanted to believe him. She wanted to believe him more than anything in the world. If he would take her in his arms and kiss her, whisper as he had been used to whisper, "I adore you, Joanna Griddle. . . ." But the gong sounded for dinner.

Dinner and the long evening with Mrs. Melton and Daphne watching, and the eyes of the old woman in the portrait saying to her quite clearly: "You don't belong here. You don't belong. Meltons do not fall in love with little dancing-girls."

"Poor kid," thought Joanna, in silent sympathy with that earlier vision of herself. "No wonder I went off the deep end and upset the apple-cart altogether!"

THAT happened upon the following day, which was Sunday, and the last day of her visit.

Visitors came to Porch House that afternoon in the persons of two girls, by name Joyce and Diana Leveson, and their mother. The Levesons were old friends and neighbours of the Meltons; the young people had grown up together.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, and a contributory cause to what finally happened, that Joanna should take an immediate dislike to Joyce and Diana. She thought them affected dolls without individuality, and they had the same kind of voices as Daphne. Dolls with finnicky voices, thought Joanna. But she knew, even as she watched Andrew and Daphne greeting them, that it was not for this reason that she hated them. She hated them because they belonged by right to the little circle from which she was debarred. They stood on the opposite side of the gulf from Ladysmith Crescent, and Porch House accepted them, because they had the right kind of voices and their father did not keep a shop. How unfair it was, she thought angrily. Something warned her, too, that they had been put upon their guard against her as an intruder. Like Mrs. Melton and Daphne, they were enemies. Always the women who were her enemies, even the dead old woman in the portrait.

The young people decided to play croquet. Joanna was invited in a rather perfunctory fashion to join in, but she replied that she did not understand the game.

"Come on, then," said Andrew, "Joyce and Daphne against Diana and me."

The game began. Joanna sat upon a seat with Mrs. Leveson and Mrs. Melton watching. She felt sore and miserable because Andrew seemed to prefer the company of these old playmates. She had had no chance, either, to get back on to the old footing with him, for although the breach between them was nominally healed, Andrew had seemed to avoid anything like intimacy. Over the garden Sabbath peace brooded. The croquet balls clicked, from the elms in the lane the rooks cawed. Joanna watched the four figures on the croquet lawn and with bitterness in her heart knew herself an outcast. It was as though in their harsh monotony the rooks cawed:

"It won't do. It won't do. You don't belong. Don't belong."

Andrew was laughing and playing the fool in the company of Diana and Joyce. Joanna miserably realised he was more like the old Andrew than at any time since she came to Porch House.

"Andrew," said one maddening voice, "you are a delightful fool."

"Andrew," said the other voice, "you are priceless."

"Don't belong," sang the rooks, "don't belong, don't belong."

Suddenly Joanna could endure it no longer. Pleading a headache, she went into the house and up to her room. She flung herself upon the bed and lay staring at the ceiling with dry hot eyes full of misery. There was no avoiding the harsh truth.

"He doesn't want me," she thought, staring at the ceiling. "He doesn't care. He has never really cared."

Memories of their days together in London flooded into her mind. The laughter, the happy-go-lucky afternoons. Their mocking sweetness was unendurable. Burying her head in the pillow, she wept.

"Just a good time, that's all Andrew wanted. Now that it's over, he doesn't want me any longer. He wishes he'd never asked me to come here. He's weak and untrustworthy."

Through the window came the click of the croquet balls, the sound of voices, laughter.

"I hate Andrew," she thought stormily, "I hate him!"

But even as the thought crossed her mind she knew that it was a lie. Weakness and all, she loved him. She knew that if he came up to her now, if by some miracle the old Andrew could be restored, she would be his slave, just as she had always been. Oh, Andrew, Andrew, why don't you come?

But the afternoon stole by and Andrew did not come. A knock upon the door gave her a second's anguished hope, but it was only one of the maids who brought her tea. In the garden the clicking of croquet balls ceased; instead came sounds that indicated the progress of tea. Even then Andrew did not come.

It was quite late and the bells were jangling maddeningly for Evensong when at last he came. She was lying there motionless, with closed eyes, her pretended headache by now a racking reality.

"Joanna," he whispered her name quietly.

She lay without moving. If this were the old Andrew, the Andrew who had loved her before ever she came to Porch House, he would come over to the bed and kiss her softly. If he did that—ah, if he did!—she would open her eyes. They would come together again, and the events of the past two days would sink into the past like the nightmare happenings they were.

Silently she lay waiting. She heard him mutter "Asleep." And then the door closed behind him.

"Andrew, come back."

It was an effort not to call the words aloud, but she fought them back. She lay limply on the bed. The old Andrew had not come back. Porch House had beaten her; she knew that now. Distantly the rooks cawed. But there was toughness in Joanna. Gradually, as she lay there, the determination was born in her that she would fight. She recalled dimly a play she had once seen with Dad and Ivy all about an actress who had appeared, ravishingly beautiful and startlingly dressed, amid a crowd of stuffy county people and won the hero's love. Why not, why not? She smiled suddenly and began to hum softly through her teeth, a sign always that she had come to a decision. Half an hour before dinner. She had meant to remain up here all the evening, pleading her headache as an excuse, but now suddenly she jumped off the bed and began with feverish haste to wash and dress.

Among the garments which she had bought from Mrs. Bullock was a certain flame-coloured evening dress, an extravagant thing which left bare her arms and a good deal of her back; once it had been the property of the fashionable Lady Staylridge. As yet she had not worn the dress, thinking it a little flamboyant for Porch House standards. But now—Dad had said she looked quite the society beauty in the dress. She began in a mood of great excitement to put it on. Fight, fight them all. For Andrew.

She was dressed presently and surveyed herself in the mirror. The flamboyant effect of the flame-coloured dress pleased her; it seemed to fit in with her present desperate mood. Her eyes, thank goodness, showed no sign of her recent tears, but she was too pale, washed-out, and she must be radiant. Radiant—that was part of the game. She dabbed rouge on her cheeks, smeared scarlet on her lips. That was better. She was ready now. With eyes glittering strangely and head held erect as though in a challenge, she walked downstairs and into the drawing-room. Fight, that was the thing. Fight and win——

A curious silence, mingled of surprise and embarrassment, greeted her entrance. She saw at once that this last gesture of defiance was the greatest mistake of all. None of the others had changed their clothes at all. Andrew was still in his flannels.

That was a bad moment, the worst perhaps she had known since she came to Porch House. She saw Mrs. Melton regard her with surprise and satisfaction, as though thinking how completely, at this last moment, the little dancing-girl had played into her hands. She saw the cruel eyes of the portrait, clearly saying:

"A flame-coloured evening dress! How odd! How very odd!" She saw Andrew bite his lips and frown.

A sob rose in her throat, as she stood facing them, distressingly conscious of bare arms, bare back, of her outlandish dress. Mrs. Melton murmured a polite inquiry about her head. The others joined in. She would have given anything in the world just then to be back in Ladysmith Crescent, where she belonged, to have known Mum's comforting presence and old Dad's commonplace stolidity. She felt a cowardly desire to turn and run out of the room. Only the toughness in her insisted that she must not let them see what she was feeling, that she must put up a performance.

Throughout supper her head racked, and all the while she was conscious of Andrew's humiliation and irritation. And she had pictured him infatuated! She thought that this torturing meal would never end.

After supper there was music in the drawing-room. Diana sang. She sat at the piano and sang, in a sweet tuneful little voice. Andrew stood, leaning against the piano, turning over her music. He jigged a little to the lilt of her song.

Joanna sat on the sofa beside Daphne. Daphne's maddening voice sounded in her ear. A charming song, didn't Joanna think, an enchanting thing? Joanna with racking head and smarting pride watched the couple at the piano. Andrew was ashamed of her because of her mistake over the dress, because all the others were secretly laughing at her. The little dancing-girl who did not know how to behave.

(*Continued on page 94*)

"Under the wide and starry sky," sang Diana, "Dig the grave and let me lie."

And Joanna knew that her self-control was very near its end.

Diana rose presently from the piano amid a murmur of thanks and congratulations. And in the lull which followed Mrs. Melton said, in the kind vague way which concealed so much: "Don't you sing at all, Miss Griddle?"

They all looked at her then, with polite inquiry. And to Joanna it was as though their looks said:

"We don't mind whether you sing or not, but we're anxious to show you that although you are so obviously not out of the top drawer, we know how to behave with courtesy. Besides, we've beaten you so decisively in the matter of Andrew that it really doesn't matter."

At the moment when they all looked at her, her self-control cracked.

"Oh, yes," she said, in a queer high-pitched voice, "Oh, yes, I sing."

She hardly knew what she intended to do as she walked across to the piano. Only she knew that her hatred of this house and these contemptuous people flamed up in her. They thought her cheap and common and second-rate. Well, they should see, they should see. Seated at the piano, she began suddenly to bang out the accompaniment to a stupid comic song which she had learnt in the old concert-party days. And then, in a voice of exaggerated coarseness, she sang aloud the silly words:

"Mr. Cupid, Mr. Cupid,
He's the cause of all the trouble, the cause of all the crime,
When the trousers and the skirt
Get together it's a cert
It's that naughty Mr. Cupid every time."

She banged and shouted her way through the chorus, and then, turning to her startled audience, cried almost hysterically:

"Come on. Sing all of you, sing!"

Her exhortation was received with a strange stony silence. Banging out a last noisy chord, she jumped up and stood by the piano, a flushed defiant figure in the dress that was so hopelessly wrong. And suddenly standing there she cried aloud:

"Now perhaps you're satisfied, all of you. You tried to make me out cheap and second-rate, and now you've seen that I am."

She was conscious of the sensation she had caused. She saw Daphne's mouth fall open in amazement, she saw Mrs. Melton's triumph behind her air of vague surprise, she saw Andrew avoiding her eyes as though he were bitterly ashamed. He stepped forward, began to mumble, "I say, Joanna . . ."

But she brushed him aside.

"Oh, let me alone, Andrew! I hate you. Can't you see I hate you all!"

And then to the amazement of them all she flung up her head to face the portrait.

"And most of all I hate you!" she cried. "You're a cruel old devil—and I hate you as you hate me."

She laughed shrilly and rather wildly and ran out of the room.

Another knock on the dressing-room door.

"Come on, girls. Time for the opening number."

Joanna took a last look at herself in the mirror, adjusted the purple ruff she wore about her neck. Already on the stage the piano was tinkling.

THAT was the end, of course. Porch House could never stomach such an exhibition. Upon the following morning Joanna returned to London and Ladysmith Crescent. A flop and worse than a flop. Poor old Dad had wasted his money good and proper.

She and Andrew parted almost like strangers.

"You needn't worry about me any more, Andrew," she could not resist saying, seeing his embarrassed, half-sulky face. "I shall go back on tour and marry a good-looking young actor. That's all. Well, do we shake hands now, or what?"

She got into the waiting taxi then and drove away. That was the last time she had seen him until to-night.

As she had foreseen, there was a thin house. The expensive seats were practically deserted. But almost as soon as the curtain rolled itself up she caught a glimpse of the man in the dinner-jacket, sitting by himself in one of the almost empty rows. And again she knew that curious stab of excitement. Was that man Andrew?

The show dribbled on dismally enough. Willie Bundleton's gags fell as flat as pancakes; her own numbers were scantily applauded. A pity, Joanna thought, that after all this time Andrew should not see her acclaimed by a fashionable and enthusiastic audience, a world-famous star. There would have been a dramatic fitness about that. As it was . . .

All at once she knew an overwhelming impulse to make sure if this man were indeed Andrew, and, if it were, to send him some message across the intervening years.

A second solo number of hers was almost due. She went through with it, acknowledged the feeble applause, and then, walking across to the piano and sweeping the startled pianist aside, began to bang out loudly the accompaniment to a long worn-out comic song. And then, to the general surprise, she began to sing:

"Mr. Cupid, Mr. Cupid,
He's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the crime . . ."

Audience and fellow actors watched her in amazement. Only it might have been observed that the man in the dinner-jacket leaned forward suddenly, watching intently.

Her impromptu performance finished, she laughed suddenly and walked off the stage. She had a short wait before she was wanted again, and, saying nothing to her puzzled fellow actors, she walked through the dressing-room and out on to the pier.

The light had gone now and dusk was deepening into night. Behind her the lights of the town ran curving round the bay.

Suddenly she was aware of the scent of a Turkish cigarette. Andrew stood beside her.

"Well, Joanna."

"Well, Andrew."

She turned towards him.

There were little flecks of grey now in Andrew's hair, and he had filled out. To Joanna, with thoughts in her mind of a boyish, khaki-clad figure, he seemed grotesquely mature. But the voice that greeted her was the same that had once said unforgettable things to her in Kensington Gardens. In silence he held out his cigarette-case. She took one.

They stood side by side smoking, while down below the sea slapped against the pier.

"Queer," said Andrew at last, "our meeting. I saw your name on a poster in the town."

"I saw you in the front of the house before the show."

"Why didn't you speak to me?"

"I was late. Besides, I wasn't sure if you'd be pleased."

Andrew smiled a little bitterly.

"I suppose I deserve that. I'm not sure that I should have had the courage to seek you out if you hadn't sung that crazy song just now."

She laughed. "It did surprise people, didn't it? Almost as much as—oh, well, never mind." Again there was silence.

"How are things?" he asked presently.

"Oh, not so bad. This in summer. Pantomime at Christmas. Odds and ends in between. My husband gets quite a lot of work on the halls."

"You're married, then?"

"Oh, yes." She smiled. "I married the good-looking young actor, after all. And you? Are you married, Andrew?"

"Yes."

The doll with the finnicky voice? she wondered. Strange that even now she should feel the faintest stab of resentment at the thought.

"And you still live at Porch House?"

"Yes."

"I remember it so well. The garden and your grandmother's portrait—and everything. Ever go to the Elysium now?"

"I haven't been for years."

"Remember Max Jacobson and his band and that show at the Pavilion?"

"Lord, yes. I say, come and have supper with me after the show."

His impulsive way of issuing invitations hadn't changed, anyhow. She shook her head.

"No, I'm booked."

"To-morrow, then?"

"We move on to-morrow."

"Ah."

Silence again. And then from the ramshackle theatre behind them came the faint sound of clapping.

"Listen" she said. "There's Willie's song finishing. I must get back."

"Must you?"

"Of course. I've my living to earn."

She held out her hand. He took it, looking at her steadily. They stood like that for a long moment. Suddenly he smiled.

"You know, there was never anyone quite like you, Joanna."

She smiled in return.

"Nor you, Andrew. Not for me, anyway. I wonder if we made fools of ourselves."

"Lord knows. I say, do you remember——?"

"Oh, don't, Andrew. What's the good? It's such a very old story, and ended so long ago."

Her cigarette was finished and she threw the stub of it away. She watched its little glow whirl away through the darkness. In a moment with a tiny hiss it would fall into the sea and be extinguished.

"Good-bye, Andrew."

"Good-bye, Joanna."

She turned and, leaving him there on the pier, went back into the ramshackle theatre.

"WHAT on earth were you playing at to-night?" grumbled Willie, as they walked back along the empty sea-front after the show. "What made you play the fool like that?"

"Never mind," answered Joanna, "it won't happen again."

"You spoiled the show," Willie growled, still aggrieved.

"I know. I think I went mad for a minute. I'm sorry, Willie. Let's forget it."

They came presently to their dreary lodgings in a street at the back of the town. A musty smell of long-forgotten meals greeted them as they came in and followed them as they walked quietly together up the stairs.

The Kid was asleep when they stole quietly into the room, but at the touch of Joanna's lips upon his forehead he stirred and half-opened his eyes. Generally, they left him almost at once, but to-night Joanna fell on her knees beside the bed and hugged the drowsy boy very close.

"We've got him, Willie," she whispered in a strange fierce way. "We wouldn't change him for anything in the world, would we?"

Willie looked at her in surprise.

"You are rum to-night, old girl," he said. "I can't make you out. You behave as though you've been seeing ghosts."

"Perhaps," said Joanna, still kneeling by the bed, "I have. But don't worry, Willie. It's all over. Come on, let's go down to supper."

END

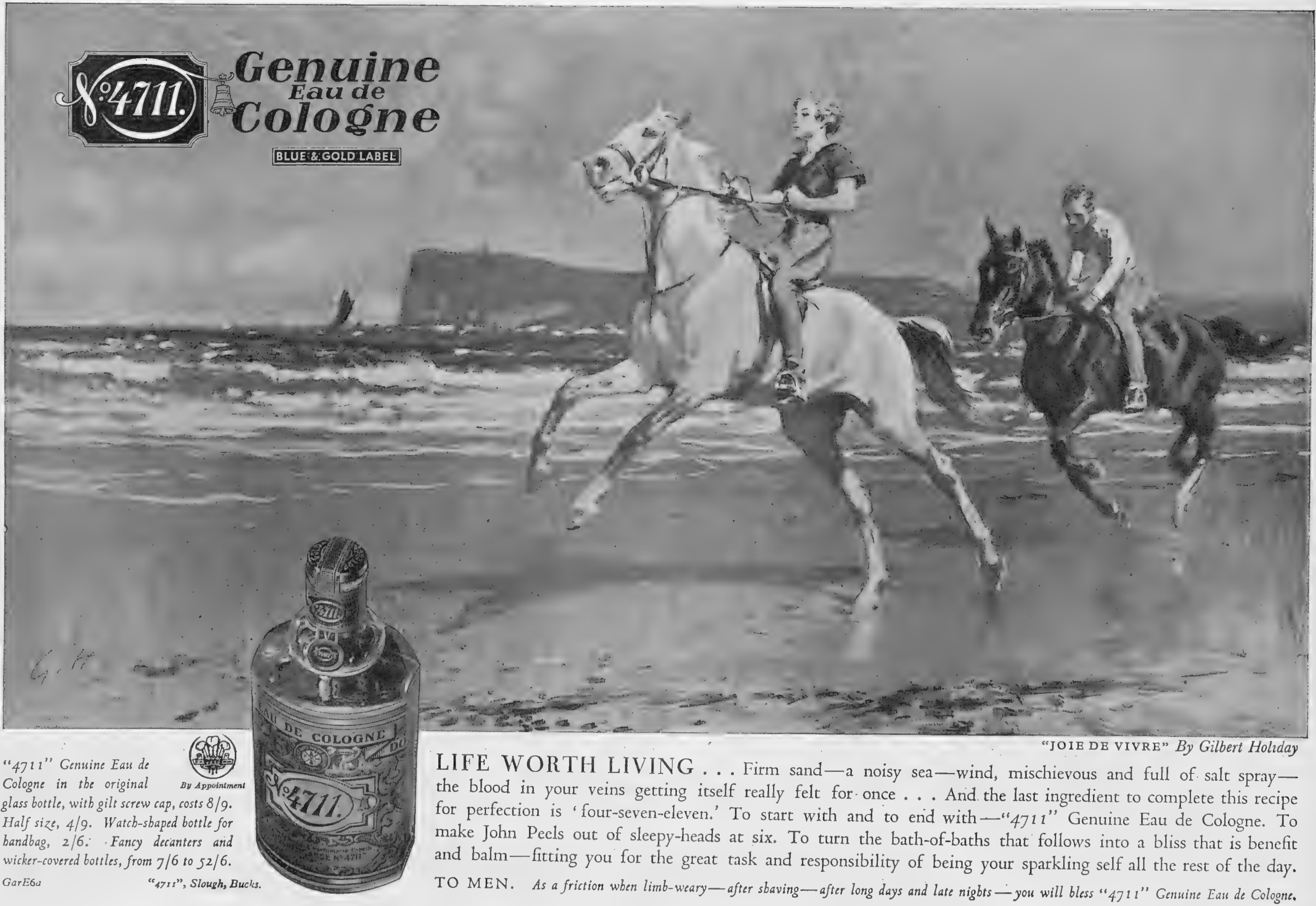
New Hair Beauty for You

(*Continued from page 57*)

Two such treatments should be sufficient to dispel scurf. One is enough to cure the distressing head-itch which accompanies dandruff. Home sun-gold shampoos will now keep the hair in beautiful condition and store it with shining life against the sunless winter months.

This is the moment to try out new hair-dressings. You will be surprised to find that styles which proved difficult before your hair became supple and glowing, now frame the face most becomingly.

Nothing is more provocative and exciting than a new coiffure. Nothing more likely to make you the centre of attraction among friends and family.



"JOIE DE VIVRE" *By Gilbert Holiday*

LIFE WORTH LIVING . . . Firm sand—a noisy sea—wind, mischievous and full of salt spray—the blood in your veins getting itself really felt for once . . . And the last ingredient to complete this recipe for perfection is 'four-seven-eleven.' To start with and to end with—"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. To make John Peels out of sleepy-heads at six. To turn the bath-of-baths that follows into a bliss that is benefit and balm—fitting you for the great task and responsibility of being your sparkling self all the rest of the day.

TO MEN. *As a friction when limb-weary—after shaving—after long days and late nights—you will bless "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne.*

"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in the original glass bottle, with gilt screw cap, costs 8/9. Half size, 4/9. Watch-shaped bottle for handbag, 2/6. Fancy decanters and wicker-covered bottles, from 7/6 to 52/6.

By Appointment

GarE6a

"4711", Slough, Bucks.

Pounds, Shillings and Pens

(*Continued from page* 47)

Some of them possess the sort of literary conscience that won't allow them to try their hand at writing down to the public, and others again have too self-conscious pens, when they do; and others, again, scrape along somehow on the guinea here and the guinea there that they receive from scratching each other's backs in the highbrow reviews. So it is not surprising that by those inside, ours is often called the poorest profession in the world, and I cannot recommend parents too strongly, whose children show a tendency to scribble, to play the tyrant and settle them on an office stool as quickly as possible. For if in the unrare happening that they have hatched a genius, he will still find wings to fly, as H. G. Wells did from his drapery counter.

What happens unfortunately in so many cases, is that a young man writes an autobiographical first novel and finds a publisher for it, with the result that he immediately imagines that his name and fortune are made, especially if he subsequently receives a few polite press cuttings from provincial papers. Actually, it is far less difficult to get a first novel published than it is to live on the proceeds for more than a few weeks. Because publishers these days are nervous of missing something that the public wants they will advertise in their lists many books that they do not really want themselves, thus raising false fires in many youthful hearts, that are subsequently turned to ashes. For later, having proved only too pointedly that their own critical judgment was right after all, they cut their losses and have no compunction in turning down the author's next novel, even though he may have spent a year working on it. While even if the publishers are genuinely impressed both with his first, second and subsequent efforts, it is most unlikely that any of them will sell over two thousand copies, which is rather higher than the average sale of a novel to-day.

Only the other day, lunching with A. P. Herbert, we were discussing sales, and he told me that though *The Water Gypsies* had sold a hundred thousand copies in this country, he couldn't possibly have afforded to go in for politics recently if it hadn't been for his steady editorial job on *Punch*. I could quite understand that, when you work out that he probably made about £7,000 out of the book, which is the sum that was paid to Keith Winter for the film rights alone of his play *The Shining Hour*.

His is rather an interesting case. In fact, it must be almost unique. A switch over from novelist to playwright that came off first time. As a matter of fact, he started life as a schoolmaster, like D. H. Lawrence, but after his successful literary début with *Other Man's Saucer*, he was allowed £30 a month by his publishers for a year, to give him freedom from financial anxiety while he wrote a sequel. I remember meeting him at the time, and finding him in a far from peaceful state, because he was only halfway through the new book, and the delivery date was getting desperately near. That book was *The Rats of Norway*, which he afterwards turned into a play with such encouraging success that he followed it with *The Shining Hour*, and the royalty value of that property as a dramatic vehicle can be gauged from the sum paid for its film rights.

Usually fortunes are only made in this easy way in other people's plays, but as far as one's own work is concerned, it is very seldom that a young writer has the good fortune of Keith Winter. Those who imagine that writing is purely a spiritual labour, that brains and brawn don't go together, and that most artists are hopelessly lacking in guts, should go through the experience themselves of sitting at a writing desk, hour after hour, day after day, flogging one's mind to make one's pen move over the white paper.

I used to think it was easy work myself once upon a time. When old ladies told me what a lovely profession I had chosen for myself, and how fortunate I was to have this "gift of words" that gave me a passport to travel all over the world, with no props except a pen and paper, I agreed with them and believed that I was one of those fortunate few who had inherited the earth. Those were the days when I had just written a first novel which, since it was more or less pure autobiography, had welled up with such a rush from my subconsciousness that it never occurred to me that the process would not go on indefinitely, and that novels, any more than babies, did not grow on gooseberry bushes. I imagined that once you had found a publisher, that was the Open Sesame to success and that inspiration was only an incidental which followed automatically, like an adoring public for one's work.

I wouldn't bore you with such a confession if it wasn't that so many other young writers, not to mention their friends and relations, have thought and still think the same. For myself, I can smile now at my stupidity and ignorant conceit, but I didn't smile when my second novel sold fewer copies than my first, and received less polite notices, just because it was the second attempt, and when I started a third, I simply stared at the paper and for a long time nothing happened.

That was the winter that the women-readers of my articles subscribed unconsciously to send me to Amalfi in Italy, where two of my fellow-lodgers in the low, white house high up on the cliff, once a monastery and now a retreat for travellers, were Osbert Sitwell and William Walton, the composer, who, incidentally, I remember, had just received the royal sum of £12 for a concert entirely dedicated to his work in Paris. He was working on his symphony that has since been afforded world-wide recognition. Osbert and I were both writing novels for the same publishers. In the evenings, we used all three to meet in the sitting-room, and simply sit there, too tired to talk or read, and when we did break the silence, it was only to prophesy gloomily that we should never come to the end of our tasks, or that no one would take any notice when we did.

As a matter of fact, since Osbert and I had the same publisher at the time, I happen to know that it is extremely fortunate that he possesses private means and, famous though he is, does not have to exist entirely on the proceeds of his literary work. For his novel sales are well under the ten thousand mark, and he is a slow worker into the bargain, polishing and polishing every paragraph to perfection, and, therefore, if you turn back a few paragraphs of this article, and take the trouble to work out the percentage, you will discover that the kudos he receives in actual cash is very different from what one would expect, considering his reputation as an artist. I found that difficult to understand myself, hearing him spoken of on all sides as the most brilliant satirical writer of the day, till I realised that though the intelligentsia can make a writer's name, it is only the vast library public of middle-brows who can turn that name into a best-seller.

Someone who is in the enviable position of having achieved both sorts of success is Somerset Maugham. To-day, he is the pet of the highbrows, as well as a big seller and a top-liner in magazine markets, but it wasn't always like that for him, and even to-day he subjects himself to the most rigid self-discipline, as I discovered when I went to stay with him in his lovely villa in the South of France, and saw him disappearing every morning punctually at nine up the lonely staircase to his writing-room, shut away like a white box on the flat roof. There he always stays in solitary confinement till lunch, and without fail succeeds in writing a thousand words, his quota for the day. "But don't you feel sometimes not in the mood?" I asked. "If I am," he replied (and I have never forgotten what came after), "I go on writing down something, anything, till that mood passes and the right one takes its place. Long ago I learnt that writing is a trade like everything else, and to make a living out of it industry is the first essential. Those who sit about, waiting for inspiration to come to them, end up by being poverty-stricken bores."

The underlying bitterness in his voice is habitual and contrasts strangely with the luxury that nowadays surrounds him and the stories that are told about the prices he gets for his work. Actually the most he has ever received for a short story is a thousand pounds, and that was for the American as well as the British rights, and the contract for the series at that price was put through at the height of the financial boom which collapsed with the Wall Street slump.

At that time P. G. Wodehouse was one of Maugham's chief rivals, where prices were concerned, and I remember him telling me once that he used to receive anything up to ten thousand pounds for the serial rights alone of one of his books. But that sort of really big money isn't earned by more than about 5 per cent. of the regiment of writers Priestley's name is always mentioned immediately this kind of discussion crops up, but he has precious few good companions in the same earning class. While even Wodehouse for years wrote serial stories for boys' magazines at fifty pounds a time.

America's Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 22)

Any stranger seeking to enter the studio must pass the front gate to receive a pass if the visit is authorised, and the pass is checked by four different officers, no matter where the visitor goes on the "lot." Anybody getting into the studio by subterfuge, and without a pass, could not get past the first of these officers.

All make-up material, and tools or devices used in the make-up, are invariably sterilised before they are used in the make-up department, which, in appearance and operation, resembles an operating room so far as sanitary technique is concerned.

First-aid kits are installed not only in all shops but in all offices and departments, and are carefully checked to be sure they contain adhesive tape, gauze bandages, iodine, essence of peppermint, and alkaline salt, sweet spirits of nitre, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and other basic necessities all ready for use.

As a result of the elaborate preparations, industrial accidents are practically nil, save for minor accidents in crowd scenes.

Sound stages are all ventilated and air conditioned. The air in the huge laboratories is filtered until chemically pure.

In this atmosphere of safety, security and purity (not to mention high pay!) work the story-finders and scenarists—the men who get the stories which make the pictures.

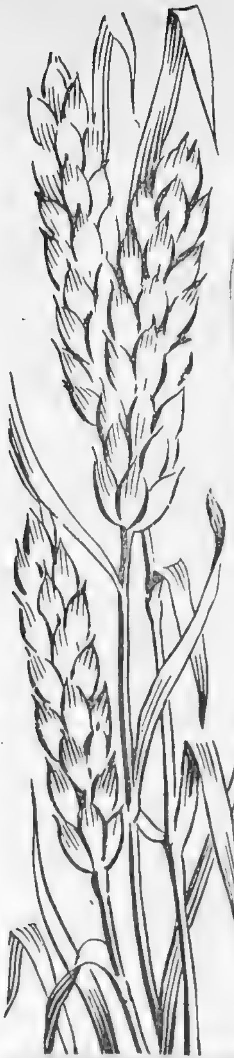
I talked to Sam Marx—no relation to Harpo or Chico!—who goes through 30,000 magazines a year, looking for film stories.

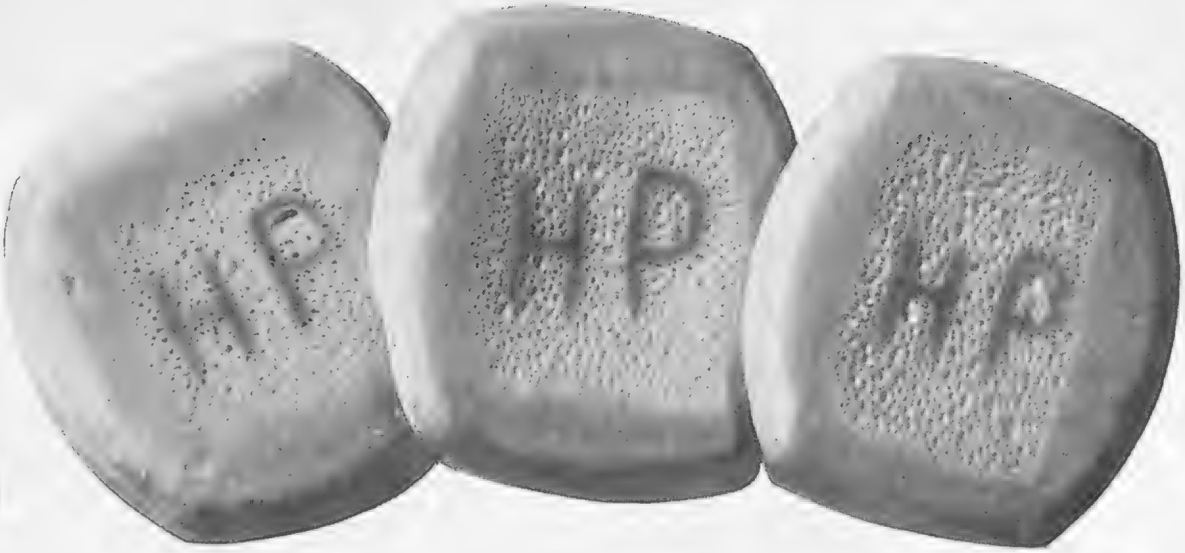
"There will never be a shortage of stories," he said. "There is no dearth of material; there is only a dearth of time in which to read it. The trend towards biography has opened the pages of historical books to us.

In a cubicle a scout reads every comic strip. In still another, two men are busy all day reading newspapers; frequently story ideas are discovered in obscure news items. The climax of the "Society Doctor" came from one of these; it depicted a surgeon performing an operation on himself and was taken directly from a newspaper story. "The Secret Six," which first brought Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery together, was taken from a leadline story in a Chicago newspaper.

Two or more scouts, usually a man and a woman, are employed to spend all their evenings in the theatre. They cover every first night, and every "try-out" performance, travelling hundreds of miles each week. A synopsis is

(*Continued on page* 98)





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Fresh fruit and cream ✱ *the perfect summer dish*

ISSUED BY THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

America's Hollywood

made of each play, which is then carefully considered.

THE competition for material is as spirited as the competition of rival newspapers for a "scoop." When a likely story bobs up, whether in London, Hollywood, New York or elsewhere in the world, there is a concerted rush of screen buyers. The first man on the job usually gets it.

When the story is chosen the next step is to find the stars—and the props!

It takes all kinds of "props" to make a picture—animal, vegetable, mineral, and even human!

In Hollywood I met Florence Gill, the human "prop" who, although heard, is rarely seen upon the screen. For certain scenes, where it is impossible to get songs of rare birds upon the screen, she supplies the sound track with her bird songs.

Florence told me that she has a speciality—that of a chicken singing opera. This particular act was very successful, I believe, in a sequence of "Here Comes the Band."

Comedy often necessitates the use of unusual props. One of the most interesting of these is a man who imitates the poses of statues. His favourite act is to stand next to a statue, confusing the audience as to which is real. Then he amazes people by suddenly coming to life.

Then there is Bob Illmo, who for six years has made a lucrative income out of producing unusual noises.

"I can do almost anything," Illmo told me. "I imitate a whole barnyard—turkeys, chickens, pigs, cows, ducks, geese and the like.

Steve Clemento is another valuable unseen "human prop" I met. It is his job to throw knives, axes, hatchets, or any missile that requires perfect placing. When not working in pictures, Steve has an act which he takes in circuses and the like.

IN the make-up sections of Hollywood I saw many apparent miracles. Never was anything further from the truth than "The Camera Cannot Lie." It lies pictorially and scientifically—so saving the studios a mint of money.

In one studio I saw a make-up invention, on which Jack Dawn has been working for several years, and has been perfected in experiments conducted by Dawn and Paul Muni.

Departing from experiments with flexible masks which some experts had tried, Dawn invaded the field of dentistry for his new technique. The method is essentially that by which plates, inlays, crowns, bridges, and other dental work are turned out.

First a perfect cast is made of the face of the subject. This is used as the base of operations. Using a new plastic material, the formula of which Dawn keeps secret, facial muscles and characteristics are built over the plaster cast of the face.

For instance, in Muni's case, pieces were fitted into the hollows between eyes and bridge of the nose. These pieces, when hardened and removed, are exact fits to the contours of the face, just as the dentist's plate, taken from a cast of the mouth, fits the patient perfectly. The pieces of inlays are affixed with a new form of water-soluble gum, and grease-paint applied over them.

So cast and fitted, the inlays become to all intents and purposes a working part of the face itself. As they are flexible, they do not interfere with expression or speech. When fitted accurately, they cannot even be felt on the face.

In Muni's case the bridge of the nose is given the appearance of being in line with the eyes, a definite Chinese characteristic. Eyelids are fitted in the same manner to make them slant, without pulling up the skin. With make-ups showing increasing age, cheek-bones are to be accentuated by the inlay method, and other radical changes made in the actor's face.

During my last month in Hollywood I have been able to slack off a little and "go places."

I have learned that all is not Hollywood that glitters.

More than half of it is Culver City.

Columbia, Paramount and United Artists are among the film lots actually in Hollywood.

Universal is at Universal City, Metro at Culver City, Fox Studios at Westwood, and First National and Warners at Burbank.

A car is vital to cover these distances—and my car costs me £9 a week. Nobody would dare run a second-hand flivver in this group of film cities, where snobbery is rife.

High-pressure living, high costs and big wages make Hollywood with the lid off an amazing proposition to an Englishman. By the time I have learned to live the life my contract will be over . . . and then back to an £8-a-week existence.

To Botany Bay

(*Continued from page 13*)

the free sky—irony though that freedom might well seem to men situated as they were. During the passage to the Cape, only two convicts were flogged, and they, in Jurgensen's comment, richly deserved it, having been caught in the act of robbing their comrades; in this respect, again, a considerably larger percentage of the country's defenders probably tasted the lash in the average man-of-war of the period than was the case in the *Woodman*. There was an outbreak of what is described as "brain fever" in the tropics, possibly what we know as "spotted fever," resulting in several deaths, which may have been hastened by the surgeon's somewhat heroic measures of calomel in thirty-grain doses. Whether he followed literally the dictum of "physician, heal thyself," does not appear, but he took the complaint and died, and a new doctor was taken on at the Cape. This surgeon was an Irish Protestant, the captain an Irish Catholic. No convict could receive corporal punishment unless the surgeon and master were agreed that it was necessary; and as these two never agreed about anything, the prisoners went free on several occasions in consequence.

Plenty of sensational stuff has been written from time to time about these convict fleets, both in the form of fiction and of history, and when the so-called convict ship *Success* toured the world some years ago, complete with leg-irons, dark cells and what-not, many kind-hearted folk had their feelings badly harrowed. As a matter of fact, the *Success* was really very much of a fake show. She was an old Indiaman which may have carried convicts at some time to Botany Bay, but the rôle in which she figured before she was turned into a floating Chamber of Horrors was that of an emergency prison hulk for some of the many "hard cases" who over-taxed the normal lock-up accommodation during the Australian gold rush. Jurgensen's account of the routine on board the *Woodman* agrees in nearly every particular with that of Dr. Wilson as to the *Governor Ready* and other ships, so there seems no reason to think that she was not a fairly typical specimen of the convict ship of her time.

IT would not be a matter of surprise if, where large numbers of desperate men were crowded together as they were in the convict ships, cases of attempted or successful mutiny were of frequent occurrence. But on the contrary records of such happenings are remarkably few in the murky annals of transportation. The reason is perhaps not far to seek. The very conditions which rendered it easy to hatch plots of the kind also rendered it all but impossible to do so in secrecy, and there was always someone ready to turn "snitch" upon his fellow-lags in the hope of currying favour with the authorities by doing so. This factor it was which prevented what might, and probably would, have turned out a particularly bloody mutiny in the *Marquis of Cornwallis*, which took out nearly 250 men and women convicts from Ireland in February, 1796. The ship had not been long at sea when two of the convicts came to the captain and informed him that a plot was afoot to kill him and seize the ship, the prime movers being the sergeant in charge of the guard and a few of the soldiers. The sergeant, Ellis, was to furnish the convicts with the means of freeing themselves from their irons, and at a given time they were to rush on deck in a body and take possession of the ship. The women's share in the proceedings was to be that of smuggling knives down to the men, and they were also to undertake the amiable task of putting powdered glass into the food of the officers and seamen. Forewarned, however, was forearmed. Ellis was seized and flogged, and died nine days later, probably in consequence of his punishment, and although the convicts made a futile attempt at revolt the effort was easily suppressed. A more successful outbreak of the same kind took place in the *Lady Shore* in 1797. Here, again, it was the armed guard who were responsible. As in the case of the stillborn plot just described, the men composing it belonged to the New South Wales Corps, a body recruited from military prisons and similar sources, and there was probably little if anything to pick between them and their charges. So far as the *Lady Shore* was concerned, the convicts with one exception were women, and their part in the proceedings was an entirely passive one.

The mutiny broke out on August 1, when the ship was in the South Atlantic, and proved entirely successful. The captain and mate, who were taken completely off their guard, were shot, and those of the ship's company who refused to throw in their lot with the rest were thrust into a boat, as Bligh had been by the *Bounty's* mutineers and cast adrift. It was only the earnest appeal of Mr. Black, the purser, that prevailed on the rebels to allow the castaways a scanty allowance of food and water, so that they might have at least a chance of reaching land alive.

Fortunately, he possessed a knowledge of navigation, and in due course the boat reached the Brazilian coast in safety. The mutineers, as it happened, were less lucky; for though they arrived safely at Montevideo, they had only exchanged an English prison for a Spanish one. Spain and England happened at the moment to be at war, so the *Lady Shore* was promptly made a prize, her ship's company clapped into gaol, and the women convicts distributed as servants to people who presumably were not particular as to references with their domestics.

It is a curious thing how few mutinies in the history of the sea seem to have brought good in the long run to those who planned them. The moralists of the time mostly explained it in one word—"Providence"; and without encroaching so boldly upon the workings of Divine justice, it cannot but be noticed how unerringly some trifling factor always seemed to operate in the direction of upsetting the most carefully made and executed plans. The case of the brig *Cyprus* is one in point. She was seized in 1827 while on her way with a party of fifty convicts from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbour, the guard and crew, together with a number of officers' wives, set ashore, and she then sailed away to Cloudy Bay, in New Zealand, where the convicts' leader, an ex-seaman named Walker, represented himself as her captain, the ship having been renamed the *Friends of Boston*. Some American whaling skippers whose ships were in harbour also began to show signs of having smelt a rat, so the ingenious "Captain" Walker proceeded to up stick and away for the China Sea. Here he decided to scuttle the *Cyprus*, and he and his companions made their way to Canton in the boats, stating that they were the crew of a British ship which had foundered at sea. Again somebody smelt a rat. Their tales did not tally. Probably their faces gave them away too. Anyhow, it was not long before they were once more in durance, and on the way to their original destination of Macquarie Harbour.

END

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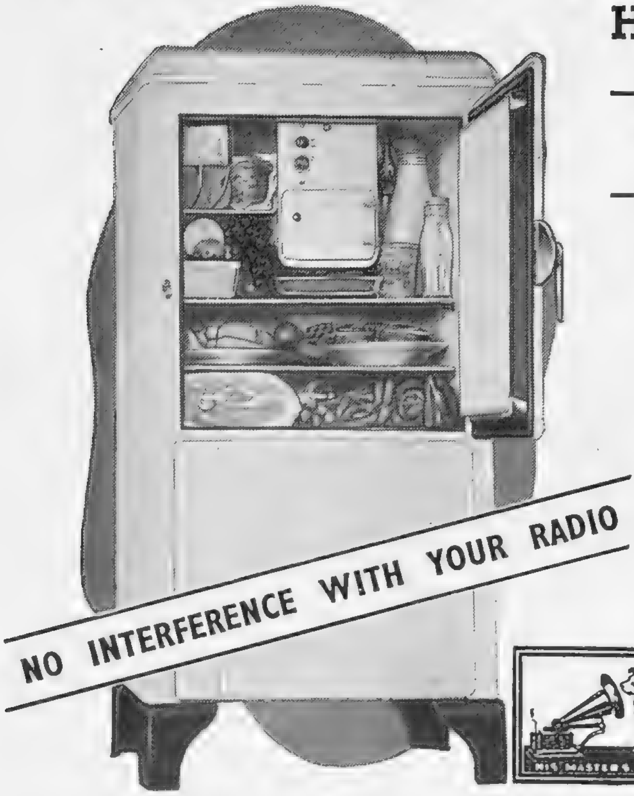
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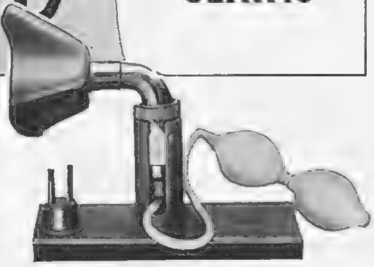

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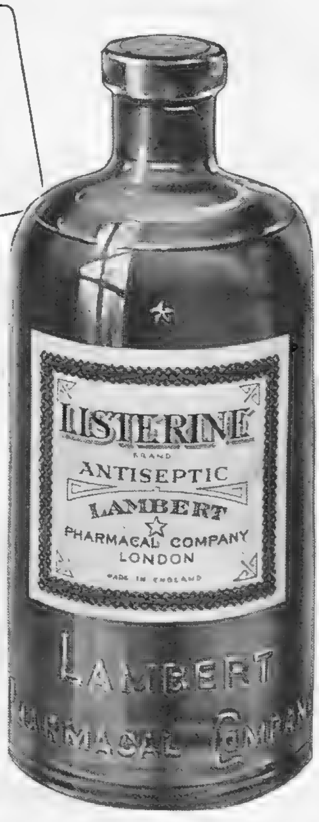

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Streets

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 37*)

we are the Parliament and we can do what we choose," at which the Prince laughed heartily. When next the unknown man appeared, carbines were held cocked and ready, but he wandered past without even noticing the existence of the hut, and certainly never realised that his life at one moment had depended on a turn of the head. It was learned afterwards that he was himself a fugitive and in danger of arrest.

A few days later Charles was again on the move. This time he had been handed over to a fresh party of faithful helpers, consisting of three Macdonalds and a certain Donald Cameron of Glenpean. With these four he managed to pass right through the enemy lines, a more difficult task than any he had attempted hitherto. Creeping on all fours, they made their way between two sentinels posted within hearing distance of one another. At some moments they had to be quite still in the bushes while the patrols passed by only a few feet away. They remained hidden by day and marched by night, suffering considerably for want of food and water, until on the 22nd of July they reached Glenshiel in Ross-shire. There it was found that the Prince's purse with all their little store of money had been left behind at the last halting place. The Prince was for going on in spite of this, but the man responsible insisted on returning, and at once set off with a single companion. They were scarcely out of earshot when a group of soldiers appeared, as if from nowhere, and the Prince had only just time to fling himself down in the tall grass of a field before they passed. After this experience Charles said he was fated never to be arrested even if he put his mind to it!

So the nights and days wore on, some passing unexpectedly smoothly, others full of anxiety. Yet again the Prince had to leave his old protectors and entrust his safety to the hands of new ones. This time it was the seven famous men of Glenmoriston, who had fought in the Highland army and, animated by a common hatred of the Duke of Cumberland, had pledged themselves to carry on the struggle till the very last. They knew that a French ship was at the head of Loch Ewe in Ross-shire, and set off to establish contact with it. But by the time they got there it had sailed once more, after disembarking two French officers charged with the task of finding the Prince. And so they turned south again, enduring considerable hardships for another two weeks. Nevertheless, a Presbyterian minister who saw the Prince at this time subsequently wrote as follows: "He was barefooted, had an old black kilt coat on, philibeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and in my opinion fatter than when he was at Inverness."

By the beginning of September they were settled in a hiding place in the mountain of Ben Alder, called Cluny's Cage. It was an extraordinary construction, hidden in the midst of a group of thick bushes, and made from the branches of trees. Its shape was oval and it was thatched with moss. Two stones served as fireplace, and there was room in it for just seven or eight people. Although there were troops stationed only a little distance away, they never succeeded in discovering this lair, which subsequently became an object of great interest.

ON the 13th September it was learnt that two French ships had arrived at Loch Nanuagh, off Borrodale, and the Prince and his friends, who, although they were now reduced to a state of life more like that of the wild beasts than of men, were still hopeful, determined that this time they would reach sanctuary or die in the attempt. And within seven days of leaving their shelter they had got to the coast. There they found a number of other fugitives assembled, all, like themselves, the survivors of prolonged hardships, and many of these brave souls who had stoically and without flinching stood up to the dangers of war and persecution and the constant threat of death, once they actually set foot on the decks of the ships that were to take them to safety, broke down and sobbed like children. To the Prince the sound of French, heard again after so long, was the most welcome music, promising, as it did, an end to all his immediate anxieties. No one who sought refuge was refused, and when they were all aboard anchors were raised and the sails were soon bulging with the breeze. The only disaster that could happen now would be an encounter with the English fleet, but here again the Prince's luck held, and a timely fog came down and hid them till they were out of reach.

Meanwhile Flora Macdonald was still in the hands of the Government. She was brought to London and kept in prison for a year, but there was a great body of public opinion in her favour, and under the Act of Indemnity of July 1747 she was finally liberated. Returning to Scotland, she married, and in the course of a long and peaceful life bore her husband a number of children. When she died her body was wrapped in the very sheets in which Bonnie Prince Charlie had slept on that memorable night at Kingsburgh. Hopefully she had waited for the second meeting at St. James's, but it was destined never to take place. The rising of '45 was the last of its kind, and the Stuart claim was added to the many lost causes that history recounts.

END

Strange Honesties

(*Continued from page 45*)

gossiping too"—her bright, kind, shallow eyes slewed round to Jean and found them uncomfortably attentive. "We shall *all* be late for dinner and my new cook has a filthy temper. You're dressed, Mary. So is Dick. I heard him playing those new records in the library. Run down to him, dear. I must fly."

When she had gone Jean Wakeham said in a funny little hoarse voice:

"There's something *about* this evening, Mary. That 'gossip' she had with Ned. Mary, I can't go back to all that sketchy day-to-day building I called my life. I'm frightened."

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Wakeham. I saw the way he looked at you when he introduced you to his sister. They're *good* men, all this family. They're a *good* breed."

Jean was closer to Mary than she had been to any human being since her small sister died when she was eight. She knew with a strange contraction of the throat that it was the same kind of effortless, simple intimacy she had enjoyed with her small sister in those days when she had nothing to hide or dissimulate, no crowd of little artifices of the heart and brain to work through.

"It's the thunder or something," she said breathlessly, "but I'm scared stiff of things going wrong. Suppose Mrs. Stone didn't like me. Suppose she put Ned off his stroke. No, she *couldn't* do that, could she, Mary? I've *no* confidence left to-night. What *has* got into me?"

"Nerves," said Mary Roberts.

"Yes—but they can't be dismissed like that—just lightly. They wreck things."

"Finding me here," said Mary Roberts quietly. "The shock of it. It's my fault. I knew you were coming at lunch time. Dick let it out—at least I knew there was a woman Mrs. Stone's unmarried brother was interested in, a widow, but I never heard her name till lunch to-day."

"Weren't you scared?"

"It was *all* my life in your hands, Mrs. Wakeham, *all* my happiness, my security. It's easier to stay and put it to the test when it is big like that—just everything in the world. I *knew* I couldn't escape. Mrs. Stone is devoted to your Mr. Ned Rogers. If I was marrying his nephew and he was keen about you, I knew sooner or later I would come face to face with you."

"I'll keep my mouth shut for ever, Mary. I shall have to drop all that crowd that came to the flat anyway. Cheap, pseudo people—they wouldn't fit in. If ever they met you they would never recognise you. You've become beautiful and clothes have helped you."

"Your clothes."

Ever since she could remember Jean Wakeham had been poised, introvert, stoic, and utterly self-reliant; ever since she had been a little sister with that other little sister. To-night she had lost her moorings. Her mind and her emotions blew free and rootless.

"Do you want children, Mary Roberts?" she demanded with strange intensity. "Do you want building material for a life? Is that what you are after?"

"Just that, Mrs. Wakeham. I love Dick. All that I can do and be to make him happy shall be done. It will be a great pleasure and happiness to me."

"You're secure. You've kept your head. You've conquered your nerves, Mary. I *don't* feel secure. It would be funny if you went on; and I had to go back to that ramshackle, shifty, makeshift life in that revolting little flat. I feel it might happen. Anything could happen to-night. I'd muck *anything*."

"Pull yourself together, my dear."

"Nerves, Mary," said Jean Wakeham. "That's what women have got to fight in themselves and for each other—if they're decent. I *can't* go down to-night!"

"You must."

"Listen!" Jean Wakeham said desperately. "There are lovely things in that wardrobe. Vionnet—Piguet—Lanvin— I've spent four hundred pounds. I haven't a hope of ever being able to pay for them unless I marry Ned Rogers. I've thirty pounds left in the world! I've thirty pounds!"

"I've thirty shillings, Mrs. Wakeham. I've still got my two pound a week job, of course. Come, pull yourself together."

Mary Roberts's blue eyes were empty of self, shining with kindness, with a queer aching tenderness. They were empty of all but that tenderness, like an anxious, grieving child.

"You're *beautiful*," Jean Wakeham said suddenly. "I always knew you were good-looking, Mary, but I should never have thought you lovely. Good luck—Mary Roberts, the best in the world! But I can't go down. I should muck up *everything* to-night. This is a comic situation!" said Jean Wakeham, and Mary Roberts heard by her high, shrill laugh that she was unnerved, and she was afraid.

THEY sent up a wonderful little supper. Half a bottle of iced champagne. The sultry evening. The thunder. A sudden megrim. Quietly Mary Roberts, sitting still and glowingly beautiful in Jean Wakeham's green Schiaparelli dinner gown at the Stones' dinner table, recounted how Jean had suddenly fainted away.

"Do you think she'll be fit enough to put in an appearance a bit later on?" Ned Rogers asked.

Mary Roberts looked at his plain, pleasant face, heard the anxiety patent in his attractive, well-modulated voice. She suddenly heard Jean's voice.

"I owe over a thousand pounds. Assets nil. Prospects nil."

While the Stones and Ned Rogers drank coffee in the sun-room Mary Roberts made an excuse to go and see how the indisposed guest was feeling.

She found Jean staring listlessly at the ceiling. She shook her and jerked her to a sitting posture. (*Continued on page* 102)

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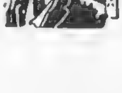

"Listen!" she said slowly, as if speaking to an imbecile or a deaf person. "I'm going to take off this green 'lucky' frock and you are going to put it on, Jean. I told them at dinner you would not come down because you had only brought one evening dress—and it was a copy of this—and you had wanted to wear it specially for Mr. Rogers. He was touched. I told it beautifully, Mrs. Wakeham. I made you seem so . . . feminine. I said you were so broken-hearted that I should have stolen your effect. The *two* of us appearing in the same model. I made it seem a little wanton and *very* feminine. The men didn't understand, but they saw that it had some feminine psychological significance they could feel tender and superior about. It went down! You *must* come down! Mr. Ned has to go on a week's trip to-morrow. He got a telephone message from his chief to-night while we were up here talking!"

"I can't, Mary! I've gone all to pieces! Nerves! Women's immortal enemy. I'm *jittering* with them!"

There had been the low roll of thunder all the evening; absurd and dramatic, like "stage effects." The lightning lapping suddenly over the window-sill of the bedroom like water was smooth, silvery and mild. In the light of a flash the two women looked at each other. It was Jean who was weak, vacillating, indecisive; Mary Roberts who was strong, maternal, resolute.

"I shall say something AWFUL, Mary! I shall let the cat out of the bag through sheer nerves, and wreck everything."

"*You* won't," said Mary. "This is your chance. Take it! He goes quite early to-morrow. A week may make all the difference in the life of a man who hasn't committed himself to marriage. Put a jerk in it, Jean. This green 'lucky' frock will give you confidence; doesn't matter whether it's Dutch courage or not, it's psychological."

"It's . . . the queerest human situation . . . you and me," said Jean.

"You said it when I was up here last," said Mary. "Women have *got* to stick together and fight their common enemy—nerves and imagination. I had 'em. Now you've got 'em. Come, these Schiaparelli clips—they're amusing in your lovely hair."

She juggled her adroitly into the frock, standing young and smooth-skinned herself in her cheap brassière and knickers. In the old days at the flat she had sometimes "maided" Jean when she was rushed; never so swiftly or effectively as now. When she had finished she kissed her handiwork.

"You look grand."

"I *can't* go down alone! Are they all together—the two Stones, Dick and his mother, and Ned?"

"Yes; waiting to see if I could persuade you—if I took off the green frock."

She was so gentle, so patient with Jean's suddenly clinging hands. She saw it was a nerve-storm, illogical, ill-timed, unfortunate and uncontrollable.

"Mary—I can't face them alone. You *must* come with me."

"All right, Jean. I'll wriggle into another frock as quick as lightning. Pull yourself together. This is for ALL YOUR LIFE."

"I know I shall say and do the wrong thing."

"Don't be a fool!"

She was back in an incredibly short space of time, changed into one of the frocks she had taken from Jean.

They walked down with Mary's arm round Jean Wakeham's waist. Mary opened the door and said:

"Here she is in her green frock."

Only Ned and his nephew were there. Dick crossed to his future wife, standing at the door behind Jean. He had the obvious intention of leaving his uncle and Jean alone.

Out of the blue Jean Wakeham heard herself say:

"Mary stole my green Schiaparelli model."

Before she had time to finish her unfortunate opening sentence—which was, in her mind, a comment on the duplication of the models—the door behind her closed.

She stood there paralysed and frightened. What had made her choose those words? She had forgotten the incident of the pilfered frocks. Who would believe that? What had Mary thought? Without Mary Roberts she would never be here, Ned Rogers would never be leading her to a chair saying lovely, gentle, solicitous things.

He was asking her to marry him. He was telling her he loved her. A dream of peace and security and deep-rooted happiness that belonged to reality and common sense was quietly coming true.

Her heart was beating thickly. The blood was ringing in her ears. She must get to Mary Roberts quickly, before she thought that any damage had been intended or wrought.

A real flash of lightning, violet and angry, shot across the sky in spirals like some huge, fantastic purple snake menacing the whole world.

"I must go to Mary Roberts, Ned," Jean Wakeham said. "There's something she may have thought I said that has to be explained."

He said softly, amused and somehow touched by her vulnerability to atmospheric causes: "It's the storm, dearest! You are all unstrung to-night. You all are; my sister, Mary—and you. What creatures women are!"—and he laughed, feeling a little Olympian, thinking of a thousand tropical storms he had weathered without effort. He kept her there, soothing her with an ever-deepening sense of personal power and prestige, kissing and loving her.

"What jumpy little nerves it has!" he bantered. "Don't watch the window and you won't see the lightning."

She could have screamed at him through the crisping and pingling of her barely controllable nerves.

She had him, and her good, stout future assured.

"My Schiaparelli did its stuff!" she said suddenly—and was horrified at herself.

What awful spasm of truth-saying had her in its grip. He misunderstood.

"I shall never understand women," he submitted patiently. "That it should matter so vitally that two women should have the same frock. Why, men live and work and die and propose and are married in suits as alike as two peas and made by the same tailor—and never even notice!"

"It was a model," she retrieved herself, "I wanted to make a special effect in for you—an isolated picture in your eyes. It was something I had planned specially for myself. Mary Roberts stole that from me . . ."

There it was again. Stark. Unexpected. Unpremeditated. He was watching her lovingly and attentively. He saw that here were forces and issues and feminine subtleties at stake that he would *never* fathom. It filled him with a mixture of helpless delight and dismay; as if she were some lovely captive that had enthralled him, but with a language, a code and a mentality that must remain for ever alien.

"The rains will be here quite soon," he said. "Then we'll all feel less het up."

He drew her to him lovingly, possessively. Words that seemed to belong to some younger, more brightly coloured, more passionate self, welled happily in them; and yet he was glad he could use them on this woman and not feel ashamed.

She broke from him with a little cry. She must have been listening all the time for the sound she now heard. She ran out of the sun-parlour, out into the garden where the rain had begun to fall.

The storm had broken.

"Mary!" he heard her cry. "Mary! I didn't! Don't be a fool!"

There was such urgency in the voice he smiled and marvelled. Women's whimsies! Women's megrims!! All over two green dresses that happened to be alike! And yet delicious to be able to step into the childish, spun-glass world of little things that women lived in, and to refresh and renew and revitalise oneself there.

Jean was holding Mary Roberts by the arm. She had a little suit-case in her hand. She was dressed in Jean's La Chase sports suit, and crying.

"I never told them! I swear I never will so long as I live. It was nerves made me blurt that out. You've got nerves now, darling! Steady, Mary, steady! You're crazy."

"I heard you. I can't bear it."

"I meant you stole my EFFECT! I said that—after you'd shut the door. Believe me! I'd FORGOTTEN about the other. It was never in my mind! I SWEAR it. Look—women have to fight their own nerves and each other's! Think! This is all your life."

"I feel AWFUL. I thought you'd told them—told Ned Rogers . . . ."

"I know you feel awful. A little while ago I felt awful! I would have mucked things if you hadn't kept me steady. Now I am going to keep you steady. All right! Howl away—I've discovered that doesn't matter, my dear. We are against them—in a way. We love them and we desire them—but we're allied against men, women like you and me. Listen, I'm going to marry Ned Rogers next month."

It was pouring with rain.

They heard the men's voices, big, booming, impatient, calling them in.

"What can I say, Jean! I'm dressed in travelling clothes! I've got my bag packed here. My nerve has all gone."

"Leave it to me. Rely on me!" Jean was steady, calm.

"Have you two girls gone mad messing about out there? It's pouring!"

They were coming towards them with umbrellas. The brilliant light from the sun-room turned them golden. Two men with golden umbrellas advancing towards their women.

Mary was shivering and crying.

Elsie Stone stood in the sun-room. She looked at her visitors, surprised, a little annoyed.

Jean put her arm round Mary.

"Isn't she a sweet imbecile?" she said. "She was going to do a bolt because she thought she had spoilt my visit. The Schiaparelli model! The green frock! She took it so much to heart. Oh! aren't women crazy! Darling, stupid, sensitive Mary."

The two men were watching them, fascinated. They were lovely women and somehow the rain on their hair and skin and on their clothes made them seem a little fantastic, denizens of some small, outlandish, private world to which they coveted an entry with strange, pricking excitement and anticipation.

"Women ARE crazy!" said Dick Stone. "All this palaver over a beastly frock. No one but a woman *could* do it."

He laughed indulgently; but there was pride in his laughter.

"Idiots," said Ned, chiding them lovingly, like children.

"Dear Mary," said Jean. "*Everything* is all right."

She kissed her.

"Thank you, Jean," said Mary humbly, but intensely.

Only Elsie Stone, watching them, knew there were undercurrents. Only Elsie Stone felt that under this absurd feminine caprice, the pretty illogical pantomime of the evening, was something she would never understand.

Jean and Mary clung together now, laughing, charming, making fun of themselves.

Staring at the green model on Jean, Elsie Stone thought:

"I wonder if it is seeing them both in the same dress on the same evening made them suddenly seem so alike just now when they clung together—ALMOST LIKE THE SAME WOMAN."

She knew then that the storm had touched up her nerves too. She called resolutely:

"OFF with those wet clothes, and Dick, make some hot toddy."

And as Jean and Mary turned to her politely and simultaneously she had again the odd impression of one smile that spread over two faces, hiding for ever some strange secret that had been mutually shared a moment before, and was mutually destroyed in that moment.

END

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The Twenty Wicked People

(*Continued from page* 51)

relationship having been definitely established he proceeded to take the sable corporal into confidence in that inimitable way of Southerners.

The other N.C.O.'s, however, regarded with pained disapproval this child, a mere paling infant, who wore the stripes of a sergeant.

"*Bigre!* Observe, my dear Ibañez," grunted a scarred, snaggle-toothed veteran, with the scaly head of a marabout stork, "here is the new nursemaid for the Twenty Wicked People. Never was I so glad for anything when I quit with them—Shaitan's curse on their maggot-inhabited souls."

Jake raised inquisitive eyes at "Little Amby," as the coloured corporal begged to be addressed. Just then came the sound of running feet ringing through the humid air, like the strokes of doom, and outside a bugle commenced to fling the brazen notes of the *alerte* against the ever-encroaching green wall of jungle surrounding the *poste*.

"N.C.O.'s report to headquarters at once."

The red-faced legionnaire merely paused in the doorway, then whirled and was off down a flight of earthen stairs towards the barracks, where already an uproar had begun to reign.

The American, as he hurried along with the other N.C.O.'s, wondered if this interruption might prove providential. It would give him a chance to learn what was what. With his twenty-five men of the *VIième Compagnie*, he would show these ill-favoured rascals from the *VIIième* a thing or two about soldiering, and who knew what might transpire?

All at once he found himself standing in single rank before the now familiar desk. Back of it Lieutenant von Krass sat very stiff-backed, pink as to face, and harsh as to expression. Already, Jake noted, he was completely accoutred for a jungle expedition from pugareed kepi to jigger-proof boots.

"So," he rasped, without looking up, "you're here at last. What in God's name have I done to be afflicted with such a lot of clubfooted baboons for *sous-officiers*?"

Panting slightly, the seven men stood in silence while Lieutenant von Krass stood and spun to face the map that Jake had previously noticed.

"*Ecoutez*," said he, "there is much to do. Word has come that that old devil Labastida, whom you all know by the name of El Cocodrilo, is reported to have crossed the Rio Muni border and is descending the Ikembe river for a slave raid on the Oshebas. Twice he has escaped us, but this time he has crossed the Spanish border once too often."

It occurred to the silent American sergeant the same man did not usually escape the Legion twice—evidently El Cocodrilo was a wily bird. There were a number of questions he wanted to ask; in fact, he put one.

"I notice, *mon lieutenant*, by the map, that the Ikembe River forks just below the Rio Muni border. I was——"

Down crushed the butt of Lieutenant von Krass's pistol, and his cold, blue eyes blazed. "Silence!" he roared. "Who gave you leave to notice things? In Bunbaki I do al the thinking."

And Jake, on looking at the stolid, unemotional countenances of his fellow N.C.O.'s, felt disposed to agree.

The soldier in him revolted. Why the devil should the big-boned lieutenant trust so implicitly the word of a Zandeh boy, when it was a well-known fact that all bush negroes could not be accurate, even on the rare occasions when they wanted to. Zandeh? He suppressed an involuntary exclamation. His eyes narrowed, following the details of the yellowed map on the wall. He wanted to ask questions. For instance, why that second fork in the Tembo river would serve just as well for a sudden descent on Bunbaki, and the Zandehs make just as good slaves as the Oshebas, besides being more tractable.

However, it stood to reason that von Krass knew his business; he had ruled successfully over his mouldering little kingdom ever since that time at the end of the war when professional soldiers were at a decided discount.

Jaw thrust out, he whirled and snapped:

"Sergeant Ibañez, take the first platoon and proceed to Bikuki. Sergeant Renoire, you will take the second platoon and occupy the forks of the Ikembe. According to orders, you will receive by runners. Now give me your close attention."

The Prussian took quick, brief steps back and forth, stabbing the map with his blunt forefinger and occasionally speaking over his immensely wide shoulder as he planned as neat an ambuscade as Jake had ever seen. Yes, the Prussian was a soldier, every inch of him; but increasingly his own disquiet grew, for when the plan of campaign came to an end, his name had not once been mentioned; moreover, the platoon of reinforcements had been taken over by the lieutenant himself.

"They will need watching," he remarked, *en passant*. "Doubtless a pack of hare-hearted yellow-bellies out of the *VIième*."

Chill as the breath of an iceberg was von Krass's manner when at last he turned and fixed a baleful eye upon the dismayed American.

"And now as to you, my promotion-hungry hero, I aim to give you a chance."

Jake's heart leapt. Perhaps the Prussian was not such an unbooted swine after all. "Yes, sir?"

"To you, I will assign two squads of garrison that are known as the 'Twenty Wicked People.'" Von Krass's slash of a mouth parted in a mirthless grin. "I wish you joy of them, and them of you."

"Thank you, sir," said Jake, and he wondered.

"You're too quick with your thanks, you tin soldier. I am bestowing upon you the very dregs of the Legion—depraved rascals who were originally sent out here to be killed, and who have so far been so unreasonable as to remain alive. Inside half an hour you will march them out of this *poste*. You will march to the fords of Talato and there observe the crocodiles disporting themselves on the banks of the Tembo river."

"The Tembo river, sir?" Jake's face flushed to the roots of his hair, and the criss-cross scar burned deep scarlet. "But that's nowhere near the scene of action."

"Indeed?" observed Lieutenant von Krass, slipping the ammunition clips into the carriers about his gleaming leather belt. "I couldn't trust you in a real fight. To me you are a nuisance; as are also the Twenty Wicked People." He shrugged, making the ornaments on his red collar blink briefly. "You see what a clever fellow I am?" How intense were those blue eyes as they searched his face, thought Jake. "I stand nothing to lose if you kill some of them or if they kill you. Should you," the amiable lieutenant paused in the act of pouring some permanganate of potash crystals into the small glass vial which every soldier must carry in that land of numerous and treacherous snakes, "come back alive and with the Twenty Wicked People completely under your control, I might—I do not say I will—I might let you keep your rank, *verstehen*?"

It was when the doors of the *poste's* lock-up were flung open that the red-haired sergeant appreciated the magnitude of the task before him, for there stepped out into the humid, orange-yellow sunlight such a collection of evil-featured, shifty-eyed rascals as he had never before seen. Of all races and of all degrees of intelligence were the Twenty Wicked People. A couple of Greeks, three or four Serbs, two or three Latin Americans and, worst of all, half a dozen or more of that dreadful species of man called the Paris apache. Of the twenty there were not three to whom he would willingly have presented his back on a dark night.

It was only then that he appreciated the

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true cunning of Lieutenant von Krass. There would be no troublesome courts-martial, no inquiries, merely an automatic removal of a man who, for reasons of his own, he did not want around. The only redeeming ray of light was the fact that to help him handle this poisonous crew, Corporal Amby Dextrous was assigned to the half platoon.

Being thoroughly experienced in the ways of the wicked, the new sergeant proceeded to institute a search of the person of each of the Twenty Wicked People, especially those who happened not to be in the *cellules* at that moment.

"Nice gang of thugs," he remarked as from the cursing, furious suspects he amassed an amazing collection of dirks, brass knuckles, knives and other interesting cutlery.

"Not authorised by the Ordnance Department," observed Jake grimly. "Wipe off that frown, you verminous dog. And now," his grey eyes swept that lowering, sullen rank, "since we're going to campaign together, you'd better understand one thing. I want and will have prompt and unquestioning obedience, and any man who doesn't give it is going to be badly hurt."

Along that unshaven line more than one pair of lips drew back from uneven and discoloured teeth in a derisive smile. *Dios*, why this sergeant was not of even average height. There were a dozen men among the Twenty Wicked People who could have broken him into little pieces—like they had that *sacré* Englishman six months back.

With the quick, short stride of a gamecock, Sergeant Miller strode along the rank, chill grey eye veiled with disapproval.

"At present," he announced, "you offend both the eye and the nose. You are a disgrace to the Legion; you look like the tramps, thieves and porch climbers you once were. When we come back from the Tembo I'm going to have you looking like soldiers or know the reason why.

Down the line someone made a noise which is known in the United States as the Bronx cheer. And to make matters worse an N.C.O. of the *VIIième*, strolling by, uttered a hoarse guffaw and nudged his companion.

"Look at these brave lads, how they smile and in the face of death. Farewell, my valiant heroes, think of me when you watch the crocodiles make love on the banks of the Tembo."

To describe it mildly, it was a harrowing half-hour which ensued while the half-platoon was being rationed and equipped for a five-day expedition. Jake, inwardly seething, was drawing ammunition when Lieutenant von Krass, straight as a ramrod and powerful in his build as a young buffalo, appeared in the doorway. The Prussian's expression was thoughtful when he noted the thoroughness of Jake's preparations.

"How many rounds per man, *mon sergent*?" inquired the supply sergeant.

"Forty rounds per man," snapped Jake as he checked over a supply of hand grenades, "and if you value your greasy hide, issue me clean clips. I want no verdigris-clogged cartridges."

"Forty rounds per man?" cut in von Krass's deep, decisive tones. "*Gott im Himmel*, what do you intend to do with all that? Hold a Saint Bartholomew of crocodiles?"

"No, sir," replied Sergeant Miller, springing to attention. "Forty rounds is not too much for an expedition to carry; slave raiders occasionally change their plans and surprises are possible in thick country like this."

"The only surprises you are likely to get will be from the Twenty Wicked People. Sergeant, issue the half-platoon twenty-five rounds per man."

"But, sir," protested Miller angrily, "the regulations call for a minimum of thirty rounds——"

"Oh, so you're an army lawyer?" Von Krass's teeth glinted in the pink angularity of his features. "Well, I make regulations for this *poste*. Make it twenty rounds, Sergeant. Any more talk out of you, my clever *Amerikaner*, and I'll send you out a single clip apiece. How would you like that?"

(*Continued on page* 106)

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Breathing hard, and realising that events were getting away from him, Jake managed to control himself. Great God, didn't he, fool, know it approximated suicide to march around this part of the French Congo with only twenty rounds per man. What if he stumbled on a column of gunners, on a war party of Gabrons. Of course, he knew—and the frown on the sunburnt forehead of Sergeant Jacob Jackson Miller grew ever deeper.

Exactly one hour from the time that the bleeding Zandeh boy had rushed in, the *poste* commenced to disgorge orderly little columns of blue-and-white clad men, who, with N.C.O.'s at their heads, plunged silently off into the tangled forests, where baobabs, cotton-silk trees and a hundred varieties of palm formed a dense screen that shut off all air and shut in all the humid heat.

It was with a heavy heart that Jake beheld his sturdy comrades of the *VIième* swinging off behind the soldierly, quick-stepping figure of Lieutenant von Krass.

But he had little time to consider more than his own troubles; already he had been forced to knock obedience and several front teeth into an evil and gigantic Greek named Dropulous, who had openly defied him. Furthermore, his knuckles still ached from their impact on the jaw of Le Bœuf d'Or, as a singularly sinister Marseillais apache called himself.

Consequently Jake was very much on the alert when, amid the jeers of the men who would probably see action, he marched his half-platoon off down a narrow trail which wound like a dark serpent through the mango and lemon-tree thickets. Brightly-coloured parrots, shrieks and warblers of infinite variety flitted back and forth. Monkeys, grey and brown, chattered and screeched at the legionnaires who tramped onwards, cursing the heat, continually brushing from their hands and necks multitudes of leeches that fell like rain from the adjacent foliage.

With care, Sergeant Miller posted the most obviously treacherous men in the "point," so that if *coup-coups* suddenly flashed his loss would not be past bearing. He followed them, not for fear of ambush, but as a pure matter of self-preservation. Next marched the main body, if the men could so be dignified, and last of all came Corporal Amby Dextrous, sable, silent and swinging along with a loose-kneed stride that ate up the distance.

Presently the trail narrowed, so perforce the detachment marched in single file.

All at once the trail took a sharp right turn, and automatically Jake studied the men ahead of him. Dropulous was in the lead, then a blear-eyed, stiletto-scarred Venezuelan called Orteaga, behind him the enormous Bœuf d'Or, pushing aside the tangling creepers with vicious thrusts, and immediately in front of the watchful sergeant plodded the hulking Dane, who was reported to have a penchant for strangling women with his bare tattooed hands.

Dropulous vanished around the gorgeous hibiscus bush forming the corner, then Orteaga. Now the long barrel of Le Bœuf d'Or's Lebel was swinging around that cluster of red and white blossoms. "*Cre nom de Dieu*, but it's hot." Dane shifted the rifle to his other shoulder, and, just as he neared the hibiscus, he sprang off the trail to the left, and with startling abruptness Jake found himself facing a trail which was empty save for Messrs. Dropulous and Orteaga. These had dropped on one knee, raised their Lebels, and were sighting at him with the unmistakable intention of supplying a vacancy in the ranks of the N.C.O.'s of the Legion.

The little plot had been neatly prepared, and had these two of the Wicked People to deal with anyone but the war-wise Jake, they would undoubtedly have succeeded in their charming little scheme, but even as the Dane leaped aside a very capable automatic seemed to sprout in the red-haired sergeant's broad brown hand. Sergeant Jake Miller lost no time in planting a bullet between the Venezuelan's evil jet eyes, and so disturbed the aim of Legionnaire Dropulous that that worthy shot and, unluckily for him, missed. As the sergeant's pistol barked a second time Dropulous jerked forward like the blade of a shutting jack-knife and fell dead, while his rifle spun crazily through the air to fall in a bed of gorgeous yellow orchids.

Nor did the sergeant cease his endeavours at that point. Quite ignoring the two dead men, he spun rapidly on his heels, reached into the tangle on the left, jerked the Dane out by his collar and drove a fist squarely into that startled individual's bloated and unlovely countenance. Then he turned and, speaking to the wall of the forest, said:—

"I see you, Bœuf. If you don't instantly come out of there with your hands up, I'll drill you. No—you'd better not try to shoot, the vines won't let you swing your rifle around."

And after that Sergeant Miller had practically no trouble for a while, save that Corporal Dextrous was afforded an opportunity to, as he put it, "take part" on a blue-jowled Bulgarian who thought he would hide in the jungle and quit the hard service of *Madame la République*.

"Yes, Mistah Miller," apologised the sable corporal. "Ah expex ah got a little severe with this boy." And Miller, viewing the breathless Bulgarian's blackened eyes and split lips, agreed.

A BRAZEN ball of sun was hovering over the tops of the forest when, during a cigarette pause, Corporal Dextrous came up alongside, parting the jungle with the ease of an elephant.

"Boss," said he, "we all's fixin' to pass right by a place where some of our folks met plenty trouble last yeah. Ol' crocodile, he cornered 'em, and what he didn't kill he took home to let the chilluns play with—you savvy how they play, Boss?"

"Yes, I was in Dahaney once. So there were no survivors? Must be quite a soldier to wipe out a detachment of legionnaires like that."

An inner instinct warned Jake that it might be wise to see what he could see, for the more he thought the more he came to the conclusion that Lieutenant von Krass was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. Rather neat the way he'd sent him out half-ammunitioned with a gang of murderers to work with. Was there more to the Prussian's idea than just this? The Zandeh boy, for instance. Why should he bring news of a raid on the Oshebas?

The battlefield to Jake's experienced and discerning eye proved to be interesting in more ways than one, for there were several facts about it which struck the leech-bitten sergeant as peculiar, to say the least.

"No survivors, eh?"

"No, sah. Ol' Mistah Cocodulo, he just naturally massacreed them boys with Sergeant Harris. The lootenant was off in the Osheba country. You can see their bones all about this heah clearin'."

With his foot, Jake thoughtfully turned over a *coup-coup* split skull from which sprouted a gorgeous red trumpet blossom. There were more all about.

"Halt!" he directed the sweating, sullen legionnaires. "Cigarette pause."

With one accord the Eighteen Wicked People eased their packs and lay down to light and drag at that villainous black tobacco which *Madame la République* issues to her armed sons.

"I don't understand it, Amby," remarked Jake. "Why wasn't there more shooting? I don't see any cartridge cases around these bones."

"Oh, but there was a lot of shootin'. Heard it clean down to the *poste*."

"Then where are the cartridge cases?"

Corporal Dextrous's paw-like hand crept up to remove sweat from his broad, black nose. "Boss, I don't know, but I expects them cases must be hereabout somewhere."

Some hundred yards nearer the forest the frowning American came upon what he sought, several little piles of verdigris-greened Lebel cartridge cases. "Hum," he remarked, " only two or three men fell here." Deep in thought, he tramped into the forest and there, behind certain trees he discovered a very plentiful supply of Mauser cartridges, evidently fired by El Cocodrilo's men. Deeper grew his perplexity and his uneasiness. There seemed to be an ominous parallel between his situation and that of Sergeant Harris save that El Cocodrilo was nowhere near, but *was he* far away ? A flood of grim possibilities occurred to the hot and uneasy sergeant.

Why, he asked himself, were there neither Lebel nor Mauser cartridge cases where the legionnaires' bones lay.

" Hum," was all he said as he filed the men in and set off again towards the distant Tembo river with his eighteen legionnaires cursing him in nearly as many languages.

Long after the Eighteen Wicked People had lain down and had apparently gone to sleep, Jake remained silent, lost in thought and gradually piecing together a very ugly realisation.

When the fire had died down he quickly removed his overcoat, rolled it into a manlike figure, placed his kepi at the head and then retired to the shelter of a hibiscus thicket, there to meditate upon the deep vileness of human nature and the biting qualities of bush insects.

" So," he decided, " there were two separate attacks on that detachment and a third which caught them by surprise. Now where did that successful attack come from ? "

His meditations were interrupted by the sight of one Mohammed Hassan, the Arab representative among the Wicked People, picking his way among his sleeping companions with amazing soundlessness. Pleasantly he nodded to the legionnaire on guard and then crept on towards those blankets which contained Jake Miller's overcoat.

A yard away he halted, produced something that reflected the dull glow of the coals and drew near that sprawled figure. Unfortunately for the plans of the worthy Mohammed, a bullet came smacking out of the hibiscus thicket and pierced his left arm through the fleshy part. After that the red-haired sergeant appeared, put away his revolver and proceeded to beat up the would-be murderer with a thoroughness that commanded the respect of painfully disappointed Wicked People.

Noon of the next day found the detachment in a position covering the fords of the Tembo. And such was the ascendency of Sergeant Jake Miller over his protégés that only once that day did his command try to kill him.

" This," said Jake to Corporal Dextrous, as they cooked their noon meal, " is not going to be so bad. If I was only sure that El Cocodrilo really was off to the east and playin' tag with the Oshebas——"

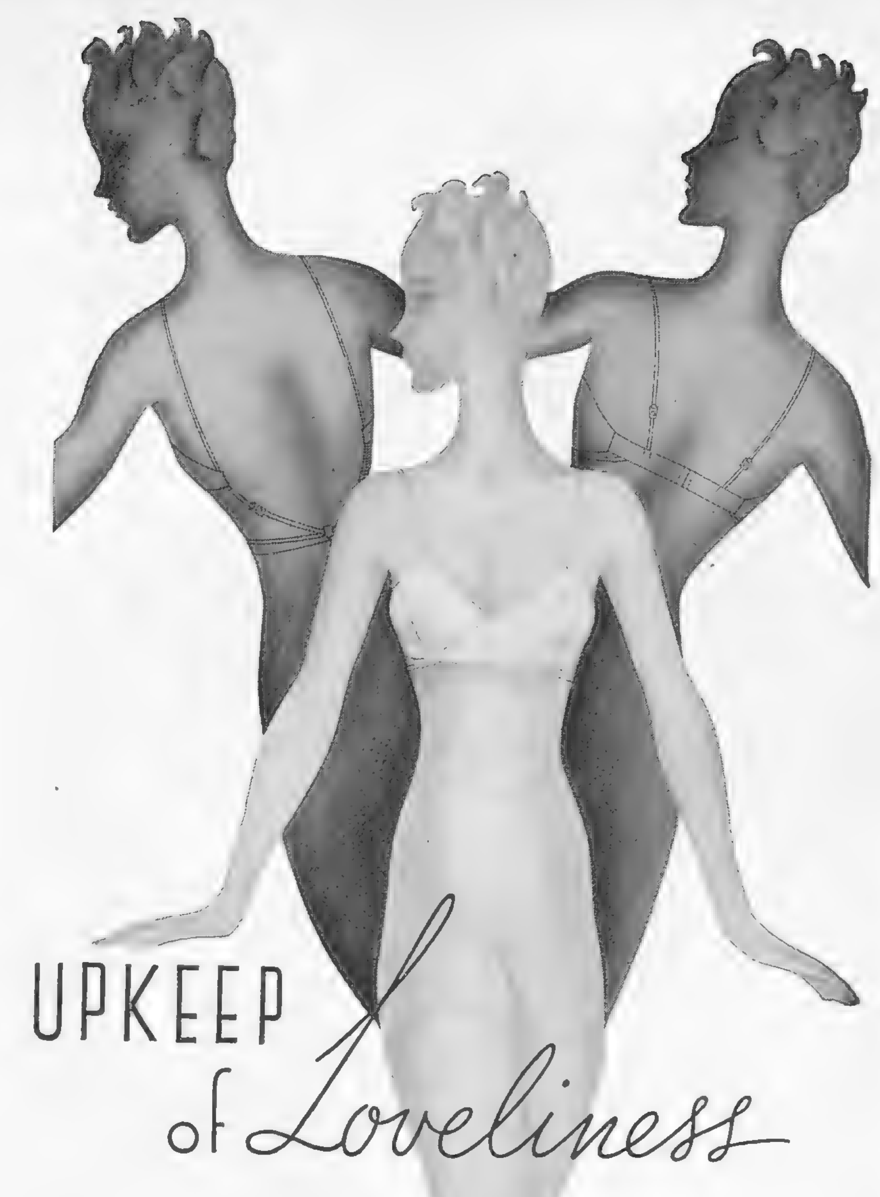
" Well, sah," Amby shook his shaven head, " we ain't back to the *poste* yet. And them boys is powerful onnery. I was thinkin' ——" He paused suddenly, for somewhere in the hazy, sour-smelling jungle to the north a drum commenced to sound, throbbing through the moist, hot air with reiterating emphasis. Another commenced and Corporal Dextrous sat up very straight and attentive, the whites of his eyes very prominent.

" Zandeh drums," he pronounced, " that *ta-ta dum, ta-ta dum* means bad news ; that's the danger signal for these here trifling Zandehs. They drums like that when there's a raid on. Many is the time I've heard it."

A brief consultation with his map brought home two salient facts to Jake. First, in all probability, the wily El Cocodrilo had done the unexpected and was advancing down the Tembo and not the Ikembe fork ; the second was that any reinforcements worth mentioning were a good seventy-five kilometres away. And then he remembered—twenty rounds per man.

Through his agile brain flashed a number of unpleasant realisations. For example, Lieutenant von Krass had very deliberately sent him and the now Eighteen Wicked People there.

(*Continued on page* 108)



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Yes, it was a very neat trap. If he did the only sensible thing and retreated from the ford he had been ordered to hold, von Krass would have excellent grounds for a court-martial and ordering out a firing squad. If he stayed and relied upon fire power to win he was equally doomed.

"Boss," observed Corporal Dextrous, with an anxious frown, "us has got to retire. We ain't got bullets enuff."

"On the contrary," said Jake grimly. "Us are not going to retire. I happen to have orders to hold this ford. However, on looking over the terrain I've an idea we just might be able to hold this ford. Now go and rout out those bums in uniform and we'll make 'em sweat a little for the glory of France."

From noon until far in the afternoon the vicinity of the ford became the scene of frenzied effort, for when it was borne in on the Eighteen Wicked People that they were thus neatly trapped, they fell to work. They knew von Krass and were also coming to respect this hard-fisted, quick-witted Sergeant who drove them unmercifully.

"*Estrañas de Dios!*" panted Legionnaire Gonzales as, stripped to his shirt and wielding a razor-edged *coup-coup*, he did certain interesting things to a young bamboo tree sprouting amid the papyrus on a wide tree stretch back of the ford. "This Americano is a very serpent for wisdom."

"No," spat Kolchof, the Bulgarian, "he is mad. Why arrange all these defences in an open space like this?" He waved a horny hand at a long vale which contrasted sharply to the dense cover on all other sides of the low hill upon which Jake had made the legionnaires' camp.

However, the Wicked People needed no urging, for ever the thunder of the alarm drums drew closer.

Thanks to the warning drums Sergeant Miller thought he had cause to congratulate himself. All that could be done to supplement his pitiful supply of ammunition had been done, and he blessed those instructive years spent campaigning in the hot hill jungles of the Philippines and of Cambodia.

When the attack commenced towards sundown, five of the Wicked People commanded by Corporal Dextrous were neatly ensconced on a boulder-crowned hillock which overlooked the ford. About them kepis set on sticks gave the impression that there were many more legionnaires present than there were. Anxiously they regarded the river curving sharply away to the right, leaving a wide, treeless area which was thickly grown with papyrus and elephant grass.

To the left at a distance of some hundred yards, the vine-grown forest presented an admirable jumping-off place for an attacking party, and it was to face this menace that most commanders would have deployed their men, and mightily the legionnaires grumbled when Sergeant Miller left by six of his tiny command among those rocks facing the forest. It was a gamble, he knew, but the memory of those lonely bones back in the forest was strong in his mind.

With the remaining kepi-less thirteen, Jake occupied a small dried gully which enfiladed the wide papyrus meadow and also commanded an excellent view of the coffee-coloured river.

It was going to be a nasty affair at best, Jake realised, and, having only twenty rounds per man, the battle, no matter what its outcome, would be short.

Gripping that Lebel which had been the property of Legionnaire Orteaga, late of the Twenty Wicked People, Sergeant Miller viewed the line of dishevelled, sweating legionnaires, who, following instructions, lay perfectly motionless beneath the fan palm fronds.

Beginning with the suddenness of the first drops of a thunder-shower, a crackle of rifle fire sounded from beyond the knoll. The hidden men could see the rock splinters flying from the stones above Corporal Dextrous and his five fellows.

"*Peste!*" one of the legionnaires not far from Miller spat, "why are we doomed to have such a fool for a leader? If we were all on that knoll we might stand a chance. As it is, the slavers will chop us to ribbons with their *yataghans*."

"And I will shoot you in a minute if you don't keep quiet," warned Jake, venomously.

"They'll attack from the woods in a minute," whispered Gonzales. "See if they don't——"

But just then a new and very noisy detachment of the enemy opened fire from the flank, enfilading the rocky knoll from two angles.

"No, you fool," a gigantic Russian with small-pox ravaged features shook his head, "the real attack is beginning now. That first was only a feint."

However, the Russian was as wrong as his friend, and it was with deep amazement the ambushed legionnaires beheld off to their right the first glimmer of white jellabias among the yellow-green elephant grass.

Up above Corporal Dextrous and his men were following orders and were shooting off their rounds as fast as possible and certainly giving the impression that there were more than six thoroughly unhappy legionnaires up yonder.

In breathless, rigid silence, the fourteen men in the gully watched the progress of El Cocodrilo's main body through the elephant grass. Nearer and nearer they came, passed right by the ambuscade and went on, dark, small-featured faces savagely intent.

Soon they would be in the shorter papyrus where the bamboo sprouted in bright emerald clumps.

"Steady," cautioned Jake, as he beheld the dark mass of his enemies gathered at the edge of the elephant grass. In a minute would come that rush from that supposedly unsuspected quarter, that rush which had heretofore always brought victory. Well, El Cocodrilo might learn a few things about jungle fighting.

"*Yah-il-il-Allah!*" That heart-shaking shout of the charging Arabs arose and, led by a man in olive-green shooting clothes, there sprang from the elephant grass a mob of perhaps fifty men of all colours and bearing a weird miscellany of arms, ranging from Mauser carbines to plessors of a type as old as war itself. Yelling exultantly, they started across that open patch of papyrus which seemed exposed, so thoroughly improbable for a route of attack, that an ordinary commander would never have thought of defending it.

All at once things began to happen out there. Agonised shrieks and yells arose as the slavers' bare feet came in contact with the sharp bamboo stakes the legionnaires had planted there under Jake's expert direction. Yes, Lao foot barbs had their uses.

Since the needle-pointed spikes were practically invisible amid the bushy papyrus, the attackers knew not which way to step, and a moment later they began to drop as Igrote man-traps, sprung by the hurrying feet of the attackers, flickered upwards. As Jake and anyone who knows the festive Igrote can tell you, if a young bamboo be split, carefully trimmed and sharpened along the edges and then bent back, it will inflict a serious if not fatal wound when released to fly upwards.

Like so many hacking blades the sprung man-traps slashed at the legs and bodies of the bewildered attackers. Losing their balance or springing aside to avoid the trenchant wooden blades, many of the discomfited Arabs and half-breeds skewered themselves on wooden lance points cunningly hidden amid papyrus leaves.

In short, the attackers were having a wholly wretched time of it.

"Shoot, you devils," roared Jake, red head agleam. "Shoot, you butter-fingered baboons! Now's your chance. Yell!"

And the Thirteen Wicked People who, for all their faults, could shoot when called upon, delivered steady, well-controlled volleys at the brown-and-white-clad throng that came struggling back out of the papyrus.

Some few of the slavers did have sense enough to halt, take fire and aim at the ditch that spouted smoke and flame. But these, happily, were a minority. El Cocodrilo, screaming curses in mingled Spanish and Arabic, rallied his men and, on seeing how few were the legionnaires, attempted to lead a charge. This was his second mistake of the day, for there is nothing a legionnaire likes so much as to find a charging foe over his front sights.

It was a pretty little bicker while it lasted, and a few desperate slavers did gain the ditch, there to make their *yataghans* flash like windmills of steel and so dispatch some eight more of the Wicked People for that place which was especially intended for bad legionnaires. The rest of the attackers simply melted back into the forest from which they had come.

The fight, as Jake had foreseen, was over in a very short order and, save for the mangled bodies out of the papyrus, and the bayoneted corpses in the ditch, forest and glade seemed as they were half an hour ago. Of the men on the knoll three appeared: Corporal Dextrous, brown-black and very solemn because of a ragged hole through his left ear, and two others appeared to join the seven survivors below. Then after nothing more was heard of the leaderless, thoroughly discomfited raiders, there followed a short and bloody interlude in which the wounded slavers were disposed of as painlessly as possible.

But the greatest surprise of the day was yet in store for the hollow-eyed red-haired sergeant, whose thoughts were turning grimly to the benevolent Lieutenant von Krass. On the malodorous and unprepossessing body of him who had been known as El Cocodrilo, Jake discovered a worn leather dispatch case which held interesting possibilities. In it was a neatly folded letter which, addressed to Señor Labastida, said, "Better raid the Zandehs this time, but make a feint towards the Oshebas. Am sending half-platoon against you. Fight it or go around it. First payment received, expect second when you recross Tembo." And for signature appeared the significant initials, "V. K."

"The dirty swine. No wonder the square-head liked Bunbaki," Jake said, fingering the letter. "Shouldn't wonder but he's made quite a good thing of it. Plausible—but let's make sure." And so Sergeant Miller held the paper towards the sunset-reddened sky and was very much interested to discover that on the paper the French Government water mark appeared unmistakably clear.

"The sly son of a hyena," he muttered to himself. "No wonder he wanted nothing but dumb-bells around him—thought he'd make a bluff of standing off old Labastida and get rid of me at the same time."

Carefully he folded away that fatal slip of paper in his blouse, patted the pocket and observed to Corporal Dextrous:

"You know what I got in there?"

"Well, boss, you sho'ly has got a plenty courage—is that it?"

"No, Amby"—and Jake grinned. "I've got a little piece of paper in there that ought to be worth a lieutenant's commission."

The First Ten Days

(*Continued from page* 56)

the sleepless. It can be extended to seven, eight or more beats as long as the breath-*less* and breath-*full* halts are accomplished with ease. It should be practised by the wakeful in bed.

But the real thing that will cure these people are the "lie-outs" or sleeping in the open. No vitaliser can compare to being steeped in the fresh air all night. Do make up your mind to become an "out-sleeper" and so squeeze every benefit out of your change. I won't romance about the starry heavens—you'll romance about the difference they make to your health.

When ten days have slipped by, abandon diet restrictions. Loose yourself. That is the essential, now your body is in good order. So run riot. There is no surer way of re-creating the body than by re-creating yourself. And you can only do that by losing all consciousness of self in something else.

That is why people, when first in love, feel so well. Why Yogis are never ill: *because they get away from and out of themselves.*

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Karma

(*Continued from page* 17)

which is nothingness—liberated from the endless chain of lives."

"And what is Karma?"

"Karma, miss, is the law by which whatever we do in one life conditions our destiny in the next, up and down in the scale of being." He spoke in a clipped sing-song voice, carefully precise. "If in the last life a man was an oppressor of the poor, in this life he is poor and oppressed himself. If in the last life a man has done well—acquired merit, as we say—in this life he is born to greater opportunities, greater happiness. Whatever we do affects the soul, miss. Therefore the good Buddhist will never inflict hurt—will not even tread on an insect in the road—for he knows that next time——" He broke off abruptly, with a glance towards Walter's office. "Pardon, miss. I must go down to the tea-factory. There is a consignment to be urgently despatched."

She sat thoughtful, gazing out over the hilly landscape. Was there any truth in the Buddhist belief? It was at least one, and a possible, explanation of the otherwise inexplicable anomalies of human fortune. What actions in a past life was she now benefiting by—or expiating? Materially, she had been born to comfort, it was true. But was she happy? Life had hitherto been a frustration—the deep needs of her being unsatisfied——

The sun, enormous, was dipping behind the hills in a golden haze. She turned, at a slight sound, to see Walter coming on to the veranda. He looked weary with his hours of wrestling with accounts and reports. Her sympathy leaped to him. He seated himself, rather heavily, in the chair adjacent to her, and smiled.

"You were talking to Seneviratne?" he said.

"Yes." She smiled also. "I was asking him to explain Karma to me. Do you believe in it?"

His face went serious. (Somehow, she felt all his changes of mood as with an intensely alert, intensely sensitive inner self.)

"I don't know what I believe," he said. "For me, life is a tangled mystery I can make nothing of." There was a grimness, a restraint in his tone. "But theoretically, if one postulates the immortality of the soul, the idea is plausible enough. Just as Weissmann's germ-plasm, carrying on an unbroken chain of life-stuff from generation to generation, is affected by vital changes in its host—a drunkard or specifically diseased person, for example, transmits a nervous instability to his offspring, but not the loss of an arm or anything else merely adventitious—so perhaps the soul-stuff receives an impress during this incarnation which manifests itself automatically in the next. Perhaps by the exercise of a volition, of a choice, we can ourselves modify that impress. I don't know. I don't know anything. As I say, to me it's all a mystery—a rather futile one." It hurt her to hear him say that. Life wasn't—shouldn't be—futile, especially for a man like Walter. He was a superior type. He seemed to know something about everything—that reference to Weissmann's germ-plasm, for instance. She herself did not know about that, only guessed at his meaning from the context. Poor Walter! As she suspected, he was bitterly disillusioned. But life need not be futile for him. If he were worthily mated—Hush! She kept a grip on that almost overmastering urge towards him, sat outwardly calm. She heard him speak, in a cool voice. "That's a wonderful afterglow, isn't it?"

It was. The sun had set behind the hills. The sky was a glory of chrysoprase shot with roseate amethystine tints. They watched it silently. Though she had so craved for an intimate word with him, she could not trust herself to speak. But it seemed to her that their souls were in communion, in an unspoken passionate communion which had its meeting-place only in that infinite void suffused with celestial light. The afterglow faded. Suddenly it was black night, night without a ray, imprisoning them. They sat thus for some moments. She felt him very close, a disembodied entity towards whom she, disembodied also, yearned madly. It frightened her. She rose. He also rose, dark in the darkness.

And then suddenly, startlingly—the shock of it seemed to ring endlessly into an eternity—his arms were around her, his lips on her mouth. He spoke no word. He kissed her as if under a compulsion beyond himself, beyond all he held of principles. She made no protest. With all her being, silently, she met him in that kiss, her soul swooning. It was an ecstasy where the world fell from her.

Abruptly, he released her. A gleam of light fell on the veranda. The " boy " came out with a kerosene lamp, set it on the veranda table. Margery had followed the " boy," stood now in the doorway.

" Hallo, you two ! " she said in a joking voice. " Been sitting in the dark ? "

" Only for a minute or two, dear." It was unbelievable how firm and normal Walter kept his voice. " We had been watching the afterglow. It was quite wonderful to-night."

As for her, she made a light excuse to Margery—she wanted a wrap, was suddenly chilly—and ran to her own room, already illuminated by another kerosene lamp on her dressing-table. She was shaking. She looked at herself in the mirror. Was this really she—she with the reddish hair, the wide mouth, the strained bright eyes—to whom this had happened ? She knew now beyond all doubt. She loved Walter, loved as she had never known it was possible to love, in a craving of all herself that was madly reckless, in an elemental sweep and urge that seemed to date from beyond this life. If only Margery were not her sister !

THAT was a week ago. Not for a moment since then had she had an opportunity to be alone with Walter. Margery, white-faced, ill-looking, querulous, very different from the flashing elfin Margery of old, was always with them. Did Margery have an instinct of what was between Walter and herself ? No. It was impossible. Walter was astonishingly normal, more taciturn than ever perhaps, but betraying nothing. And she also betrayed nothing—though there were times when she felt she must break out recklessly in desperation. She could imagine herself crying out to Margery in defiance : " I love him ! He loves me ! " But it was impossible. She could not do it. Margery was her sister.

What bitter Fate was this that held her bound ? What misdeed in some past life was her Karma now avenging ? Why had not Walter met her before he had seen Margery at that tennis-party ? Their souls flew to spontaneous union. Margery had been just a mistake, stumbled on while on the road to her. How she loved him ! It was an atrocious pain. Torture when all three sat together. She lay awake the night long, thinking of him, suffering, craving. She could only guess at what he was undergoing—she had an utter certitude that he loved her equally, almost irresistibly, against his iron control. (This fierce tropic sun seemed to release one's emotions in a terrifying violence.) But he would do nothing to shatter Margery's happiness, Margery's life.

She was haunted by a vision of his strong features, stern in mastery over himself. Knowing him, she was sure that he regretted giving way to that cataclysmic moment of ecstasy which would have no sequel. And there was a practical side, perhaps perceived more by her than by him. Here in this glamorous Ceylon, more even than at home, the ruling British caste was bound by the convention of respectability. Clandestine affairs there were, no doubt. But for him to announce " I am leaving my wife for the woman I love," would be more than a scandal, it would be a disaster. They would be ostracised. Probably, he would have to resign his position, would not get another job. It was unthinkable. Only if—if something happened to Margery—would he be free. She refused to let that thought take lodgment in her, and found it ever returning. No, no ! She mustn't think

(*Continued on page* 112)

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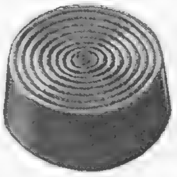

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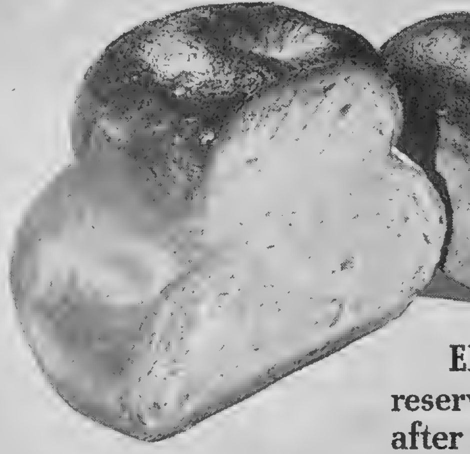

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such things. But she must at all costs have a word with him, an intimate word, alone. At all costs. There was a madness in her blood. She could not recognise herself.

One morning in that fourth week, the second week that was unendurable, she managed to give Margery the slip. Margery was busy with something inside the bungalow, had momentarily relaxed that continual close companionship which was perhaps sisterly affection, perhaps surveillance. (Yet it was impossible that Margery could have noticed anything). She seized her *terai*, hurried from the veranda through the garden to the track which led into the tea. He was out somewhere on the estate. But the estate was vast. It would be mere chance if she found him.

The sun blazed fiercely down upon her. It was like walking through fire. The tea-shrubs, in their neat regimented rows, were only three feet high, gave no shade. Tamil coolies were working among them, men, women and children, hoeing at the weeds. The heat shimmered up from the ground. She wondered if she would get sun-stroke. Snakes slithered across the path, terrifying her. But she must see him, must have a word with him. Life held only that for her.

She met Carruthers, the S.D.—Sinna Dorai, "little master"—in charge of an outlying estate. Walter was the P.D., Periya Dorai, "big master." Carruthers looked at her with astonishment, and with obvious admiration. She knew already that her tall, slim attractiveness had completely captivated him; Margery had joked about it.

"Isn't it rather hot for you out here?" he said, with concern. "I'd hate to see you knocked up."

She smiled. "I like the heat," she replied, and then casually—although her heart thumped—she asked: "Is Walter around here?"

He pointed over the shrub-clad slope. "He's over yonder—where they are pruning. You'll see the smoke of the rubbish fires. But it's rather far."

She thanked him with successfully assumed indifference, and went on. As soon as he was out of sight, she hurried. She must find him—she must find him—it beat in her with the fierce pulse of her heat-congested head. Over the slope, she saw a smother of smoke below her, hastened towards it.

There was Walter, in his rough workaday khaki shorts and open-throated khaki shirt, a dirty topee on his head. He stood watching the coolies as they hacked the shrubs down to a mere root, gave orders to the Tamil "Kangany" in charge of the gang.

He also was surprised to see her.

"My dear—!" he exclaimed in involuntary expostulation.

"I must speak to you, Walter!" she said. "I came out to speak to you!"

His face remained expressionless.

"All right." He gave some final orders to the Kangany. "I'll walk back a little way with you."

They walked up the path by which she had come. He said nothing. She did not know what to say—yet so much urged to speech in her. Presently, out of sight of the coolies, she stopped, her eyes fixed on him.

"I had to speak to you, Walter," she said. "I couldn't go on any longer."

An expression of pain flitted across his face.

"It's better that we don't speak—other than trivialities in company," he said. "There's no sense in making it harder for ourselves."

"Walter," she whispered. "I love you. I had to say it." God, if he could only take her in his arms, crush her to him!

But he did not. He looked at her.

"Evelyn," he said, "it's just our damned hard luck. It can't be helped. Call it our Karma." Our Karma—then he also thought that! It was just superstition. "Now I think you'd better go back."

"Won't you come with me?"

"No." He hesitated. "I'm sure Margery suspects something. I wouldn't hurt her for the world."

That walk back alone was a blur to her. "It's just our damned hard luck—call it our

Karma," the words beat in her. But he did love her—as she loved him—she hadn't deceived herself. And that was a sort of ecstasy. She hugged that ecstasy, would not let herself think beyond it.

At the bungalow, Margery was seated on the veranda. "Wherever have you been?" she cried. "I was worried about you."

"I felt that I had to take a walk, get some exercise," she said. "But it was terribly hot—too hot." That would cover any abnormality in her. She sank into another chair, fanned herself with her *terai*. "I met young Carruthers," she made safe talk. "He told me that Walter was away over the other side—superintending some pruning."

Margery leaned forward, looked at her seriously, her face wan.

"Evelyn," she said, quietly. "I know I'm not clever like you. I'm a little fool. But I love Walter—terribly. If anything came between us, it—it would kill me. I just wanted you to know."

Her heart leaped in the stabbing shock of alarm. But she managed to smile. Anything was better than a quarrel, where irrevocable things would be said, detonating who knew what of devastating explosion.

"There is nothing likely to come between you, Margery dear," she answered equably, "so far as I know. If you mean me, I have never been a minute alone with him—save once." It was on the tip of her tongue to add "You see to that," but she suppressed it. "So," she smiled again, "I don't think you have anything to worry about."

It was probably just the innate mistrust of every woman for all others of her sex. There was nothing for her to worry about either. Margery had nothing to charge her with—save that one kiss, which surely she had not seen.

Margery picked up her sewing, and said no more.

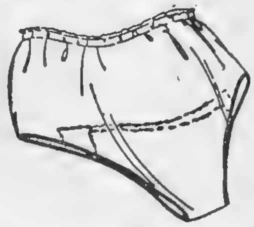
Sitting there watching her, the thought flashed into her from beyond her volition—supposing a miracle happened, a lightning-flash, a sun-stroke, one of those myriad things which in this tropical country snatched a person out of life between dawn and dark. She crushed that unthinkable thought, barred herself against its repetition. Save for this one matter, where Margery was an insuperable obstacle, she genuinely loved her sister. Their human lives were intertwined. But the love of Walter and herself was fraught with the immensity of the universe.

WALTER had suddenly said one day at table, "Margery, we can't let Evelyn leave Ceylon without seeing Anaradhapura. I'll knock off for three days next week, and we'll all three be passengers." Tourists were called "passengers" in Ceylon.

And now they were in Anaradhapura. They had gone down through Kandy, and thence presently through mile after mile of jungle, where little monkeys clambered among the trees, where brilliant jungle-fowl had fluttered from them, and where—so Walter said—there were many leopards. He had brought his gun in the car, on the chance of using it, but the opportunity never occurred. Once a thick, stifling cloud of white butterflies on migration had swept across the road, so that they had had to drive through it as through a dense snowstorm. It had been a wonderful drive (she had heroically sat in the back seat with Margery and foregone the craved-for close contact with Walter that Margery had, perhaps hypocritically, offered her), but nothing had prepared her for the marvel of Anaradhapura.

Everywhere in the jungle lay a confusion of elaborately-sculptured overthrown stones, the ruins of the palaces and temples of this great city which had flourished two thousand years ago—Walter said they extended for sixteen miles from south to north, and from east to west. And that was only the sacred inner city, the total inhabited area must have been much greater. Of one of those palaces, sixteen hundred monoliths still stood erect. Others were yet more perfect, though shattered, with exquisite stone-rimmed rectangular bathing-pools, and the beautifully carved semicircular

(*Continued on page* 114)



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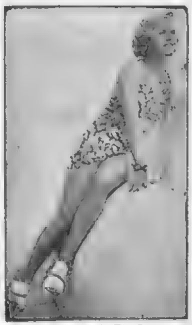

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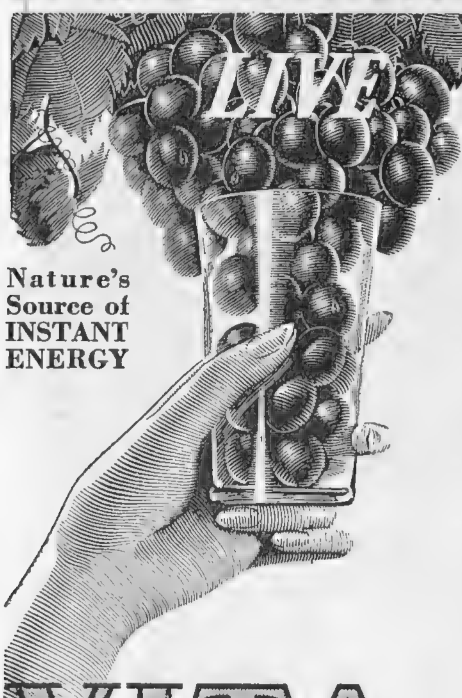

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doorsteps called moonstones. Everywhere, on every stone, was a wealth of carving, the sacred lotus, elephants and bulls, and curious stiff dancing-girls, with stylised friezes of the sacred Naga, the cobra, reared with hood distended, ever-repeated almost as though it were the spirit of this deserted wilderness. And above the sea of foliage emerged colossal artificial mounds, the *dágobas*, each piled up centuries ago as the shrine for a Buddhist relic, its millions of bricks grown over with vegetation and trees so that it looked a natural hill. And near by there was a far-stretching artificial lake, a "tank," remnant, said Walter, of the hugely elaborate works executed by those ancient kings to bring water from the distant hill-country and store it for the supply of the millions living in this immense city and the agricultural population around. Two thousand years ago, said Walter, Anaradhapura had been like a vaster Venice, criss-crossed by canals which communicated with the adjacent lagoon-like lakes. Never was there a more romantic place. But they would have to defer examination of all these wonders—of the sacred Bo-tree, grown from a branch of that under which Gautama had attained Buddhaship—until the morrow. It would soon be dark. They must hurry and make sure of their accommodation at the one little hotel.

The sudden night descended on them almost immediately they had reached it and selected their rooms, built bungalow-fashion on a single floor. Pleasantly, there were no other visitors; they had the hotel to themselves. While they waited for dinner to be prepared, they sat on the veranda, swallowed quinine tablets and drank whisky-pegs against malaria, watching the incandescent parabolas of the fireflies curve through the blackness like shooting-stars, listening to the night-awakened chorus of the jungle.

They were all in good humour. Margery felt for Walter's hand and squeezed it. To-day she had been happier and brighter than of late, more her old sparkling, laughing, pretty self. It was cruelly vivid to Evelyn how much Margery loved Walter. She paraded her proprietorship almost ostentatiously, with all manner of public cajoleries and fondnesses, as though sure of him against all other women. Walter did his best loyally to respond, though sometimes she, Evelyn, saw the jaw-muscles go hard in his lean face and a hint of strain come into his deep-set eyes. Did he also appreciate the irony of that triangle in which they sat in superficial gaiety—the irony of Margery's pathetically futile love which made futile the immensities of their own? Were they all entangled in a Karma predestined from a previous life? A Karma from which it was impossible to extricate one's self. "Damned hard luck on us both," he had said; "let's call it Karma." Perhaps next time? But the next time was not to be counted on, was in any case remote by who knew how many æons of oblivion. Over these thoughts, she laughed and chattered, was her attractive normal self, without the least hint that there was any hidden intimacy between her and Walter.

The moon, enormous, had risen before the Sinhalese hotel-keeper came to inform them that dinner was ready. At the meal, they maintained their holiday mood, sat lengthily over the curry while Walter told them amusing stories of his first years in Ceylon, of his experiences as a "creeper," as apprentice-planters were called. Margery tried to inveigle him into telling of his early love affairs, but good-humouredly he refused to be drawn. She was glad he refused to be wheedled into any confessions; they would have made this bond between him and her, established surely in an eternity before this world, seem less a sacred uniqueness. It was bad enough that Margery was there, thwarting their love. If suddenly there were no Margery!

When again they went out to the veranda, the world was flooded with brilliant white moonlight. How wonderful those ruins would look now! She craved to see them, to escape from this little hotel overcharged with their three personalities.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "Do let us go for a walk! In this light everything will look more romantically mysterious than ever!"

Walter approved. "Splendid idea," he said. "I have never seen the ruins by moonlight. Come along, Margery."

But Margery drew back. "No," she said. "I'm not going—I hate walking about this country by night, and especially here in the jungle. I'm terrified of snakes. But you two go if you like."

She did not wait for this opportunity to be offered twice. "Come along, Walter," she said. "We'll go by ourselves. We won't be long, Margery."

"Don't hurry," said Margery on a note of light indifference. "I think I shall go to bed and take an aspirin. That long drive to-day has given me a headache."

They started off, bareheaded in this luxuriously cool, radiant moonlight which cast shadows as distinct as day. They were just of a height, she and Walter, he a fraction taller. They strode along with a naturally equal step.

"I should have liked to go down to the big tank," he said, making conversation. "It was constructed by the first Buddhist king of Ceylon over two thousand years ago, and it's miles around. But the mosquitoes are too bad at night. Can you imagine this place as it was in the days of its glory—a city sixteen miles each way, colossal temples and palaces everywhere, boats with musicians floating along the network of canals between the lakes, throngs of people swarming along the streets under the processional arches, millions of people sure that their moment of life was the only important moment of eternity, dressing themselves up magnificently, hoarding their treasures, stealing, scheming, working, suffering, quarrelling, falling in love——"

She did not answer. Soon, so soon, this moment of theirs would pass on the endless stream of Time, would be as those hardly credible lives of two thousand years ago, would be nothing. If only he would take her in his arms! It would be quite safe here. They were out of sight of the hotel. There was no one about. Around them was only the wilderness of columns leaning aslant, of elaborately carved pediments lying broken. But he walked steadily on, his thick-soled shoes crunching the little flakes of stone underfoot. How she loved him! Love was not an ecstasy, as she had thought. It was an agony.

She broke the silence.

"I'm going to take the next boat home, Walter. I can't stand it any more."

He nodded as he walked.

"Yes."

"You approve?"

"My dear, I have one supreme duty—Margery. We don't need to explain things to each other. As matters are, I'm sorry that I gave way that night—that kiss has only made things worse. The impulse was irresistible, took me suddenly. You know, I've been in love with you since the first time I saw you—in England—after I was engaged to Margery."

She drew a deep breath. It was a malicious Fate that had interposed Margery between him and her.

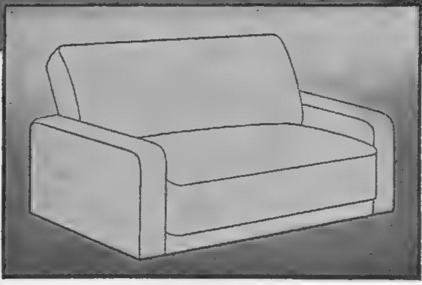
Presently he turned off the track into some better preserved ruins, looking like broken pavilions, with stone steps going up to a pavement. The moonlight struck across them, casting diagonal black shadows. A large moonflower shrub, with white trumpet blossoms, grew out of a fissure in a coping. The air was full of scent. The solitude was complete.

"I had a fancy to see this by moonlight," said Walter. "I think it's one of the best bits here. It's hard to imagine the gorgeous magnificence of those ancient days—but in this place one seems to get a ghost of it."

Yes, the place was eery, charged with immemorably ancient memories. It was an oppression on her. One could believe in the Buddhist endless chain of incarnations.

"Walter," she said, "do you think—if there is anything in Karma—that perhaps you and I loved

(Continued on page 116)



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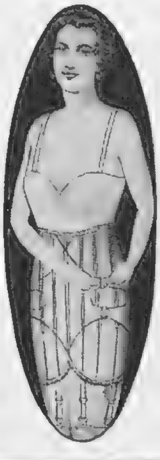

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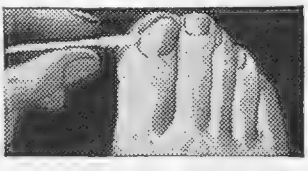
SAFEGUARD YOUR COMPLEXION.—Sun and sea-bathing take toll of sensitive skins and if you want to look your best and safeguard yourself against any after-the-holiday troubles, you cannot rely upon your ordinary toilet methods. No make-up, however clever, will look well on a sun-scorched skin. Tan if you must, but see to it that you do so wisely. Avoid those unbecoming patches of beefy-red skin and see to it that your fashionable sun and sea suits expose no trace of neglect. Fire-scorched legs, mottled arms—these are blemishes that will ruin any seaside *ensemble*. To remove them, smooth a thin film of Mercolized Wax over the blemished skin nightly. The wax will absorb the blemished outer skin, revealing the youthful, flawless skin now concealed beneath.

Use Mercolized Wax for your complexion, too, if you want to put your best face forward. It removes the ravages of sun and wind, giving Nature a helping hand in shedding the ageing outer skin and preventing the development of a coarse weather-beaten complexion that defies any attempts at disguise with make-up.

HOLIDAY HEADLINES.—To ensure your hair looking its loveliest when you discard your hats and spend long hours basking in the sun, prepare it for an outdoor life by a Stallax shampoo before you go away. Then you will be able to face sunshine and sea breezes unafraid—your hair will gleam with golden lights, curls and waves set better and last longer after this beauty shampoo. Shampoo with Stallax, too, during the holiday and afterwards and your hair will suffer no ill-effects from scorching sun or salt water. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cupful of hot water suffices for a shampoo—making Stallax an inexpensive beauty treatment.

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH.—So many seaside Lovelies lose their charm when they don their *chic* little sun suits because they are not careful about removing underarm growths and those coarse, straggling hairs that *will* make an appearance on the loveliest legs. Sipolite, the *safe* hair eraser, is the answer to this problem. You can get it from any chemist. Just mix a small quantity with cold water to a smooth paste, smooth this over the unwanted hairs—and see them vanish! As the paste dries, they shrivel away, leaving the skin satin-smooth, unblemished. Sipolite can be recommended with confidence for the removal of facial growths, too, and retards regrowth. It is so mild in action that it can be used with complete safety on the most sensitive skin.

INGROWN TOE-NAIL PAIN ENDED!



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thousands of years ago in this city—and that now we are separated because we then vitally hurt one another——?"

"Or perhaps together hurt somebody else——," he amplified the surmise. "Who knows? Now we can only deal with this life—and do our honest best in it."

It was plain that he was keeping a tight grip on himself. He avoided standing too close to her, lest accidentally he should touch her.

Somehow this place seemed sacred to their love. This would really be their parting.

"Walter," she said again, and she turned and faced him, standing distinct there in the moonlight. "I am going back to England. Kiss me. Just once. Margery can spare us that."

He hesitated a moment—his scruples strong in him—and then, in a suddenly permitted passion, he crushed her to him, crushed kisses upon her mouth.

"Darling," he murmured, "I feel that I have loved you through an eternity—shall continue to love you through an eternity."

"And I you," she murmured, in that yearning ecstasy. "I you."

Timelessly, they held each other fast. She would not think; she would not think. If only they could be thus together always.

There was a rustling noise close beside them. Startled, they sprang apart, sprang aside. A big snake was writhing across the pavement.

"Cobra," said Walter. "Pity I hadn't brought my gun. I left it in the bedroom."

The snake had frightened her. She loathed snakes.

"I think we'd better go back," she said. "Margery will be wondering what has become of us." Margery! Margery! Always Margery! In those ancient days when this city swarmed with gorgeously barbaric life, she would perhaps have poisoned Margery, ruthlessly eliminated that maddening obstacle. But now she was civilised, did not do that kind of thing. People still committed murders, of course—but not her sort. It was inconceivable to her that she should commit a murder, however much she hated anybody. She was shocked at herself when sometimes she caught herself involuntarily imagining Margery dying naturally.

They walked back towards the hotel, Walter carefully apart from her. It was perhaps better that they kept silence. Words only seemed to make it worse. At least they had had that one moment of ecstasy, not a snatched one, but deliberately taken. Life would always be the richer for that.

Near the hotel Walter spoke.

"Have you told Margery that you are going on the next boat?"

"Yes. I told her to-day, in the car. I think that's why she let us go for a walk together to-night. I am no longer a danger."

Walter said nothing. She thought he sighed.

"Are you sorry I came, Walter?"

"No. It had to be. We have solved our problem. I used to lie awake sometimes and wonder how I could stand it if you came out."

"Yet you are fond of Margery."

"I am as fond of her as I ever was. You I love. It's pretty appalling—but I try not to think of it."

"We've said our real good-bye to-night."

"Yes." His voice seemed shaky.

There was the hotel, its veranda lights feeble in the moonlight. They could not now dare another kiss. They must just go on, be normal.

On the veranda he said, "I think I will just order myself another peg." She noticed that his hands were trembling as he touched the table. "Will you have one?"

"No," she answered. "I'll creep in and see how Margery is. Those headaches of hers are dreadful."

She went through the hotel, went along to Margery's room. Outside, on a table, an already lighted kerosene lamp waited for her use. She picked up the lamp, softly turned the handle, entered the bedroom.

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

Margery was asleep, lay turned towards her, had forgotten to drop the mosquito-curtains. Tears were half-dried under her closed lids. Why? Had she cried herself to sleep? Poor Margery! She must, after all, have sensed something. But now it was all over. She was going away.

She half-moved to draw close and drop the curtains, then stopped stone-still in a spasm of horror. On the other side of Margery, on the bed, was coiled a snake, a cobra! The reptile raised its head, looked at her with beady eyes. Almost she screamed, instinctively—and checked herself. If she screamed, awakened Margery, surely the snake would strike. If she screamed? If she gave way to that natural instinctive scream—for which no one could blame her—Margery would be dead! It was hideous that temptation. She had but to scream. There would be no barrier more between her and Walter. And the scream, rising in her involuntarily, was kept back only by force of will. Was this to what her Karma had led her? She stared at that reptile in a deadly fascination.

She would not. She would not scream. Carefully, moving her head slowly, so as not to startle the brute, she glanced around the room. There was Walter's gun, propped in the corner, near the door. Stealthily she moved towards it, grasped it.

Stealthily, without a sound, she opened the door, slipped out, left the door open behind her. She hurried on tiptoe along the corridor, out to the veranda. Walter was sitting there, moody, his whisky-peg before him.

"Walter," she said, holding out the gun to him, "there is a cobra on Margery's bed—lying coiled up beside her!"

He was on his feet in an instant, snatched the gun, plucked a cartridge from his pocket, jammed it in the breech.

"Come and bring the light!" he said.

With the minimum of noise, both hurried along the corridor, entered the open door of the bedroom. She stood behind him, holding the lamp high. The snake turned and looked at them, with erected head, its forked tongue flickering. Its head was well above Margery's body. He would have to shoot across her, with careful aim. Noiselessly, he glided to the right position, she still holding the lamp high behind him. He raised his gun. She waited for the explosion. It did not come. Walter stood motionless, the gun poised for aim. Was he perhaps also thinking? No! No!

"Shoot, Walter!" she whispered.

There was a deafening detonation. Through the smoke she saw the cobra flung violently from the bed. Margery sprang up with a shriek of alarm.

She rushed to her, took her in her arms.

"It's all right, Margery!" she said, kissing her. "There was a snake coiled up beside you. But it's dead now."

Walter had picked up the cobra by its tail, showed its shattered head.

"It was a pretty close shot," he said. "I had to be damn careful. You owe your life to Evelyn, my dear. She came in and saw it."

Margery looked at her incredulously.

"You mean—you didn't really want to take my place? You had only to let it strike."

She laughed.

"What fancies, my dear! It was I who took the gun to Walter—told him. So no more of such nonsense!"

Margery wept in her arms.

"My dear, I thought—I thought—such foolish things! Forgive me! And I might have been killed without knowing anything about it!"

She comforted her laughingly.

"That wasn't your Karma, as Seneviratne says."

Walter smiled.

"Yes—let's call it Karma," he said. "And Evelyn here has acquired merit—it needed nerve to do what she did. The next time she's born she'll go up one in the scale of fortune."

She smiled across to him. The next time—if there was a next time!

END

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The New Lincoln "Zephyr"

(*Continued from page* 77)

required except for starting from a standstill, unless the car should encounter a hill having something like a "freak" gradient.

The springs are set transversely, as is the well-tried custom both with Ford and Lincoln cars. There is no doubt that very comfortable riding is the result, although I personally would prefer a little greater stiffness in the springing for the purposes of high-speed running. No doubt, however, the shock-absorbers can be adjusted to suit individual taste.

The steering is agreeably light, with an uncommonly good "lock," and is geared somewhat lower than is usual. This means that a number of turns of the steering wheel have to be made in order to negotiate a right-angle corner—but a good point is that there is a strong self-centring effect. Thus, when the corner has been taken, the wheel will return to "straight ahead" without further exertion on the part of the driver.

The brakes are of ample power, and can always be trusted to bring the car rapidly to a standstill. The hand-brake lever projects downwards from behind the instrument board, and thus is accessible without causing any obstruction in the front compartment. The gear lever is central, but is so curved and positioned that it does not interfere with the third person sitting on the front seat.

At the moderate price of £480, the "Zephyr" can probably add to its other distinctions the claim to be the cheapest 12-cylinder car which has yet been offered to the British public. Even without this inducement, however, it could not fail to make its mark as one of the outstanding new cars of 1936.

A New Daimler

(*Continued from page* 81)

as one of the fastest cars outside the purely "sporting" class.

It is a first-rate hill-climber. Not one of the hills between London and Oxford (on which route I made my test run) seemed to make any impression on the willingness of the engine.

A fast car must needs hold the road well if it is to be safe; and it is evident that the Daimler engineers have tackled this problem with great thoroughness. The front axle is held by radius rods, which prevent any undesirable movement. The springs are controlled by shock absorbers, and the latter may be instantly adjusted by the driver to suit the prevailing road conditions.

The result of all this is very good, and one is able to handle the car, even on first acquaintance, with an unusual degree of confidence. The only improvement which I can suggest is that, for really fast work, there might be an ultra-hard setting available on the shockabsorber control. The present extremes of control are hardly set wide enough.

The steering is accurate and light in its action, while having plenty of self-centring action. The brakes are extremely good, operating through a vacuum Servo system which is well known for its efficiency.

Several other chassis features should be noticed, such as the fully automatic system of lubrication. There are built-in jacks of the hydraulic type, and these can be operated without effort from within the car.

The coachwork is decidedly luxurious, with very comfortable seating upholstered in real leather. The driving position is well planned, and there are no projecting levers to obstruct the front compartment.

Every sort of accessory seems to be present, and at night it will be found that a reversing light—invaluable asset!—comes into action automatically. At prices which range around £1,000, this Daimler is very far from being an expensive car. True, it cannot hope to suit everybody's pocket; but for those who can find £995 (at which figure the saloon is listed), there is no doubt that it represents an attractive investment.

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Then came a spate of chemical preparations designed to reduce unwanted avoirdupois. Excellent—for the doctors. The surgeries became busy. They were crowded out with women who, in their search for beauty, had undermined their constitutions by taking these deleterious drugs and quack remedies.

In many cases stringent dieting had no less harmful effect. Weakness, lassitude and lack of stamina were the penalties for the slimness which might or might not be achieved by this method. Not so good.

With the advent of Slendene we have a preparation guaranteed by the makers to contain no drugs or harmful ingredients whatever. It is made from over forty herbs and cannot possibly do anything but good to the most delicate constitution.

Moreover, this claim is borne out by thousands of women who have achieved lasting benefit from Slendene.

For Slendene is a slimming *tonic.* It not only disperses adipose tissue, but tones up the whole system and creates lasting vitality and health which alone can enable you to enjoy your new-found slimness.

Incidentally, it is easy and pleasant to take, being prepared in much the same way as tea.

An interesting brochure of Slendene-Valetta has been prepared by Classics Ltd., Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, who will be pleased to post a copy, as well as a sample, free on request.—*[Advt.]*

WOMEN OF TO-DAY!... Life *should* be like this...

To be no more handicapped than a man by any of the regular natural functionings of the human body .... hasn't that always been the envious ambition of women? It is an ambition which is achieved by many of the young women of to-day, and is *achievable by all healthy women.* You must read the new book which holds out a brave new vision of what life can be like, and *should* be like, for women. The book is called 'Women of To-day'; it is written by a Woman Doctor, *and is free.* Send your name and address on a postcard to: Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S 29, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5, and a copy will be sent you by return under plain cover.

The book is not an advertisement. But it is published by the makers of the most modern type of sanitary towel, who hold that woman's health and freedom are closely influenced by the type of sanitary protection she uses regularly. If, along with the book, you would also like samples of these towels, send stamps or a postal order for 1/3.

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12,
with loops (or without them).

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

Touring with a Trailer Caravan

(*Continued from page 79*)

the hotel and other expenses which the caravanner may expect to save. Looking through the Eccles catalogue, I see that this firm, which holds a leading place in the caravan industry, can sell a three-berth caravan, light enough to be towed by a small car and having full equipment, at the modest price of £140.

A more spacious caravan, with four berths and sufficient equipment for six people, is the "Model 60," which sells at £175, while the "Road Nymph" model, which is really luxurious, is quoted at £265. In each case there is a folding partition, by means of which the interior can be converted for the night into two separate compartments.

Thus we see that, in the Eccles range at any rate, a caravan is no more costly to buy than any small car. It should last longer, and have an infinitely lower upkeep cost. Its possibilities of adding to the pleasure of motor touring are almost unlimited.

An interesting booklet entitled "Let Me Explain," portrays in a most interesting way the many ramifications of the Stewart and Arden organisation in dealing with Morris Cars, and contains an 8-page supplement of maps of the South of England. A copy of this booklet will be sent free on application to Messrs. Stewart and Arden, Ltd., Advertising Department, Morris House, The Vale, Acton, London, W.3.

The banana is a much misunderstood fruit. Somebody who had got into the habit of swallowing bananas almost whole, started the rumour that they were indigestible and since then—well, you know what it is when a banana gets a bad name.

But all that is finished now, and anybody who knows anything at all knows that bananas, submitted to scientific tests, have proved themselves to be the almost perfect food.

Far from being indigestible, bananas are now employed by the highest medical authorities in the treatment of gastric disorders.

Hourly feeding from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. in cases of gastric ulcer yields the best results and several of these hourly meals consist of bananas, the daily total being nine, served with cream or butter.

There are other items, of course, but the cure is known as the "Banana Diet."

With milk, bananas are said to form the perfectly balanced diet. Babies as young as three months can be fed with milk and ripe bananas. Repeated experiment has proved this to the satisfaction of the medical profession.

A banana gives you one-fifth of its weight in sugars of immense value, and the riper the banana becomes the greater this vital sugar content.

It would be difficult to find another fruit with the same range of mineral salts—eleven of them in all—as the banana. Their names may not convey much to you but their influence upon your health will.

To obtain the full flavour and the fullest benefit to health, bananas should be eaten *ripe.* The fruit is just ripe when the skin has lost every trace of green. It is still riper when it is flecked with brown. Unripe, it should never be eaten raw, but should be cooked in one of the many appetising ways now so popular.

A week's diet of *skimmed* milk and bananas—one quart of milk and seven or eight bananas per day—is a perfectly safe and certain method of slimming.

L. W.

BEAUTIFUL

BUST

in 3 to 5 weeks by the famous

PARISIAN METHODS

Sunny days on the beach and at the bathing pool are here. Will your figure stand the pitiless revelation of a bathing costume? Is your bust really youthful looking? If you have the slightest doubt about it

LET ME help you!

IF: your bust has lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood or age.

IF: your bust is insufficiently developed or if it is OVER DEVELOPED

There are three entirely different methods for:
(1) Strengthening. (2) REDUCING. (3) Developing.

These methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill effect: they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise; no internal medicament, and for 26 years have been used all over the world with

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!

FREE OFFER

Readers of "Britannia and Eve" will receive under plain cover full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11, rue Miromesnil, Div. G46 AC, Paris (8e). Enclose 2½d. stamp for answer. Postage 2½d.

It's a pleasure to use Euthymol because its delicious TANG is so refreshing and invigorating. Euthymol's fragrant foam kills dental decay germs in less than 30 seconds. Buy a large 1s. 3d. tube of Euthymol from your chemist or send for a 7-day free trial tube.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Send to Dept. 33/94, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1. for a free 7-day trial sample and an interesting book on the care of the teeth, then buy a tube from your chemist.

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Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

"Britannia & Eve"

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthy for....................months commencing with the......................issue for which I enclose..........................

Name..

Address...

Date...1936

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Carrs
Table
Water

CARR'S

TABLE WATER
BISCUITS

Perfect
with Cheese..
Perfect
with Butter...
..with a
glass of Wine
or alone

BY APPOINTMENT

MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

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A QUESTIONNAIRE TO READERS
SHOWS THAT

82% OF THE READERS OF

CAVALCADE
THE BRITISH NEWS-MAGAZINE

ARE COVER-TO-COVER READERS—
READ EVERY WORD, EVERY WEEK.

That shows how absorbing and important is the secret news —personal stories about all the famous people in the world—given every week in the frankest publication in Britain.

BUY A COPY TO-DAY, SIXPENCE, FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL.

If you cannot obtain it send a postcard for a free specimen copy to *CAVALCADE*, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, mentioning *Britannia & Eve*)

Model 2

Model 3

BURBERRY

KNITTED JUMPERS

There is distinct charm and originality about Burberry knitted wear which appeals to every woman with ambitions to "exclusive" dress appearance.

The quality of the materials used is very fine; soft to the touch and may be relied upon to retain form and character.

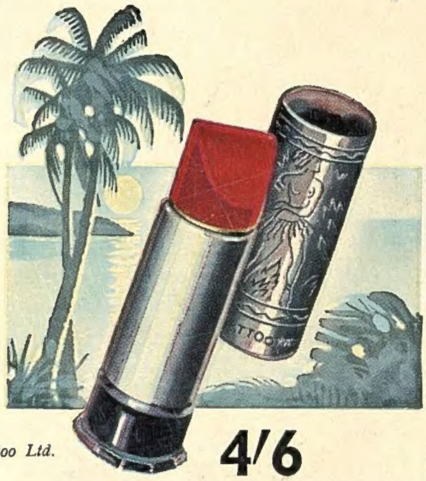
MODEL 1
Shetland lace jumper lined chiffon. Black/white stripe; Nigger/turquoise stripe

MODEL 2
Shetland lace jumper lined chiffon. White, turquoise, gold and dusty pink

MODEL 3
Silk and wool jumper lined green. Ice blue, fleshy pink.

BURBERRYS LTD.
HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.1

Tattoo your lips



Tattoo Ltd.

4/6

Refills : 3/6

'HAWAIIAN'

—Luscious, lovelier, livelier— this South Sea red gives a new allure to lips!

Almost a Chinese lacquer red — startling, *intense*—the new Tattoo shade 'Hawaiian'! Impudently daring . . . yet for all its bold bewitchment this glorious red makes lips femininely soft and sincere. It's a shade that's been dreamt of since lipsticks were first made. Definitely indelible, extremely *transparent*. Tattoo 'Hawaiian' won't turn the least bit purplish. Four other stunning Tattoo shades, too! All holding the secret of the South Sea temptress's lovely lips . . . smooth, transparent *stain* instead of greasy, pasty coating. Tattoo! You put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the colour stays! Gay, gallant, red that signals adventure . . . never changing the whole day through . . . smart, sophisticated, sinfully flattering. TATTOO!

TATTOO

Wicked NEW *shade!*
"HAWAIIAN"
A brilliant, vivid brighter red

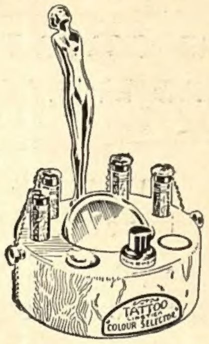
"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid, impudently daring; yet soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. *Positively* won't turn purplish.

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective. It is our choice of them all.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade. It is a true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo shades.

DISTRIBUTORS: FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 86, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.I. PHONE: CLERKENWELL 2336